

Topics of the Week

The Peril in the Balkans

THE diplomatists are unusually active at Constantinople just now. Almost every day we hear of a conference between one or other of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers and the Sultan or his Grand Vizier or his Minister for Foreign Affairs. The other day it was M. Zinovieff, the energetic representative of the Tsar, who spent an hour at Yildiz Kiosk expostulating with the Commander of the Faithful. Then Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the genial envoy of the Sultan's best friend, also had a long audience. The Legation Dragomans come and go between the Embassies and the Sublime Porte, and there is a feverish exchange of despatches and *notes verbales* and *aides-mémoires* and other curious vehicles of diplomatic correspondence. And all this, we are told, is about the Balkans, particularly about the need of early reforms in Macedonia. The strange thing is, that so far as the news of the day is concerned, there seems to be little in the condition of Macedonia to justify the very manifest anxiety of the Powers. Of the great rising that was promised there is scarcely a sign, and we hear little of fighting and nothing at all of the atrocities which are the almost invariable sign of a serious situation. The fact is that the Powers are not so much concerned for the peace of the moment as for the perils which lurk in the coming spring. It is true that these perils have been promised so often in Macedonia that the public are little inclined to believe in them. Still it would be unwise, on that account, to neglect the very grave warnings which those who best know the present situation are sending far and wide all over Europe. If there is no rebellion on a large scale in Macedonia at the present moment, the reason is not that it is winter, but that it is one of the hardest winters ever known in the Balkans. And yet, although Macedonia is one vast snowfield, the country is fermenting with revolt. Throughout the Djumaya the mule-peasants are all on the warpath, and the Turkish garrisons and patrols only exercise authority within the shot-reach of their rifles. Nothing could more impressively illustrate the utter despair of the people than this defiance of the combined rigours of winter and the Sultan. That their miseries are very real is also proved by the wholesale emigration to Bulgaria which is now in progress, and which is piling up fuel in the furnace of Bulgarian sympathy. It is indeed reported that the Bulgarian Minister of War has received the resignations of nearly a hundred army officers, who are resolved, as soon as the weather breaks, to betake themselves to the assistance of their oppressed brethren and co-religionists. Here, evidently, are the materials for a very serious explosion as soon as the young grass begins to peep on the mountain side. We can scarcely wonder, then, if the Powers are anxious to do what they can to persuade the Sultan to make concessions while there is yet time. If reforms are not granted, and the fears of the Powers are realised, the results will be terrible. The least of the mischief which in that case can befall Europe will be a re-enactment in the Balkans of the Armenian horrors of eight years ago.

The Education Bill

THE Education Bill is through the Commons at last, and the further ordeal of debate in the House of Lords will probably not alter its general complexion. From the outset, the Bill has suffered in reputation from the religious differences that its discussion has aroused. The public have been so eager to debate the relative powers of Church and laity, that they have almost forgotten that the Bill deals with education at all. Yet, on the purely educational side, the Bill marks one of the greatest advances that has been made for many years past. It creates, in the first place, machinery for the promotion, by public authorities, of secondary education. Hitherto, all the secondary schools in the country have been dependent on private enterprise, or on the endowments left by pious benefactors. But they were insufficient for the work to be done, and therefore it had become a necessity to secure some form of public assistance. On this point the proposals of the Bill have met with an approval so general that nobody has troubled to discuss them at all. The whole battle has raged around that portion of the Bill which deals with elementary education. Even here, so far as the main proposals of the Bill are concerned, there has been little serious opposition. The substitution of municipal and county councils for school boards is an administrative reform which has been legitimately criticised from various points of view, but in a temperate and reasonable spirit. The most enthusiastic supporters of school boards have been compelled to admit that in many of the smaller districts school boards have been a complete failure, and that there still remains an immense area of the country where no school boards yet exist and where their creation is

practically impossible. Therefore, the only way of securing a uniform system of administration was the way adopted in the Bill. Unfortunately, the Bill, in addition to securing the great reforms, has stirred up religious animosities in connection with the Voluntary schools. It was clearly necessary to deal with these schools, and probably any scheme would have aroused passionate opposition from one quarter or another; but the scheme actually embodied in the Bill appears to have the misfortune of irritating both parties. The Nonconformists are furious because the money of the ratepayers is to be used to support Church schools; the clergy are discontented because their personal power will be transferred to a body of managers on which they will be outvoted by the laity. So far as can be foreseen it is this part of the Bill which will be least permanent. Both parties will work to upset it, and either the Voluntary schools will be handed over to the local authorities, or they will be reconstituted on an independent basis, relying solely on the subscriptions of people who attach importance to the teaching of dogmatic theology.

AS the War Office must necessarily occupy a considerable time in considering the whole question of whether military officers receive adequate remuneration, it would be quite premature to attempt to hurry its decision. There is, however, one case in which remedial measures are too urgently needed to admit of prolonged delay. Officers now serving in South Africa are, it is notorious, extremely hard put to it to make both ends meet, even when the sharpest economies are practised. While the war went on, they lived, to a large extent, "on the country," the State paying for requisitioned supplies as in the case of the rank and file. But that form of assistance having ended, the subaltern has to pay his way like other folks, and although he receives a supplementary allowance of 3s. per diem, the enormous cost of living up country puts almost breaking-strain on his monetary resources, unless he has large private means. Letters from these unfortunate victims of misplaced economy all tell precisely the same sad tale; some writers even look back longingly to the time when fighting the Boers instead of fending off bankruptcy was their daily work. Even if the Indian scale of payment were adopted, it would be none too much. The cost of living in Hindostan is not nearly so high as in the Orange River Colony and in the Transvaal, where most sorts of food and other necessities still command excessive prices. It does not rest with us to decide whether the increase of pay should come out of the Imperial Treasury, or should be charged against the local revenues. Our point is that it reflects discredit on the wealthiest country in the world to remunerate some of its most meritorious servants in such a mean and stingy manner that they are kept in a chronic state of anxiety about ways and means.

Somali Land Difficulties

ALL the more recent information about the inhospitable land where England has again to fight the battle for civilisation against barbarism, points to the conclusion that the campaign will prove of an exceptionally trying character. Three unpleasant facts are already in evidence: lack of transport animals, deficiency of water, and deadly malaria. These are foes of a far more formidable sort than the Mullah's miscellaneous ragamuffins are at all likely to prove. The best are said to be stout fighters and exceedingly alert and mobile, but the campaign would soon be over were General Manning able to get his command quickly to the front and to maintain it in good health afterwards. But to accomplish reasonably rapid marching to Bohotle and Erego, he must obtain thousands of additional camels, the only sort of transport adapted for the sandy, sterile country, and there must be considerable delay before an adequate supply is secured. Not only have food and ammunition to be conveyed inland from the coast, but the water-holes sometimes dry up, and provision has to be made against that contingency. It was mainly through being decoyed by the Mahdists into a waterless wilderness that Hicks Pasha, with the whole of his large force, perished miserably. Happily, there is not the least likelihood of General Manning falling into a similar trap. He is reputed to be well versed in all the ruses of Somali warfare, and it may be taken for granted that he will proceed cautiously, establishing supply depots at short intervals from Garrero to the front. By this time, too, he must be convinced that no reliance can

be placed on the Somalis, whether as soldiers or porters or drivers, while he will hardly place greater dependence on the "friendly" tribes who hang on his line of advance and make pretence of abhorring the Mullah and all his works.

Egyptian Prosperity

ONCE again British control of Egyptian administration is justified by the event. That is an old tale, but no Englishman worth his salt will feel impatient at its re-telling. In the present instance, the matter for rejoicing is the proof afforded by Sir J. L. Gorst's Budget, that even an exceptionally low Nile does not, as used to be the case, bring famine to the fellaheen. They necessarily suffer some loss, but the Cairo Treasury has become so affluent that it can afford to give effectual relief by remissions of the land-tax on lands not irrigated from the Nile this year. In the time of Ismail Pasha, the thrifless, that would have been wholly impracticable; his extravagance always denuded the Treasury to the last coin. But the greater stability of the new financial system would not, by itself, remedy all the evils consequent on a low Nile. They are still more mitigated by the irrigation works which Lord Cromer has never ceased to call into existence. The result is that, with a very largely increased population to support, Egypt has so progressed in prosperity as to provide employment and maintenance on a fairly liberal scale for all of her inhabitants. In presence of this splendid and rapidly accomplished success it is not premature to look forward to a time when the Soudan will, by the application of similar methods, become one of the world's greatest granaries.

Thibet Emerging

JAPAN and Korea, having emerged from the status of "hermit" countries, Thibet is the sole remaining representative of national exclusiveness in Asia. Even in that *terra incognita*, however, there are signs that echoes from the outside world are beginning to have some influence. The cordon against foreign intrusion, whether religious, political, or commercial, remains, it is true, much what it always has been; the Chinese mandarins, who really rule the country, still desire to keep it as a preserve for themselves and their needy relations. But, deaf as Lhasa pretends to be, there are certain ominous knockings at the Thibetan door which the directors of that most forlorn of puppets, the Grand Lama, cannot fail to hear. British India, ever vigilant in quest of new markets, becomes more and more clamorous for admission to the Thibetan, while Russia sends forth military missionaries to spread her cult in the sealed-up country, or as near to it as they are allowed to approach. It may be admitted that none of these efforts to coax or force entrance have succeeded to any material extent. But Japan and Korea were similarly battered for long centuries without any avail. The real question is, therefore, whether there be any sentiment among the Thibetans themselves favourable to fraternisation with the external world. On that point it would be hazardous to venture any dogmatism, but it is believed among well-informed Anglo-Indians, that the Chinese officials themselves are beginning to recognise the advantage to their own interests certain to result from fostering, instead of blocking, trade with India. It is a most promising market, at all events, and well worth the winning, even at considerable initial outlay in "palm oil."

High School Elementary Teachers

A MOVEMENT has just been started, under influential auspices, for the employment of young ladies educated at High Schools as teachers of elementary learning in Board and Voluntary schools. As matters now stand, the large majority of these candidates are shut out from employment. By the time their own education is completed they have lost their chance, and must either subside into the irksomeness of private employ as a superior sort of servants, or wear out their hearts by endeavouring to secure High School appointments. Those greatly coveted and interesting points are necessarily monopolised, to a very large extent, by candidates from the Universities, and their less fortunately circumstanced sisters find themselves as rigorously barred out in this instance as in the other. After all, however, the main question is whether it would be to the national advantage to introduce a more highly educated class of teachers into the lower grades of the profession. On the face of the question thus put, only one answer appears possible; the more highly educated a teacher is, the more fit he or she must be to impart learning to children. That does not quite follow; there are many highly educated women and men who, full of learning as they are, would make very poor teachers, owing to their never having been taught to teach. But we see no reason why that sort of instruction, thoroughly practical in every respect, should not be given to such senior students at High Schools as expressed desire to become elementary school teachers.

An Illustrated Article on
"DUELLING IN FRANCE: A WORD FOR THE DEFENCE,"

By a Fire-eating Englishman,
Is one of many interesting features of this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

Paris Dottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

If the proposed duel between French and Italian fencing masters should cause as much blood to flow as it has ink there will certainly be corpses in the combination. However, I do not imagine that we need unduly distress ourselves about the matter, as these affairs generally pass off without anyone being much the worse for them. It is true that the conditions proposed by the seconds of MM. Kirchhofer and Lucien Mérignac are very severe, and if rigorously carried out might lead to serious mischief; but when it comes to actual sword-play they will probably be toned down considerably. As the place of rendezvous proposed is somewhere on the Franco-Italian frontier, the gallery which would be inevitable in Paris will be wanting. As a consequence there is much greater chance that the combatants will preserve their *sang-froid* than there would be if they had a couple of hundred partisans as spectators.

There is really little danger about a modern French duel. One of the first conditions laid down in ninety-nine duels out of a hundred is that the *corps à corps est défendu*; in other words, the combatants must not come to close quarters. The etiquette of the modern French duel is as follows: When the combatants and their seconds come on the ground, the swords are measured and examined, and then disinfected by the doctors by being passed through the flame of a spirit lamp. Meanwhile the seconds toss up a coin for choice of position, and sometimes to decide who will be the *directeur du combat*. If one of the seconds is an experienced hand at duelling, the other three generally appoint him *directeur* without discussion. As soon as this has been settled, the principals strip to their shirt and trousers, and in most instances remove their boots, and take their place-sword in hand.

The *directeur du combat* then briefly repeats the conditions of the duel (which has, of course, always been settled in writing beforehand), takes the two swords by the point, crosses them, takes off his hat and steps back, pronouncing the traditional "*Allez, messieurs*." As the points of their swords are barely touching, the combatants are a good safe distance from one another. The only part of the body that is in any danger is the right forearm from the wrist to the elbow. If by any chance they approach one another, and a *corps à corps* is likely to take place, a cry of "*Halte!*" from the *directeur du combat* promptly brings the fight to a stop, and the men are replaced at a safe distance and the fight resumed. Of course, an accident may take place, as in the case of the duel when Harry Alis, of the *Journal de Débats*, slipped and was transpierced by his adversary's sword, or the case when General Boulanger charged M. Charles Floquet with such impetuosity that the Prime Minister's sword pierced his throat, missing the jugular vein by a hair's breadth. The possibility of an accident makes the French duel a thing to avoid, otherwise I see no reason why any noted Parisian fire-eaters should have their life insurance premiums raised. The Marquis de Dion has, for instance, fought eighteen duels, and his last opponent, M. Gerault-Richard, has completed his "baker's dozen," and neither of them is a whit the worse for his experience.

The Musée de l'Armée, the great Military Museum in the Invalides, has just had an unpleasant experience. Some weeks ago the Committee was informed that the sword presented to General Junot by the city of Paris was for sale. The weapon bore on the blade the words "*Au Général Junot, Commandant de la Place de Paris, nommé à une division de l'armée d'Angleterre*." The Committee did not hesitate an instant to vote the 600 francs necessary to purchase this historical weapon. On its way to the Museum the sword was taken to M. Edouard Detaille, the famous military painter. As soon as he saw it he had doubts as to its genuineness. It was not even in the style of the Empire, and the dedication was simply engraved with aquafortis instead of being damaskened or encrusted. A closer examination revealed that the weapon was the sword of a lieutenant of police of the time of the Restoration, and its value was, at the outside, about thirty francs.

This is not, however, the first time that the Museum has been swindled. A few years ago an attempt was made to sell to the Committee the flags which the régiments of the Garde Nationale had carried during the Revolution. These were all supposed to have been burned during the Commune. A clever scamp got hold of a lot of old silk, and with it he manufactured, from designs in the National Library, a score of very authentic-looking flags, which he offered to the Committee. He declared that a friend of his, during the Commune, had removed them from the Garde Meuble and preserved them. M. Detaille examined them. They seemed absolutely authentic, and he was inclined to recommend their purchase.

Before deciding, however, he sent for MM. Millot, Germain Bapst, and Cottreau. Nothing betrayed the swindle, and the bargain was about to be concluded when M. Cottreau said: "Tell your housemaid to come here a minute." "What can she tell us about it?" said the astonished Detaille. "Never mind. I've got an idea," replied M. Cottreau. The housemaid came with her scissors, and under M. Cottreau's direction unpicked one of the hems. The stuff inside was exactly the same faded colour as that outside. This settled the question, and the flags were not bought.

Another case of the same kind was that of the sword of the Great Condé which figured in a glass case in the Château de Chantilly. It was a magnificent weapon, but it is now known to have been manufactured in Germany about forty years ago, and was palmed off on the Duc d'Aumale by the forger. During his lifetime no one hurt the Duc's feelings by revealing the swindle, but since his death the card has been removed. For many years the dagger with which Ravaillac killed Henri IV. was on exhibition at the Musée de l'Armée. It has now been removed, for it is notorious that the regicide used a common table-knife.

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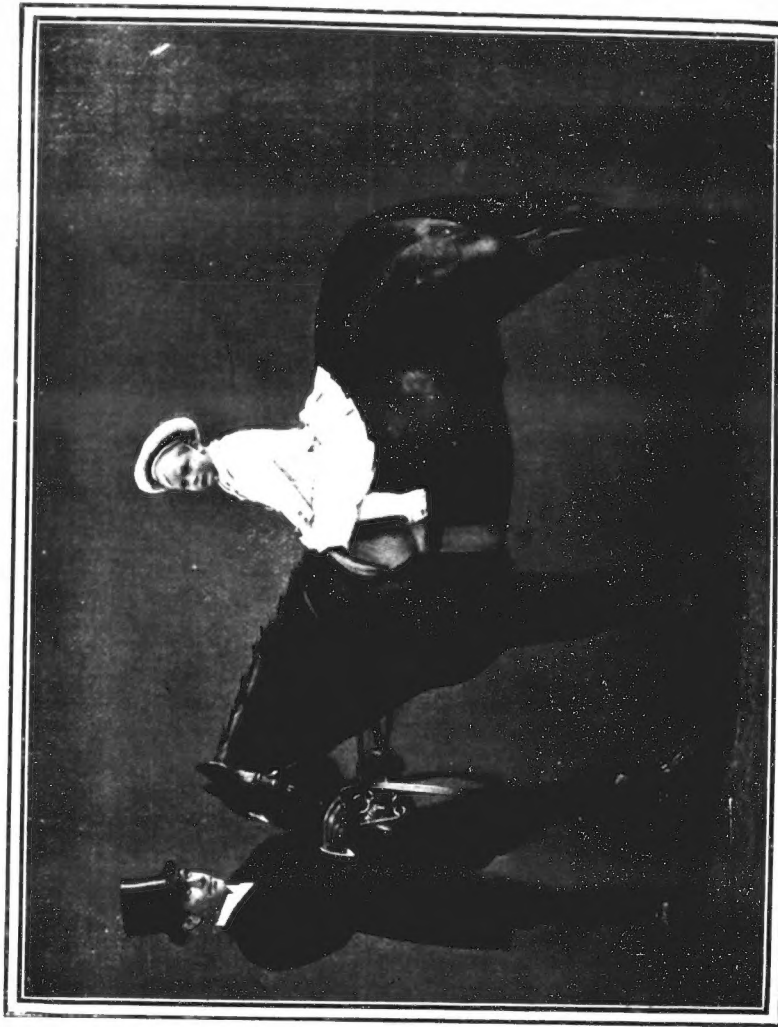


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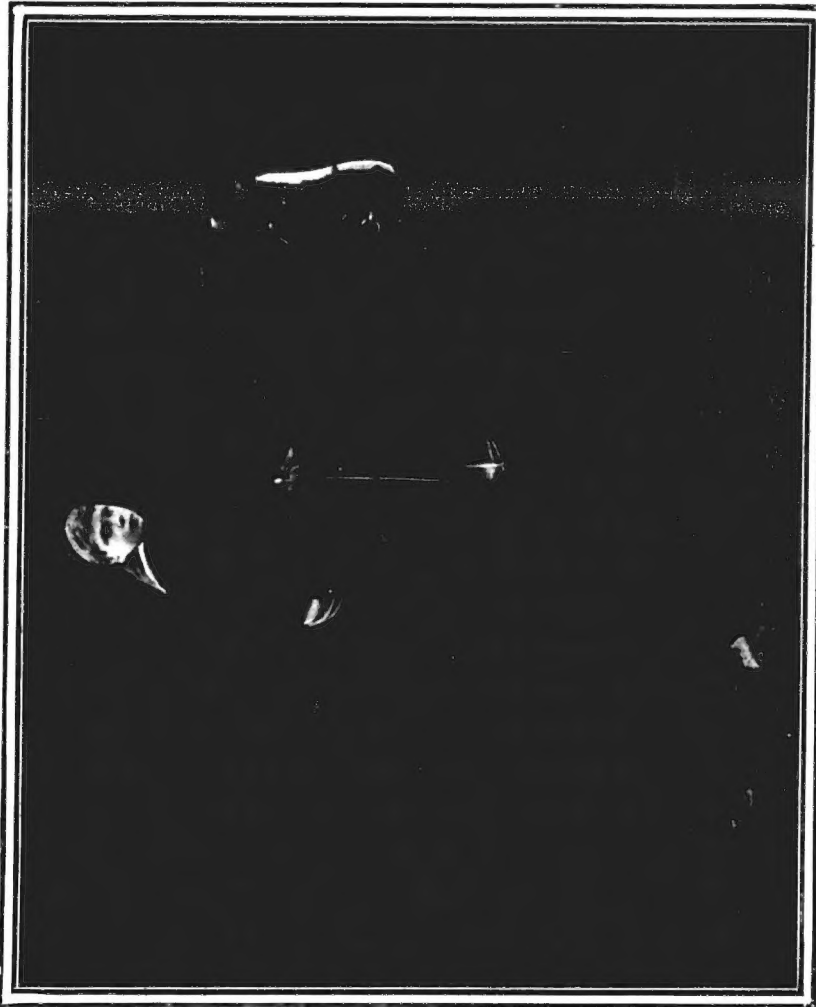
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PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES. BORN APRIL 25, 1897



PRINCE HENRY OF WALES. BORN MARCH 31, 1900



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES. BORN JUNE 23, 1894



PRINCE ALBERT OF WALES. BORN DECEMBER 14, 1895

THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM

From Photographs by Lafayette, New Ford Street

The Court

QUEEN ALEXANDRA's fifty-eighth birthday was celebrated on Monday at Sandringham. As with King Edward's birthday festivities, there was a foreign Sovereign at Court to congratulate Her Majesty, for King Carlos of Portugal spent Saturday to Monday with the King and Queen at Sandringham House. His Portuguese Majesty arrived from town on Saturday afternoon, being welcomed at the station by King Edward and the Prince of Wales, who had just returned home from shooting visits, the King from staying with Lord Farquhar, and the Prince from visiting Lord Iveagh. The Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister, and a considerable number of guests, came down to join the circle, while others from the neighbourhood were invited to a large dinner-party which the King and Queen gave in the evening. Next morning King Edward and Queen Alexandra, with the Royal Family and most of their visitors, attended the morning Service at Sandringham Church, where Canon Hervey preached; but the King of Portugal drove over with the Marquis De Soveral to King's Lynn to be present at Mass in the Roman Catholic Church. Later King Edward took Dom Carlos over the Royal stables and kennels—the usual Sunday programme for visitors—and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark came over to dinner from Appleton Hall. Congratulations of all kinds poured in upon Queen Alexandra on Monday for her birthday—letters, telegrams, and presents—and the bells at Sandringham, Wolferton, and King's Lynn were ringing early in the day. Royal salutes were also fired in London and Windsor, and on the warships at Portsmouth. The great feature of the Queen's birthday is always the tea to the women and children on the Sandringham estate—matching the dinner to the men on the King's birthday, when Her Majesty, with the King and the Princes and Princesses, comes in during the proceedings to see how her guests are enjoying themselves. In the morning the two Kings and the Prince of Wales had a little shooting, and in the afternoon the King of Portugal left Sandringham, King Edward and the Prince of Wales seeing him off at Wolferton station. This was not His Portuguese Majesty's first visit to Sandringham, as he spent a short time there when last in England. Most of the guests left with Dom Carlos, but a few friends remained for the birthday dinner in the evening. On Tuesday the King and Queen came up to town on their way to Gopsall for a three days' visit to Earl and Countess Howe. Thence they return to Sandringham in time for the week-end, when a few more visitors are expected.

Except for a shooting visit of a day or two, the Prince of Wales will not be away from Sandringham just now, as the Princess's accouchement is expected this month. The little ones go to Sandringham House daily when the King and Queen are there, and the Queen is often down at the Cottage to see the Princess.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have started on their Indian trip. Previously they stayed a week in town with their daughters to make preparations, and spent the rest of their time in farewells and going to the theatre with Princesses Margaret and Patricia. They left London on Saturday morning by the ordinary boat express from Victoria, where there was a large gathering to wish them good-bye—their two girls, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Cambridge, and many friends. They crossed from Dover to Calais in the mail steamer *Calais*, and went on direct to Genoa, arriving on Sunday evening an hour late. The battleship *Renown* was waiting for them, with some of their suite already on board. Captain Farquhar, commanding the *Renown*, and Lord Bingham welcomed the Duke and Duchess at the Genoa Station, together with the British Consul-General and Vice-Consul, and after the Duke had sent telegrams announcing their arrival to the King and Princess Margaret the Royal party went on board at once. The *Renown* sailed later in the evening in rather disagreeable weather for Port Said, where she is expected to-day (Saturday). Thence the Duke and Duchess go up the Nile Valley to Assouan as the Khedive's guests for the inauguration of the great irrigation works on Tuesday, and afterwards rejoin the *Renown* at Port Said to complete their journey to India for the Durbar. Though a comparatively small battleship in comparison with those of more recent date, the *Renown* is a handsome and comfortable vessel, with particularly luxurious admiral's quarters. She is of the *Majestic* type, and was launched in 1895. For some years she was the swiftest battleship in the Fleet, with a speed of 18½ knots, but she has now been surpassed by newer rivals. The *Renown* has been flagship both on the North American and Mediterranean stations. On leaving Port Said the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will travel in state with a naval escort, the two new armoured cruisers *Sutlej* and *Hogue*, and they will have a grand reception on their arrival at Bombay on the 27th inst. They spend Christmas at sea. The Duke and Duchess reach Delhi on December 29—a quarter of an hour later than the Viceroy—and there take their position in the great procession with its picturesque features of native princes on elephants, making its way round the town to the Durbar camp. Apart from the Coronation Durbar itself, on New Year's Day the whole time from the arrival up to the departure on January 10 will be fully occupied with festivities—reviews, investitures, dinners, balls, illuminations, and fireworks. The Duke and Duchess and most of the chief guests accompany the Viceroy back to Calcutta for additional festivities, the great feature being the Viceregal Centenary fancy ball at Government House on

January 27—the anniversary of the great Duke of Wellington's birth. Every effort will be made to reproduce the features of a century ago, and the ladies' costumes are expected to be especially accurate and picturesque.

Though his visit is so strictly private, the King of Portugal has taken part in one public function—a review of the 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry, of which regiment His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. There is a peculiar fitness in the connection between the Portuguese Sovereign and this regiment, because the forerunners of the Oxfords—the old 43rd and 52nd Light Infantry—were amongst the foremost defenders of Portugal's independence during the Peninsular War, fighting in particular at Vimiera, the battle which eventually compelled the French to quit Portugal. Dom Carlos had been staying at Buckingham Palace for a day or two on his return from Diddington Hall, and went down to Chatham specially for the review. He was wearing the uniform of his regiment when he arrived, accompanied by Earl Roberts, and was greeted by a host of naval and military officials and the Mayor and Corporation, who presented an address. There was a guard of honour from the Royal Engineers, while a squadron of the 7th Dragoons escorted the King to the barracks, where the review took place on the parade ground. The Oxfords, who have just returned from South Africa, mustered 600 strong under Lieut.-Col. the Hon. A. E. Dalzell. King Carlos walked along the line, closely inspecting the men and saluting the colours, after which the troops formed a hollow square, and His Majesty made them a short speech, the inspection closing with the march past of the troops. King Carlos lunched with the



HIS MAJESTY THE KING

From the Portrait by F. Hall, presented by Sir George Hussey to the town of Southampton

officers before returning to town. This week His Majesty has been on a round of visits. On leaving Sandringham he went to Thetford to stay with Lord and Lady Iveagh, whence he returned to Buckingham Palace yesterday (Friday). The King was going down to Wiltshire to stay with Lord and Lady Lansdowne, at Bowood, until Sunday afternoon, and after staying the night at Buckingham Palace His Majesty leaves for home on Monday morning, having spent three weeks in England.

THE latest prison establishment in France, the prison of Fresnes, is supposed to be a model of what a modern prison should be. The popular idea of this establishment is, however, that it is much too comfortable as a place of residence to act as a serious deterrent of crime. Electric light and central heating are in themselves advantages that are not enjoyed everywhere. The invitations for tenders to supply the prison with provisions do not increase the idea that "the way of the transgressor is hard" in that establishment. The authorities offer contracts for 70,000 litres of wine, 50,000 kilogrammes of butcher meat, 4,000 kilogrammes of fresh pork, 70,000 kilogrammes of fresh vegetables, 1,200 kilogrammes of marmalade, 150 kilogrammes of tapioca, 1,200 kilogrammes of coffee, 2,000 kilogrammes of sugar, 450 kilogrammes of butter, 6,000 kilogrammes of lard, 1,000 kilogrammes of cheese, 6,000 sausages, etc. This is far from realising the idea of the bread and water and the damp straw of the traditional dungeon. There is little wonder that the "Grand Hotel de Fresnes," as the Parisians call it, fills up regularly every winter. Everybody cannot go to the Riviera.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

OUR manners and customs have changed much in the last fifty years, but nowhere more than in wedding celebrations. The early service, the heavy luncheon, the long honeymoon, the tears, the fainting fits, the bashfulness and emotion of the bride, have all vanished. Instead we have the afternoon ceremony, the tea and light refreshments, the composure and gaiety of everyone, including the mother of the bride (for tears are in bad taste), and, finally, the departure by motor-car. Lady Robert Manners is the latest bride who has availed herself of this up-to-date mode of progress. Then the short honeymoon, scarcely worthy of the name, and the early reappearance of the bride in society, as though her marriage had been only a passing incident. The light way in which marriage is regarded by many young women is only equalled by the facility with which they plunge, after a little experience of matrimony, into the divorce court. Nothing shocks, nothing surprises, nothing affrights them. Is this the result of woman's present-day emancipation?

I read in a paper the other day that there existed a language of stockings just as eloquent as that of the fan. My doubt on the subject was removed by another paragraph I read to-day, in which I find that stockings were the rock on which the Rev. James Hume, U.S.A., split with regard to his congregation. The rev. gentleman considered open-worked stockings with embroidered designs as unbecoming the seriousness of the members of his church. He preferred plain woollen goods, and told them so plainly. But his congregation were of a different opinion. To interfere with their attire was no part of his business they opined, and so heartily did they enter into the controversy that their pastor found himself forced to resign.

The quantity of face beautifiers who advertise their processes as the best, casting aspersions on all that have preceded them, lead one to wonder whether the whole thing is not a delusion and a snare. Women spend hours under the treatment, and pounds in the effort to be beautiful. The beauty-giver has become a factor in the busy society beauty's life, but is the result worth it? I can understand that, after a journey, or when very tired, fresh and aromatic waters sprayed over the face and a little gentle massage would be as agreeable as beneficial; but what is all this one hears about biting acids which are to reveal a new skin, or the electrical processes, the vibrations, the creams, the ointments, the washes prepared by ladies who are not doctors? The results a few years hence may be very doubtful, if not disastrous. The fact is, health alone gives a good complexion, and outdoor exercise and active habits preserve it. Diane de Poitiers, the famous beauty, when asked in her old age what was her precious specific, answered "Rain water." But then we know that she took a cold bath every morning and rode out each day. The money a woman spends at the beauty shop would be better employed in keeping a horse.

The numbers of tourists who have gone out to India for the Durbar will fill the hotels and private houses to overflowing, so much so that a camp has had to be provided for their use which some wag has christened the "Concentration Camp." It is to be hoped that its inmates will find less to complain of than the original dwellers in the camp. But provisions are bound to be scarce and prices high. The meagre Indian chicken alone, which generally had its neck wrung as the visitor entered the courtyard, is likely to become a rarity, and there will be an immense rush on the appetising little quails which used to be a favourite and economical dish for breakfast.

I notice that love stories are out of date. Almost all the magazines are full of detective stories, or stories of adventure, mostly written by men and apparently appealing to the masculine mind alone. This is a distinctly interesting fact. Editors cater for their public, and it seems therefore as though love stories were out of fashion. Mr. W. D. Howells relates that a great American novelist, Major J. W. Forrest, met with indifferent success from the public, because his heroines did not please the women. They thought he showed "a certain scornful bluntness in dealing with the disguises in which women natures reveal themselves," and so the women practically boycotted him and would not read his books. Now if the women objected to detective stories the magazines would not sell. We are far from the days when readers devoured Trollope's pages to read about Lily Dale's love affairs, or wrote to Dickens imploring him not to kill the heroine of one of his novels. Has the love of athletics fostered the love of adventure, and has love become for women, as for men, only a part of their life?

Music Notes

THE PASSING OF ST. JAMES'S HALL

GENERAL regret will be expressed at the threatened disappearance of St. James's Hall, which, although little more than forty years old, is a place of many memories. Some of us can recall there the almost pathetic scene of the farewell reading by Charles Dickens, while the place has been associated with the names of Rubinstein, Joachim, Von Bulow, Lady Halle, Madame Schumann, Arabella Goddard, Wieniawski, Vicuxemps, and numerous others, besides the establishment of the Ballad Concerts and the Monday "Pops," and the debuts of many great artists, from M. Paderewski downwards.

Of the numerous concert-rooms which existed in London when the Prince Consort first opened St. James's Hall, on Lady Day, 1858, practically only one, namely, Erard's, now remains, and even this has twice been rebuilt. Among those which have disappeared or been put to other uses are Exeter Hall, then the home of the Sacred Harmonic and New Philharmonic concerts, the Hanover Square Rooms, where Henry Leslie's choir was founded and the Philharmonic concerts were held; Willis's Rooms, the then home of Ella's Musical Union concerts, the Whittington Club (the once famous Crown and Anchor), and St. Martin's Hall, where the National Choral Society had its headquarters. The Freemasons' Tavern was then also largely used for concerts, while St. James's Hall has also outlived the Floral Hall, where the Opera concerts were for so many years given; Prince's Hall, now a restaurant; the Egyptian Hall, now an entertainment; the Gallery of Illustration,

supposed to be devoted to far less serious things. We shall then have a better opportunity of judging the "Kaim" conductor in the classics, for Herr von Weingartner at present seems to find Beethoven less sympathetic to him than music of a more modern school.

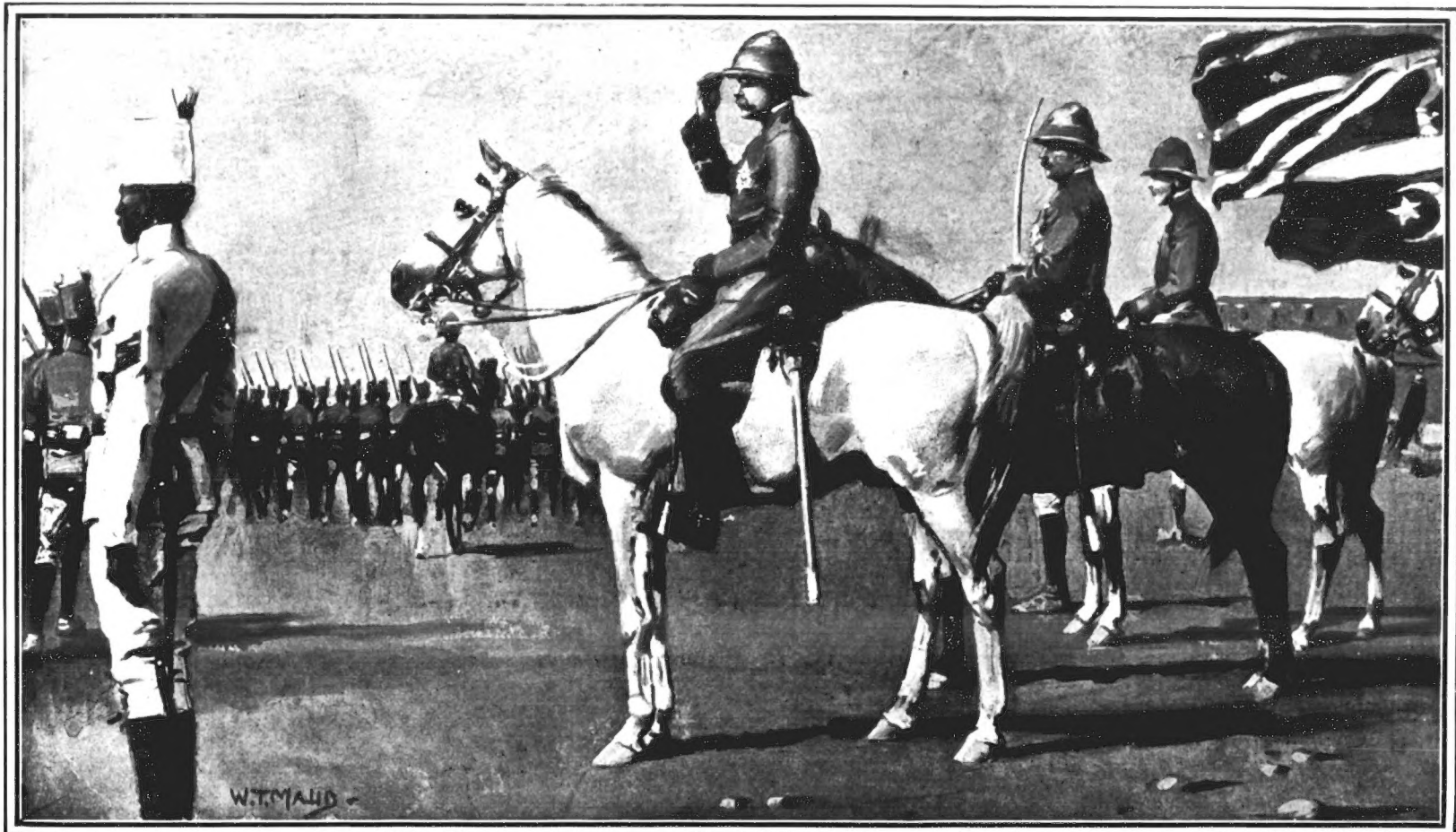
CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

To numerous other performances we can now only briefly refer. St. Andrew's Day produced the usual crop of Scotch concerts. The actual Festival this year took place on Sunday, so that the National Sunday League formed at least two of their programmes of Scotch music. At the Albert Hall a Scotch Festival was held on Saturday, when also Mr. O'Brien gave Scotch music at the orchestral concert at St. James's Hall. An Edinburgh choir sang at the Polytechnic concert at Queen's Hall on Saturday night, and the Glasgow Select Choir at the same hall on Monday night. At the Ballad Concert at Queen's Hall on Saturday there was a very large attendance, but the programme was made up largely of old favourites, and contained no novelties. M. Busoni was at his recital perhaps at his best in an admirable performance of Chopin's Sonata in E minor. The Erard concert at the Albert Hall this week took place on Saturday afternoon instead of the evening, a change which, apparently, was to the taste of the audience. It is curious why, in London alone, Saturday nights should be tabooed by concert-goers. Mr. Francis Harford, who gave the first of his recitals on Thursday, is a baritone with a beautiful voice, and he has now acquired the vocal finish necessary to show that organ to its best advantage. His programme contained music of almost all schools, including several English songs.

The West End of London is rapidly undergoing a change which seems to have escaped observation. Until some ten years ago most of the houses in this district were in the possession of private occupiers—peers or millionaires. Of late, however, no sooner is a house here to be let or sold than it is seized for a club, a dressmaker, or a milliner. Dover Street and Grafton Street are full of all three now, and many of the other thoroughfares in the neighbourhood are filling with them fast. "Tea Palaces" are also invading the district, and if the movement travels as rapidly for a few more years, almost every house in Mayfair will cease to be in private hands. Which will then be the fashionable district? The tendency of the day is to make Mayfair into a commercial centre, composed entirely of hotels, dressmakers, tea-rooms, and clubs.

The popularity of clubs for women is a feature of the times. Many fortunes are being made now in that direction, and many more will be made. A statement is published that a new club of the kind is about to be founded; within a month hundreds of candidates have applied for admission! The "Tea Palaces" are crowded with women notwithstanding this, which shows that many hundreds remain to be gathered in the club fold. So far the clubs for women have avoided politics, but it is said that "The Liberal Ladies' Club" is being organised. The Unionist party will then, probably, found a "Primrose League Club."

For many years the writer has harped in this column on these points: (a) That the tendency of the times in London is to make Hyde Park the central recreation-ground of the town; (b) that it is



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

At Berber Lord Kitchener inspected the 15th Soudanese Battalion and presented them with new colours, which were consecrated by Ulemas. Addressing the battalion, Lord Kitchener expressed his satisfaction that the Sirdar had asked him to present it with its new colours, as no one knew better than

he himself did how well the battalion had behaved during the long war which had resulted in the establishment of a lasting peace. In our illustration the officer shown next to Lord Kitchener is Sir R. Wingate, the Sirdar.

LORD KITCHENER'S VISIT TO THE SOUDAN: INSPECTION OF TROOPS AT BERBER

Store Street Rooms, Beethoven Rooms, the Russell Institute, Sussex Hall, the Royal Academy Rooms, Collard's, Cramer's Rooms, and many more. In exchange we have the Albert Hall, Queen's Hall, Steinway Hall (the old Quebec Institute), and Bechstein Hall.

But St. James's Hall will be very sorely missed, the more especially as, despite rumours of a new hall in the County Council Avenue, there is not likely, for some time to come, to be anything to take its place. From a financial point of view, large concert-halls do not pay, owing mainly to the fact that the fees for hiring them are lower than for hiring a theatre, and that the London musical season is still comparatively short. At St. James's Hall prosperity has, of course, been encouraged by the fact that, besides the concert-hall, the building contains a smaller hall for the negro minstrels, a restaurant, private dining and music rooms, and a smaller banqueting-room, used indiscriminately for receptions, dinners, dances or billiard matches. Had the great St. James's Hall existed by itself, it could scarcely have paid its way.

HERR VON WEINGARTNER

Herr von Weingartner came to London specially to conduct a Beethoven orchestral concert for Herr Kruse, at St. James's Hall, on Friday, and he, on the following afternoon, made his debut as a pianist at the "Pops." On neither occasion was there at all a large audience, but Herr Kruse is satisfied, and announces, indeed, two chamber performances besides a series of no fewer than half a dozen Beethoven orchestral concerts for Weingartner at the end of June in the height of the London season, when fashion is

Club Comments

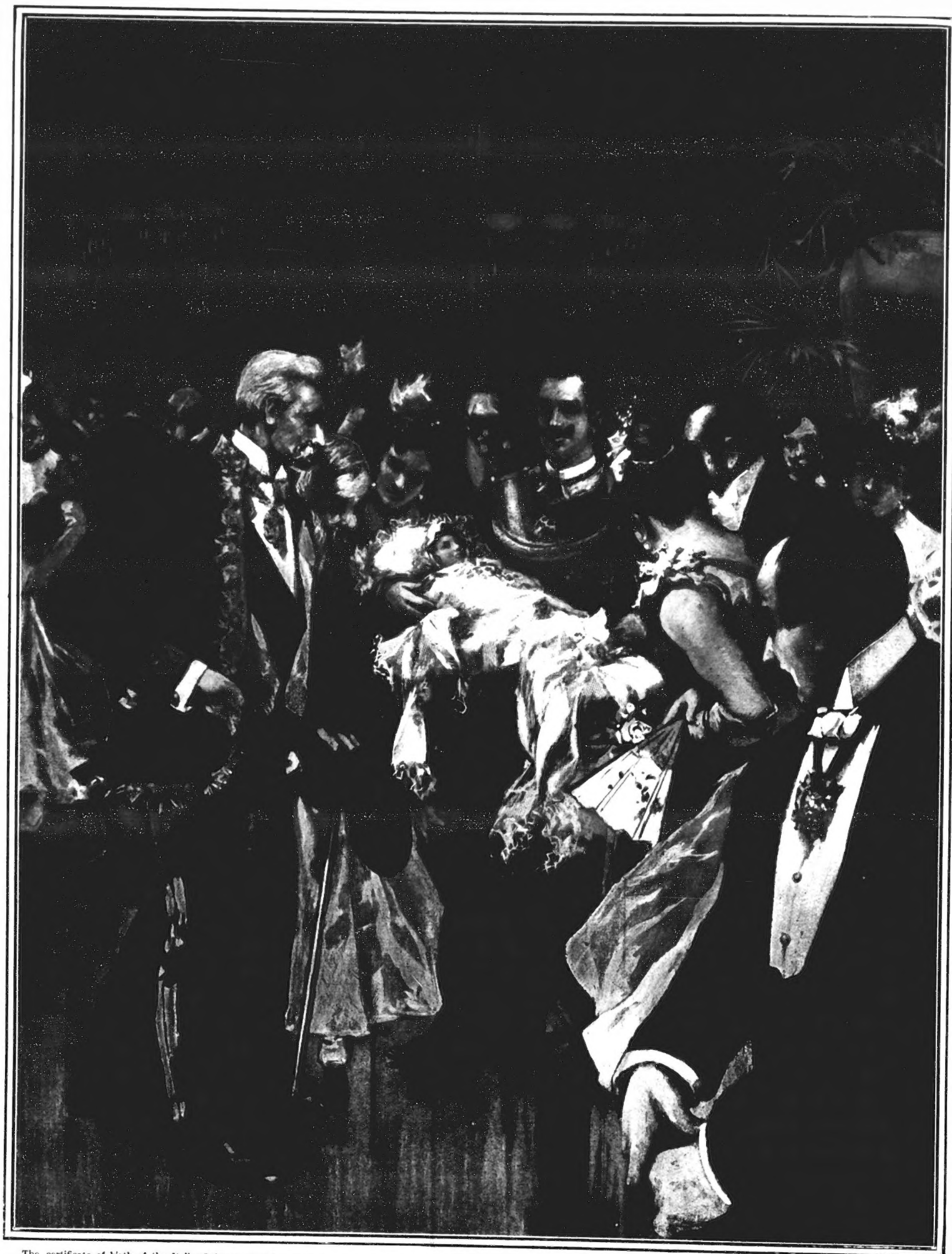
BY "MARMADUKE"

AN Ambassador who for many years represented his Sovereign in this country once said: "Officially, your statesmen are as uncommunicative as mummies; unofficially, as talkative as children." Most diplomatists who have served in London have formed the same opinion. At the club, in the drawing-room, or at dinner, the most discreet of our statesmen opens out surprisingly. That is the reason why so many plans, which are intended to be kept secret until the time comes to make them public, are common property long before they should be. At this moment it is being said that the Session of 1903 is to be memorable for the proposals which the Government will make in the direction of settling the Irish Question, and very probably the report has some solid foundation.

It is known that the King wishes to visit Ireland next year, and a generous measure proposed by the Government, together with the sympathetic treatment of the Irish by Lord Dudley, would pave the way for the visit of His Majesty. King Edward can do much in the direction of settling the long dispute which other British sovereigns could not, for "Greater Ireland"—to wit, America—acknowledges him as a friend. No Sovereign, British or foreign, is, or has been, more popular in the United States. It would, therefore, be true statesmanship to seize the occasion to concede whatever can be conceded.

scandalous that no means of obtaining any refreshment exists in the park, though refreshment kiosks have been established in every park which is under the control of the London County Council. The rapid increase of tea-houses in the West End during the past ten years shows how great is the demand and how serious is the inconvenience caused by the refusal of the authorities to establish the kiosk in question, notwithstanding that the House of Commons has voted the sum required to erect it.

Do museums teach? The art treasures contained in museums are worth many millions of money, and every day hundreds of thousands visit these collections. They ramble ignorantly through the galleries, and return home little wiser than they were. Could it not be possible to have "guides" in the museums, as there are vergers in most of the cathedrals, who could conduct parties—those who required them—through the collections, pointing out the merits of the various objects in the exhibition? The British Museum, for instance, is a storehouse of the utmost interest, but even the best educated must miss much by not knowing the peculiarities of many of the treasures it contains. Who that has been round part of that or any other collection of the kind with the curator, has not learnt in half an hour more than he would otherwise have learnt in a dozen visits? The object in view is so excellent that the Government might well spend a few thousands in paying "guides," for, as things are, it is much like placing books in the hands of those who cannot read, or exhibiting priceless works of art to the blind.

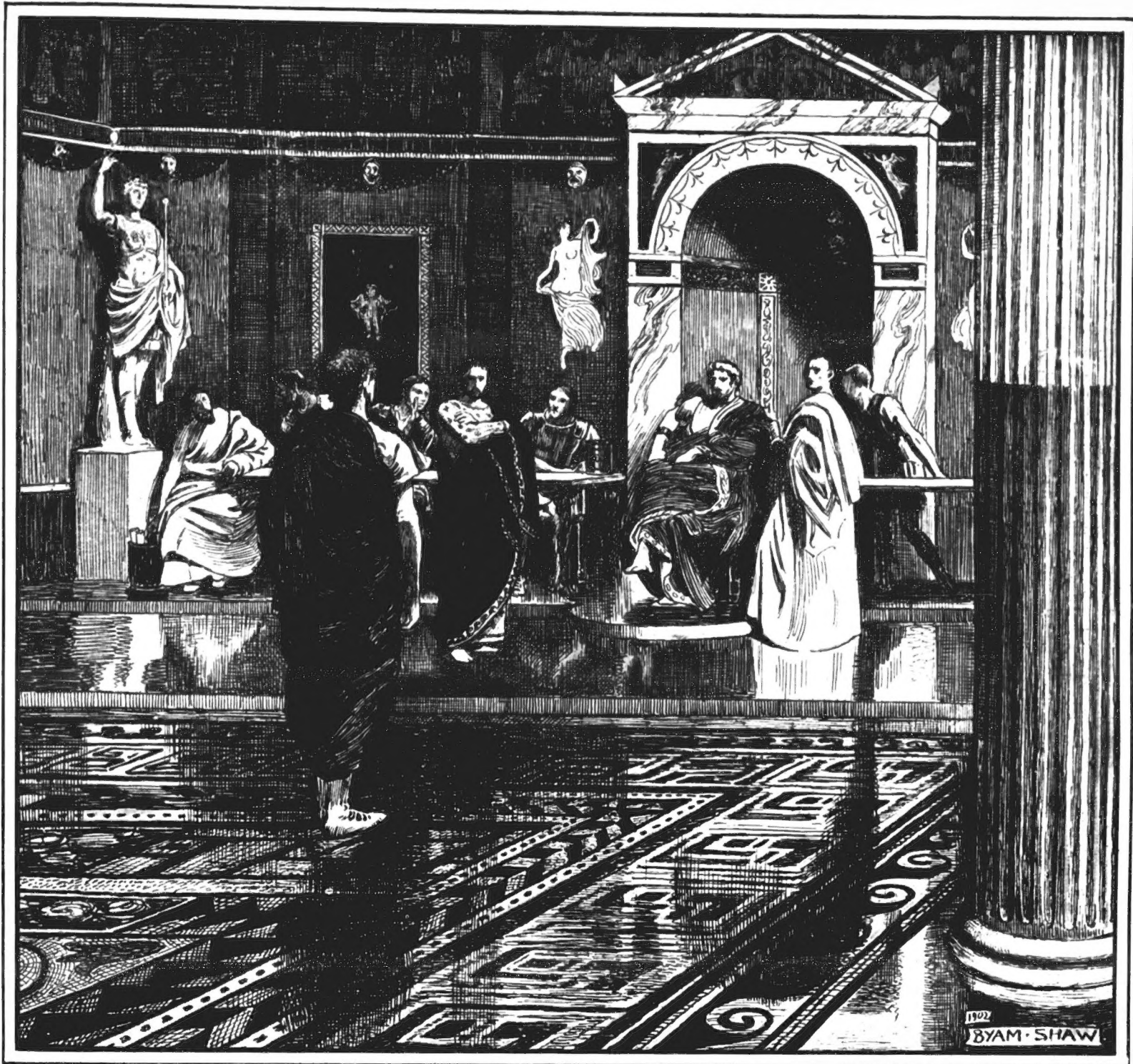


The certificate of birth of the Italian Princess Mafalda was drawn up at the Quirinal, the King, the Ministers, the Under Secretaries of State, the representatives of the Senate and Chamber, and the high State functionaries being present at the ceremony. Signor Saracco, President of the Senate, acted as Civil Registrar, and Signor Zanardelli, the Premier, and Signor Blacheri were the witnesses. Signor Giolitti, Minister of the Interior, drew up the certificate in his capacity of Notary for the Crown. After the ceremony, the King, taking the baby Princess in his arms, presented her to the

various officials. The Princess has been given the Christian names of Mafalda Maria Elizabetha Anna Romana. Mafalda, which is a mediæval variant for Mathilda, was the name given to a Princess of Savoy who was born in 1128. This princess took a personal part in the siege of Milan, and was taken prisoner by Barbarossa. She was released on the prayer of the King of Portugal, who fell in love with and married her. Left a widow, the Princess Mafalda became superior of an order of nuns, and died in Portugal.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL PRESENTING HIS NEWLYBORN DAUGHTER TO HIS MINISTERS AT THE QUIRINAL

DRAWN BY PROFESSOR RICCARDO FELLEGRINI



"Caleb heard footsteps behind him and looked round to see Marcus advancing up the hall with a proud and martial air. Their eyes met, and for an instant Marcus stopped"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE JUDGMENT OF DOMITIAN

Two hours had gone by and Caleb, with fury in his heart, sat brooding in the office attached to the warehouse that he had hired. At that moment he had but one desire—to kill his successful rival, Marcus. Marcus had escaped and returned to Rome; of that there could be no doubt. He, one of the wealthiest of its patricians, had furnished the vast sum which enabled old Nehushta to buy the coveted Pearl-Maiden in the slave-ring. Then his newly acquired property had been taken to this house, where he awaited her. This, then, was the end of their long rivalry; for this he, Caleb, had fought, and toiled, and suffered. Oh! rather than such a thing should be, in that dark hour of his soul, he would have seen her cast to the foul Domitian, for Domitian, at least, she would have hated, whereas Marcus, he knew, she loved.

Now there remained nothing but revenge. Revenged he must be, but how? He might dog Marcus and murder him, only then his own life would be hazarded, since he knew well the fate that awaited the foreigner, and most of all the Jew, who dared to lift his hand against a Roman noble, and if he hired others to do the work, they might bear evidence against him. Now Caleb did not wish to die,

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life seemed the only good that he had left. Also, while he lived he might still win Miriam—after his rival had ceased to live. Doubtless, then she would be sold with his other slaves, and he could buy her at the rate such tarnished goods command. No, he would do nothing to run himself into danger. He would wait, wait and watch his opportunity.

It was near at hand, for of old as to-day the king of evil was ever ready to aid those who called upon him with sufficient earnestness. Indeed, even as Caleb sat there in his office, there came a knock upon the door.

"Open!" he cried savagely, and through it entered a small man with close-cropped hair and a keen, hard face which seemed familiar to him. Just now, however, that face was somewhat damaged, for one of the eyes had been blackened and a wound upon the temple was strapped with plaster. Also its owner walked lame and continually twitched his shoulders as though they gave him uneasiness. The stranger opened his lips to speak, and Caleb knew him at once. He was the chamberlain of Domitian who had been outbid by Nehushta in the slave-ring.

"Greeting, noble Saturius," he said. "Be seated, I pray, for it seems to pain you to stand."

"Yes, yes," answered the chamberlain, "I met with an accident last night, a most unpleasant accident," and he coughed as though to cover up some word that leapt to his lips. "You also, worthy

Demetrius—that is your name, is it not?" he added, eyeing him keenly—"look as though you had not slept well."

"No," answered Caleb, "I also met with an accident—oh! nothing that you can see—a slight internal injury which is, I fear, likely to prove troublesome. Well, noble Saturius, how can I—serve you? Anything in the way of Eastern shawls, for instance?"

"I thank you, friend—no. I come to speak of shoulders, not shawls," and he twitched his own—"women's shoulders, I mean. A remarkably fine pair for their size had that Jewish captive, by the way, in whom you seemed to take an interest last night—to the considerable extent, indeed, of fourteen hundred sesteria."

"Yes," said Caleb, "they were well shaped."

Then followed a pause.

"Perhaps, as I am a busy man," suggested Caleb presently, "you would not mind coming to the point."

"Certainly. I was but waiting for your leave. As you may have heard, I represent a very noble person—"

"Who, I think, took an interest in the captive to the extent of fifteen hundred sesteria," suggested Caleb.

"Quite so—and whose interest unfortunately remains unabated, or, rather, I should say, that it is transferred."

"To the gentleman whose deep feeling induced him to provide five hundred more?" queried Caleb.

"Precisely. What intuition you have! It is a gift with which the East endows her sons."

"Suppose you put the matter plainly, worthy Satorius."

"I will, excellent Demetrius. The great person to whom I have alluded was so moved when he heard of his loss, that he actually burst into tears, and even reproached me whom he loves more dearly than his brother—"

"He might easily do that if all reports are true," said Caleb drily, adding, "Was it then that you met with your accident?"

"It was. Overcome at the sight of my royal master's grief, I fell down."

"Into a well, I suppose, since you managed to injure your eye, your back, and your leg all at once. There—I understand—these things will happen—in the households of the great where the floors are so slippery that the most wary feet may slide. But that does not console the sufferer whose hurt remains, does it?"

"No," answered Satorius with a snarl; "but until he is in a position to relay the floors, he must find chalk for his sandals and ointment for his back. I want the purchaser's name, and thought perhaps that you might have it, for the old woman has vanished, and that fool of an auctioneer knows absolutely nothing."

"Why do you want his name?"

"Because Domitian wants his head—an unnatural desire, indeed, that devours him; still one which, to be frank, I find it important to satisfy."

Of a sudden a great light seemed to shine in Caleb's mind; it was as though a candle had been lit in a dark room.

"Ah!" he said. "And supposing I can show him how to get this head, even how to get it without any scandal, do you think that in return he would leave me the lady's hand? You see I knew her in her youth and take a brotherly interest in her."

"Quite so, just like Domitian and the two thousand sesteria man and, indeed, half the male population of Rome, who, when they saw her yesterday, were moved by the same family feeling. Well, I don't see why he shouldn't. You see my master never cared for pearls that were not perfectly white, or admired ladies upon whom report cast the slightest breath of scandal. But he is of a curiously jealous disposition, and it is, I think, the head that he requires, not the hand."

"Had you not better make yourself clear upon the point before we go any further?" asked Caleb. "Otherwise I do not feel inclined to undertake a very difficult and dangerous business."

"With pleasure. Now, would you let me have your demands, in writing, perhaps. Oh! of course, I understand, to be answered in writing."

Caleb took parchment and pen and wrote:

"A free pardon with full liberty to travel, live and trade throughout the Roman Empire, signed by the proper authorities, to be granted to one Caleb, the son of Hilliel, for the part he took in the Jewish war."

"A written promise, signed by the person concerned, that if the head he desires is put within his reach, the Jewish slave named Pearl-Maiden shall be handed over at once to Demetrius, the merchant of Alexandria, whose property she shall become absolutely and without question."

"That's all," he said, giving the paper to Satorius. "The Caleb spoken of is a Jewish friend of mine to whom I am anxious to do a good turn, without whose help and evidence I should be quite unable to perform my share of the bargain. Being very shy and timid—his nerves were much shattered during the siege of Jerusalem—he will not stir without this authority, which, by the way, will require the signature of Titus Caesar duly witnessed. Well, that is merely an offering to friendship, of course my fee is the reversion to the lady whom I desire to restore to her relations, who mourn her loss in Judea."

"Precisely—quite so," replied Satorius. "Pray do not trouble to explain further. I have always found those of Alexandria most excellent merchants. Well, I hope to be back within two hours."

"Mind you come alone. As I have told you, everything depends upon this Caleb, and if he is in any way alarmed there is an end of the affair. He alone has a possible key to the mystery. Should it be lost your patron will never get his head, and I shall never get my hand."

"Oh! bid the timid Caleb have no fear. Who would wish to harm a dirty Jewish deserter from his cause and people? Let him come out of his sewer and look upon the sun. The Caesars do not war with carrion rats. Most worthy Demetrius, I go swiftly, as I hope to return again with all you need."

"Good, most noble Satorius, and for both our sakes—remember that the palace floor is slippery, and do not get another fall, for it might finish you."

"I am in deep waters, but I think that I can swim well," reflected Caleb as the door closed behind his visitor. "At any rate it gives me a chance who have no other, and that prince is playing for revenge, not love. What can Miriam be to him beyond the fancy of an hour, of which a thief has robbed him? Doubtless, he wishes to kill the thief, but kings do not care for faded roses which are only good enough to weave the chaplet of a merchant of Alexandria. So I cast for the last time, let the dice fall as it is fated."

Very shortly afterwards in the palace of Domitian the dice began to fall. Humbly, most humbly, did that faithful chamberlain, Satorius, lay the results of his mission before his august master, Domitian, suffering from a severe bilious attack that had turned his ruddy complexion to a dingy yellow, and made the aspect of his pale eyes more unpleasant than usual, was propped up among cushions, sniffing attar of roses and dabbing vinegar water upon his forehead.

He listened indifferently to the tale of his jackal until the full meaning of the terms asked by the mysterious Eastern merchant penetrated his sullen brain.

"Why," he said, "the man wants Pearl-Maiden, that's his share, while mine is the life of the fellow that bought her, whoever he may be. Are you still mad, man, that you should dare to lay such a proposal before me? Don't you understand that I need both the woman and the blood of him who dared to cheat me out of her?"

"Most divine prince, I understand perfectly, but this fish is only biting; he must be tempted or he will tell nothing."

"Why not bring him here and torture him?"

"I have thought of that, but those Jews are so obstinate. While you were twisting the truth out of him the other man would escape with the girl. Much better promise everything he asks and then—"

"And then—what?"

"And then forget your promises. What can be simpler?"

"But he needs them in writing."

"Let him have them in writing, my writing, which your divine self can repudiate. Only the pardon to Caleb, who I suppose is this Demetrius himself, can be signed by Titus. It will not affect you whether a Jew more or less has the right to trade in the Empire, if thereby you can win his services in an important matter. Then, when the time comes, you can net both your unknown rival and the lady, leaving our friend, Demetrius, to report the facts to her relatives in Judea, for whom, as he states, he is alone concerned."

"Satorius," said Domitian, growing interested, "you are not so foolish as I thought you were. Decidedly that trouble last night has quickened your wits. Be so good as to stop wriggling your shoulders, will you, it makes me nervous, and I wish you would have that eye of yours painted. You know that I cannot bear the sight of black; it reminds me, who am by nature joyous and light-hearted as a child, of melancholy things. Now forge a letter for me, or rather for your signature, promising the reversion of Pearl-Maiden to this Demetrius. Then bear my greetings to Titus, begging his signature to an order granting the desired privileges to one Caleb, a Jew who fought against him at Jerusalem—with less success than I could have wished—whom I desire to favour."

Three hours later Satorius presented himself for the second time in the office of the Alexandrian merchant.

"Most worthy Demetrius," he said, "I congratulate you. Everything has been arranged as you wish. Here is the order, signed by Titus and duly witnessed, granting to you—I mean to your friend Caleb—pardon for whatever he may have done in Judea, and permission to live and trade anywhere that he may wish within the bounds of the Empire. I may tell you that it was obtained with great difficulty, since Titus, worn out with toil and glory, leaves this very day for his villa by the sea, where he is ordered by his physicians to rest three months, taking no part whatever in affairs. Does the document satisfy you?"

Caleb examined the signatures and seals.

"It seems to be in order," he said.

"It is in order, excellent Demetrius. Caleb can now appear in the Forum, if it pleases him, and lecture upon the fall of Jerusalem for the benefit of the vulgar. Well, here also is a letter from the divine—or rather the half-divine—Domitian to yourself, Demetrius of Alexandria, also witnessed by myself. It promises to you that if you give evidence enabling him to arrest that miscreant who dared to bid against him—no, do not be alarmed, the lady was not knocked down to you—you shall be allowed to take possession of her or to buy her at a reasonable valuation, not to exceed fifteen sesteria. That is as much as she will fetch now in the open market. Are you satisfied with this document?"

Caleb read and scrutinised the letter.

"The signatures of Domitian and yourself as witness seem much alike," he remarked suspiciously.

"Somewhat," replied Satorius, with an airy gesture. "In royal houses it is customary for chamberlains to imitate the handwriting of their imperial masters."

"And their morals—no, they have none—their manners also," commented Caleb.

"At the least," went on Satorius, "you will acknowledge the seals—"

"Which might be borrowed. Well, I will take the risk, for if there is anything wrong about these papers, I am sure that the prince Domitian would not like to see them exhibited in a court of law."

"Good," answered Satorius, with a relief which he could not altogether conceal. "And now for the culprit's name."

"The culprit's name," said Caleb, leaning forward and speaking slowly, "is Marcus, who served as one of Titus Caesar's prefects of Horse in the campaign of Judea. He bought the lady Miriam, commonly known as Pearl-Maiden, by the agency of Nehushta, an old Libyan woman, who conveyed her to his house in the Via Agrippa, which is known as the 'Fortunate House,' where doubtless, she now is."

"Marcus," said Satorius. "Why, he was reported dead, and the matter of the succession to his great estates is now being debated, for he was the heir of his uncle Caius, the pro-consul, who amassed a vast fortune in Spain. Also after the death of the said Caius, this Marcus was a favourite of the late divine Nero, who constituted him guardian of some bust of which he was enamoured. In short, he is a great man; if, as you say, he still lives, whom even Domitian will find it hard to meddle with. But how do you know all this?"

"Through my friend Caleb. Caleb followed the black hag, Nehushta, and the beautiful Pearl-Maiden to the very house of Marcus, which he saw them enter. Marcus who was her lover, yonder in Judea—"

"Oh! never mind the rest of the story, I understand it all. But you have not yet shown that Marcus was in the house, and if he was, bad taste as it may have been to bid against the prince Domitian, well, at a public auction it is lawful."

"Ye—es, but if Marcus has committed a crime, could he not be punished for that crime?"

"Without doubt. But what crime has Marcus committed?"

"The crime of being taken prisoner by the Jews and escaping from them with his life, for which, by an edict of Titus, whose laws are as those of the Medes and Persians, the punishment is death, or, at the least, banishment and degradation."

"Well, and who can prove all this?"

"Caleb can, because he took him prisoner."

"And where," asked Satorius in exasperation, "where is this thrice-accursed cur, Caleb?"

"Here," answered Demetrius. "I am Caleb, O thrice blessed chamberlain, Satorius."

"Indeed," said Satorius. "Well, that makes things more simple. And now, friend Demetrius—you prefer that name, do you not—what do you propose?"

"I propose that the necessary documents should be procured which, to your master, will not be difficult; that Marcus should be arrested in his house, put upon his trial and condemned under the edict of Titus, and that the girl, Pearl-Maiden, should be handed over to me, who will at once remove her from Rome."

"Good," said Satorius. "Titus having gone, leaving Domitian in charge of military affairs, the thing, as it chances, is easy, though any sentence that may be passed must be confirmed by Caesar himself. And now, again, farewell. If our man is in Rome, he shall be taken to-night, and to-morrow your evidence may be wanted."

"Will the girl be handed over to me then?"

"I think so," replied Satorius; "but of course I cannot say for certain, as there may be legal difficulties in the way which would hinder her immediate re-sale. However, you may rely upon me to do the best I can for you."

"It will be to your advantage," answered Caleb significantly. "Shall we say—fifty sesteria on receipt of the slave?"

"Oh! if you wish it, if you wish it, for gifts cement the hearts of friends. On account? Well, to a man with many expenses, five sesteria always come in useful. You know what it is in these palaces, so little pay and so much to keep up. Thank you, dear Demetrius, I will give you and the lady a supper out of the money—when you get her," he added to himself as he left the office.

When early on the following morning Caleb came to his warehouse from the dwelling where he slept, he found waiting for him two men dressed in the livery of Domitian, who demanded that he would accompany them to the palace of the prince.

"What for?"

"To give evidence in a trial," they said.

Then he knew that he had made no mistake, that his rival was caught, and in the rage of his burning jealousy, such jealousy as only an Eastern can feel, his heart bounded with joy. Still, as he trudged onward through streets glittering in the morning sunlight, Caleb's conscience told him that not thus should this rival be overcome, that he who went to accuse the brave Marcus of cowardice was himself the coward, and that from the lie which he was about to act if not to speak, could spring no fruit of peace or happiness. But he was mad and blind. He could think only of Miriam—the woman whom he loved with all his passionate nature and whose life he had preserved at the risk of his own—fallen at last into the arms of his rival. He would wrench her thence, yes, even at the price of his own honour and of her life-long agony, and, if it might be, leave those arms cold in death, as twice already he had striven to do. When Marcus was dead perhaps she would forgive him. At the least he would occupy his place. She would be his slave, to whom, notwithstanding all that had been, he would give the place of wife. Then, after a little while, seeing how good and tender he was to her, surely she must forget this Roman who had taken her girlish fancy and learn to love him.

Now they were passing the door of the palace. In the outer hall Satorius met them and motioned to the slaves to stand back.

"So you have them," said Caleb eagerly.

"Yes, or to be exact, one of them. The lady has vanished."

Caleb staggered back a pace.

"Vanished! Where?"

"I wish that I could tell you. I thought that perhaps you knew. At least we found Marcus alone in his house which he was about to leave, apparently to follow Titus. But, come, the court awaits you."

"If she has gone, why should I come?" said Caleb hanging back.

"I really don't know, but you must. Here, slaves, escort this witness."

Then seeing that it was too late to change his mind, Caleb waved them back and followed Satorius. Presently they entered an inner hall, lofty, but not large. At the head of it, clad in the purple robes of his royal house, sat Domitian in a chair, while to his right and left were narrow tables, at which were gathered five or six Roman officers, those of Domitian's own bodyguard, bare-headed, but arrayed in their mail. Also there were two scribes with their tablets, a man dressed in a lawyer's robe, who seemed to fill the office of prosecutor, and some soldiers on guard.

When Caleb entered, Domitian, who, notwithstanding his youthful, ruddy countenance, looked in a very evil mood, was engaged in talking earnestly to the lawyer. Glancing up, he saw him and asked:

"Is that the Jew who gives evidence, Satorius?"

"My lord, it is the man," answered the chamberlain; "also the other witness waits without."

"Good. Then bring in the accused."

There was a pause, till presently Caleb heard footsteps behind him and looked round to see Marcus advancing up the hall with a proud and martial air. Their eyes met, and for an instant Marcus stopped.

"Oh!" he said aloud, "the Jew Caleb. Now I understand." Then he marched forward and gave the military salute to the prince.

Domitian stared at him with hate in his pale eyes, and said carelessly:

"Is this the accused? What is the charge?"

"The charge is," said the lawyer, "that the accused Marcus, a prefect of Horse serving with Titus Caesar in Judea, suffered himself to be taken prisoner by the Jews when in command of a large body of Roman troops, contrary to the custom of the army and to the edict issued by Titus Caesar at the commencement of the siege of Jerusalem. This edict commanded that no soldier should be taken alive, and that any soldier who was taken alive and subsequently rescued, or who made good his escape, should be deemed worthy of death, or at the least of degradation from his rank and banishment. My lord Marcus, do you plead guilty to the charge?"

"First, I ask," said Marcus, "what court is this before which I am put upon my trial? If I am to be tried I demand that it shall be by my general, Titus."

"Then," said the prosecutor, "you should have reported yourself to Titus upon your arrival in Rome. Now he has gone to where he may not be troubled, leaving the charge of military matters in the hands of his Imperial brother, the Prince Domitian, who, with these officers, is therefore your lawful judge."

"Perhaps," broke in Domitian with bitter malice, "the lord Marcus was too much occupied with other pursuits on his arrival in Rome to find time to explain his conduct to the Caesar, Titus."

"I was about to follow him to do so when I was seized," said Marcus.

"Then you put the matter off a little too long. Now you can explain it here," answered Domitian.

Then the prosecutor took up the tale, saying that it had been ascertained on inquiry that the accused, accompanied by an old woman, arrived in Rome upon horseback early on the morning of the Triumph; that he went straight to his house, which was called "The House Fortunate," where he lay hid all day; that in the evening he sent out the old woman and a slave carrying on their backs a great sum of gold in baskets, with which gold he purchased a certain fair Jewish captive, known as Pearl-Maiden, at a public auction in the Forum. This Pearl-Maiden, it would seem, was taken to his house, but when he was arrested on the morrow neither she nor the old woman were found there. The accused, he might add, was arrested just as he was about to leave the house, as he stated, in order to report himself to Titus Caesar, who had already departed from Rome. This was the case in brief, and to prove it he called a certain Jew named Caleb, who was now living in Rome, having received an amnesty given by the hand of Titus. This Jew was now a merchant who traded under the name of Demetrius.

Then Caleb stood forward and told his tale. In answer to questions that were put to him, he related how he was in command of a body of the Jews which fought an action with the Roman troops at a place called the Old Tower, a few days before the capture of the Temple. In the course of this action he parleyed with a captain of the Romans, the Prefect Marcus, who now stood before him, and at the end of the parley challenged him to single combat. As Marcus refused the encounter and tried to run away, he struck him on the back with the flat of his sword. Thereon a fight ensued in which he, the witness, had the advantage. Being wounded, the accused let fall his sword, sank to his knees and asked for mercy. The fray having now become general he, Caleb, dragged his prisoner into the Old Tower and returned to the battle.

When he went back to the Tower it was to find that the captive had vanished, leaving in his place a lady who was known to the Romans as Pearl-Maiden and who was afterwards taken by them and exposed for sale in the Forum, where she was purchased by an old woman whom he recognised as her nurse. He followed the maiden, having bid for her and being curious as to her destination, to a house in the Via Agrippa, which he afterwards learned was the palace of the accused Marcus. That was all he knew of the matter.

Then the prosecutor called a soldier, who stated that he had been under the command of Marcus on the day in question. There he saw the Jew leader, whom he identified with Caleb, at the conclusion

of a parley strike the accused, Marcus, on the back with the flat of his sword. After this ensued a fight, in which the Romans were repulsed. At the end of it he saw their captain, Marcus, being led away prisoner. His sword had gone and blood was running from the side of his head.

The evidence being concluded, Marcus was asked if he had anything to say in defence.

"Much," he answered proudly, "when I am given a fair trial. I desire to call the men of my legion who were with me, none of whom I see here to-day except that man who has given evidence against me, a rogue whom, I remember, I caused to be scourged for theft, and dismissed his company. But they are in Egypt, so how can I summon them? As for the Jew, he is an old enemy of mine, who was guilty of murder in his youth, and whom once I overcame in a duel in Judaea, sparing his life. It is true that when my back was turned he struck me with his sword, and as I flew at him, smote me a blow upon the head, from the effects of which I became senseless. In this state I was taken prisoner and lay for weeks sick in a vault, in the care of some people of the Jews, who nursed me. From them I escaped to Rome, desiring to report myself to Titus Caesar, my master. I appeal to Titus Caesar."

"He is absent and I represent him," said Domitian.

"Then," answered Marcus, "I appeal to Vespasian Caesar, to whom I will tell all. I am a Roman noble of no mean rank, and I have a right to be tried by Caesar, not by a packed court, whose president has a grudge against me for private matters."

"Insolent!" shouted Domitian. "Your appeal shall be laid before Caesar, as it must—that is, if he will hear it. Tell us now, where is that woman whom you bought in the Forum, for we desire her testimony?"

"Prince, I do not know," answered Marcus. "It is true that she came to my house, but then and there I gave her freedom and she departed from it with her nurse, nor can I tell whither she went."

"I thought that you were only a coward, but it seems that you are a liar as well," sneered Domitian. Then he consulted with the officers and added, "We judge the case to be proved against you, and for having disgraced the Roman arms, when, rather than be taken prisoner, many a meaner man died by his own hand, you are worthy of whatever punishment it pleases Caesar to inflict. Meanwhile, till his pleasure is known, I command that you shall be

confined in the private rooms of the military prison near the Temple of Mars, and that if you attempt to escape thence, you shall be put to death. You have liberty to draw up your case in writing, that it may be transmitted to Caesar, my father, together with a transcript of the evidence against you."

"Now," replied Marcus bitterly, "I am tempted to do what you say I should have done before, die by my own hand rather than endure such shameful words and this indignity. But that my honour will not suffer. When Caesar has heard my case, and when Titus, my general, also gives his verdict against me, I will die, but not before. You, Prince, and you, Captains, who have never drawn a sword outside the streets of Rome, you call me coward, me, who have served with honour through five campaigns, who, from my youth till now have been in arms, and this upon the evidence of a renegade Jew who, for years, has been my private enemy, and of a soldier whom I scourged as a thief. Look now upon this breast and say if it is that of a coward!" and rending his robes asunder, Marcus exposed his bosom, scarred with four white wounds. "Call my comrades, those with whom I have fought in Gaul, in Sicily, in Egypt and in Judaea, and ask them if Marcus is a coward? Ask that Jew even, to whom I gave his life, whether Marcus is a coward?"

"Have done with your boasting," said Domitian, "and hide those scratches. You were taken prisoner by the Jews—it is enough. You have your prayer, your case shall go to Caesar. If the tale you tell is true you would produce that woman who is said to have rescued you from the Jews and whom you purchased as a slave. When you do this we will take her evidence. Till then to your prison with you. Guards, remove the man Marcus, called the Fortunate, once a prefect of Horse in the army of Judaea."

(To be continued)

Our Portraits

THE new President of the Royal Scottish Academy, Mr. James Guthrie, R.S.A., was born at Greenock in 1859, and is a son of the Rev. Dr. John Guthrie, formerly minister of the Evangelical Union Church. Mr. Guthrie passed through Glasgow University



MR. JAMES GUTHRIE
New President of the Royal Scottish Academy



THE LATE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.
The Eminent Nonconformist Preacher



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. T. ECKERSLEY
Died of fever in Northern Nigeria

with the view of entering upon a legal career. However, he began drawing-lessons when twenty years of age, and though he never attended classes for the antique and went through no life school, he soon established himself as a portrait painter of repute. He was one of the founders of the Glasgow School of Painting, and was the first of the school to be elected an Associate of the Scottish Academy, and his promotion to full academic rank followed in 1892. Our portrait is by T. R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow.

The Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., was a Northumberland man, and was born at Hexham in April, 1830. He became a student at University College, London, and studied theology under Dr. Cameron, of Moorfields. His first pastorate was at the Congregational Church, Banbury, where he commenced his ministry in 1853. Five years later he became a pastor of the Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, where he remained for ten years, and achieved great popularity as a preacher. Dr. Parker came to London in 1869, and until the building of the City Temple in 1874 he conducted his ministry at Poultry Chapel. His preaching always attracted large congregations, and the City Temple was almost invariably crowded at the midday service on Thursday, at which Dr. Parker preached. Dr. Parker has twice been chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. He has also twice filled the chair of the London Congregational Board. Dr. Parker was twice married, first to Miss Anna Nesbit, of Horsley Hills, and secondly to Miss Common, of Sunderland. Our portrait is by Killick and Abbot, Hampstead.

A telegram has been received from Yola, Northern Nigeria, announcing the death of Captain Henry Thomas Eckersley, on October 15, of black-water fever, in his twenty-ninth year, just as he was about to command an expedition in Northern Nigeria. Captain Eckersley was the younger son of E. Eckersley, I.M.R.N., of Southsea. He entered the 1st West India Regiment in September, 1895; served in the Sierra Leone Expedition of 1898, under Colonel Woodgate; was sent from Bermuda on special service to the Ashanti Expedition, under Colonel Sir James Willcocks. On both occasions Captain Eckersley was mentioned in despatches. In November, 1901, a despatch was received from the Secretary of

State to the Colonies, expressing appreciation of the work done by Captain Eckersley in the Munchi country. The late officer's decorations were the Sierra Leone Medal and Clasp and the Ashanti Medal. Our photograph is by West and Son, Southsea.

OUR portrait of Sir John Stokes, in our last week's issue, was by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Playground and Sanatorium.—I.

(OUR SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT)

PLACES, like living organisms, tend nowadays to specialise their functions; and the time is clearly coming when there will be sharp lines of demarcation between the health resorts and pleasure resorts of Switzerland. Communes, no less than hotels, are disposed to decide for themselves whether they will or will not harbour invalids; and a Swiss Commune is one of the most autocratic of all institutions of self-government. For the moment, however, the pleasure-seekers and the health-seekers meet and mix at the popular winter centres—for alike as playground and sanatorium, however, the Alps in winter approach very near to the ideal. In this our first article we will mainly speak of them as a playground.

Every kind of winter sport, whether safe or hazardous, is to be had there. Winter mountaineering has gradually grown into a fashion since Mr. Coolidge made the first winter ascent of the Wetterhorn in 1874. Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond—better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Main—has pursued the amusement for many years from the centres which "open air" patients most frequent; and claims to have fortified her own lungs by doing so. Ski-ing has been introduced of recent years, and already has its regular votaries and its lengthening list of fatal accidents. Skating is a matter of course on some of the best-kept rinks in the world, varied by curling and hockey on the ice. Sleighing is naturally regarded as an excellent substitute for driving. Above all there is the sport which we call tobogganing, but which the Swiss call lugin.

Lugin is, with the possible exception of rifle-shooting, the most popular sport in Switzerland. At such places as Davos and Saint Moritz, the sport is a great public institution, looked after by a committee under the wing of the Communal Government. Several tracks of different degrees of difficulty are provided, with special employes to look after them, keeping the surface smooth and the gradients in such condition that the awkward corners can be safely turned—at all events by those who have skill enough to turn them safely. There are races every year, and in order to win the great event it is necessary to luge and turn the aforesaid awkward corners rather faster than an express train—not a Swiss express, but, say, the boat-express from Paris to Calais.

Naturally the amusement has its risks. It has been computed that, on a single hill at Vevey, on which schoolboys luge during the dinner hour, more than a dozen children break arms or legs or collar bones every year. But the playground in which they divert themselves is also a sanatorium, in which the invalids merely lie still and breathe salubrious air. To this branch of the subject the following article is devoted:—

THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION

The essential features of the open-air treatment of consumption were clearly set forth more than sixty years ago by a Warwickshire doctor, George Bodington. He was so struck by its effects that he tried to make the plan known to his professional brethren. In 1840 he wrote: "The application of cold pure air to the interior surface of the lungs is the most powerful sedative that can be applied, and does more to promote the healing and closing of cavities and ulcers of the lungs than any other means that can be employed." To Bodington is also due the suggestion of sanatoria. He warned his professional brethren that "if they are to succeed, they should have country houses in proper situations, well ventilated, and provided with all 'appliances and means to boot,' where their patients should be under their own eyes, and strictly watched and regulated in all respects as regards exercise, air, diet, medicine, &c., or, there should be a certain class of practitioners who should exclusively pursue this practice as a distinct branch, to whom those in the large towns should confide their consumptive patients, instead of sending them, as many now do, to take their chance, or probably to fall into the hands of mercenaries at some distant seaport, where they commonly die, far away from friends and home." Bodington, however, lived before his day, and he and his work were soon forgotten, a melancholy illustration of the fact that wisdom calls out in the street and no man regards it. Fifteen years later the curability of consumption by the open-air treatment was urged on the profession by Dr. Henry MacCormac, of Belfast, father of the late Sir William MacCormac. His paper, which was read before the leading medical society of London, excited the derision of the learned assembly; one sapient person asked that the Society should be protected against the reading of such productions in future. About the same time the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson also tried to sow the seed of sound doctrine. But it fell among thorns which choked it.

The open-air treatment is therefore a British discovery which, as in so many other instances, was allowed to fall

into the hands of foreigners. In 1859 Dr. Hermann Brehmer, himself a consumptive, founded a sanatorium at Goerbersdorf, in Prussian Silesia. Another institution of the same kind was opened in 1876 at Falkenstein, in the Taunus, and placed under the direction of Dr. Dettweiler, a former assistant of Brehmer. The excellent results obtained at these establishments led to the foundation of similar institutions, mostly conducted by pupils of Brehmer and Dettweiler at Davos and Arosa in the Central Alps, Leysin and Montana in Switzerland, Nordrach and St. Blasien in the Black Forest, and many other places.

The places which have been found most beneficial to consumptives, however much they may differ in other respects, have certain features in common which must be regarded as essential. In the first place they have a pure air, free from dust and smoke and the impurities inseparable from a dense population; secondly, they are fresh and bracing, but well protected against cold or stormy winds; thirdly, they have sufficient fine weather, or sufficient artificial shelter, to render in-out-door life possible; and lastly, they have a dry, warm, well-drained soil. These conditions are best fulfilled by Alpine health resorts, by elevated tablelands in various parts of the world, German hill sanatoria, and many places with marine or semi-marine climates. But the treatment can be carried out anywhere, independently of climate and weather, even in the heart of our own smoky London; and as good results as are obtained at foreign shrines of healing may be looked for in the King's model sanatorium which is to be erected near Midhurst in Sussex.

The results obtained prove beyond doubt that the treatment, when carried out under proper conditions, is very successful, not only in checking the progress of the disease in cases in which it is not far advanced, but in bringing about a complete and permanent cure in a certain proportion of them.

It would be invidious and also misleading to give statistics of particular institutions. Provided the patient is sheltered from wind, well fed and kept under discipline in regard to over-exertion and excitement, the sanatorium itself is a matter of secondary importance. Much, however, depends on the patient, and still more on the doctor. Sanatoria are not intended for patients in whom the disease has advanced beyond the early stage when recovery may confidently be looked for. The patient must have the determined will to get well, and to that end he must obey the doctor, not only in a general way, but in every detail, however trifling it may appear. On the other hand, the doctor must be a man who has the personal magnetism which inspires faith and compels obedience. It is the personality of the doctor much more than



ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR, G.C.B.

From the Portrait by Herman G. Herkomer, exhibited in the New Gallery

anything else that has made the reputation of some of the most famous sanatoria.

It is wonderful how quickly the most sensitive patients adapt themselves to the conditions of the open-air treatment. Persons who previously shivered at the slightest breath of cold air are uncomfortable indoors, unless the windows are wide open, and sleep happily under a coverlet of snow. Of course they are always well wrapped up in warm coverings. There is bred in them an "air hunger" which makes them intolerant even of a slightly vitiated atmosphere. A boy who spent last winter on a balcony outside a London hospital vehemently remonstrated when he was taken indoors one bitterly cold night. As in neuralgia the nerve has been poetically said to "cry out for pure blood," it would seem that the diseased lung calls eagerly for the pure air which brings healing.

Moral as well as medical treatment is required. Life in a sanatorium can never be very cheerful. It is a place where, to parody a line of Keats, men sit and hear each other cough. Melancholy is the badge of all the tribe of consumptives. In sanatoria they are often sad in the midst of amusements. They are wrapped up in themselves, their attention being concentrated on the observation of themselves. Persons naturally amiable and unselfish, often become exacting, jealous, and even spiteful. This deterioration of character is partly the effect of the disease, partly the result of the inaction and contemplative life imposed on patients in these establishments. Is it wonderful that a sufferer should become selfish when selfishness is inculcated upon him as the whole duty of consumptive man? It has been well said that a physician who only knows medicine does not even know that properly. This is especially true of doctors in charge of sanatoria. They need not be accurately informed as to the latest phase of the "immunity" question, nor is it necessary that they should know the newest theory as to the function of the spleen. But they must have an intimate knowledge of the physiology and pathology of the human mind, and be able to treat not merely the disease but the patient. This is an art which cannot be earned from books or in the lecture-room or laboratory, but only in the school of experience. The sanatorium doctor is born, not made. It is the close personal supervision of the individual patient in all the details of his life that is, after all, the essence of the treatment. This cannot be obtained except in a sanatorium where the strictest hygienic discipline is enforced. The advantage of residence in such an institution is not confined to the patient. He is educated in the management of consumption and in the prevention of infection, and this knowledge will afterwards make him a focus of sanitary enlightenment to those within his sphere of influence.



DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A BRITISH OFFICER

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE MAD MULLAH IN SOMALILAND: NATIVE LEVIES BUILDING AN ENTRENCHMENT

The Onstander

"STAND BY,"—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY J. ASHBY-STEELE

AMONG the many delights of past years that seem to have disappeared altogether may be reckoned "seasonable weather." We have weather of all kinds, but it is never seasonable. We have winds in April, we have showers in May, and we have spring flowers when we can get them—which is not very often. This past year we have been worse off than ever. We have had winter in summer and summer in winter, autumn in spring and spring in autumn. We have had continual changes, and every change has been for the worse. Just as our Tapleyan disposition has become accustomed to wet, dismal days, we are plunged into genial sunshine, and directly we begin to bask and enjoy ourselves, the Clerk of the Weather (O! you humorous Clerk, you!) turns on what he is pleased to call "a cold snap," which makes us so brittle that we are afraid to venture out for fear we should be broken into small pieces. If there is one thing I detest more than another it is "a cold snap." This year we have scarcely had two days alike: our weather has been in stripes. The good stripes have been very narrow and the bad stripes very broad. Oh, you think I am in a bad temper, do you? Well, to tell you the truth, I am. Just now a man who was cleaning the street deposited a large portion of the roadway on my hat and coat, and effectually obscured my eyeglass, so I can scarcely regard things as clearly as usual, and I look as if I were going to a fancy ball in the character of "A Muddy Gentleman of the Nineteenth Century." There is no knowing how to dress in this variable climate. Last week I wanted two fur coats, to-day I require wading-boots, and probably by the time these lines appear I shall be wearing white flannel and a straw hat. Yuh! I have no patience with all this meteorological malevolence!

An alarming rumour comes from America. It is said that some one in that ingenious country has discovered a plan by means of which old postage stamps can be entirely relieved of the obliterating letters and made equal to new. I should be inclined to look upon this as a rumour and nothing more, although such an operation seems to be quite within the possibilities of science. The only question is whether the conversion of old stamps into new would not be too expensive to render it worth doing, from the unprincipled person's point of view. If it could be done in a wholesale manner, at a cheap rate, the amount of fraud that could be perpetrated all over the world would be something



THE RIGHT HON. SIR HORACE RUMBOLD, BART., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
Formerly British Ambassador at Vienna
From the Painting by Gabriel Nicolet, exhibited in the New Gallery

enormous. Therefore, it would be well that the aforesaid rumour should not be neglected by the postal authorities; for if there should prove to be any truth in it, some entirely new form of stamp obliteration will have to be devised. Some time ago I suggested that the stamp should be placed where the seal used to be put, in order to ensure the stamp being torn when the envelope was opened. This, however, would be but little guard against careful nefarious persons. The only satisfactory method of cancellation that occurs to me is by perforation, and people will have to put up with the inconvenience of finding their letters full of holes.

It may be observed that there is often great jubilation in respect of the wholesale destruction of large tracts of houses in London, and intense joy has been expressed with regard to the construction of new wide streets. Doubtless this is all right and proper, but the question is, whether the limit to these proceedings has not been reached, and whether the matter has not already been somewhat overdone? If it goes on much longer the residential portion of London will be seriously interfered with, and it may eventually end in everybody having to live out of town and only come up for the day to transact their business.

Some considerable time has elapsed since the Royal Procession, and perhaps we should be hardly considered impatient if we were to ask the authorities if they would condescend to restore the thoroughfares into the same state of orderly safety as they were before the aforesaid popular and interesting pageant. In one particular instance I must urgently plead for a restoration of the original order of things—that is in the case of Duncannon Street. The refuge at its western end was removed at least five months ago, and at the present writing I see no sign whatever of its being replaced. Now, as at this particular spot you have a better chance of being run over than anywhere in London, and as I cross the road here every day and often many times, I am somewhat interested in the matter. But, for the general welfare of the public, this matter ought to be seen to without further delay. For it is here you encounter a continuous variety of wheeled traffic. You have all the cabs from Charing Cross to the northern stations, you have 'buses running to the Strand and the endless cross-stream of yellow 'buses, you have various motor-cars coming sharp round this corner at full speed, and cyclists filling up the intervals of danger to the best of their ability. All these things speak eloquently in favour of the restoration of the lost refuge at the earliest opportunity.

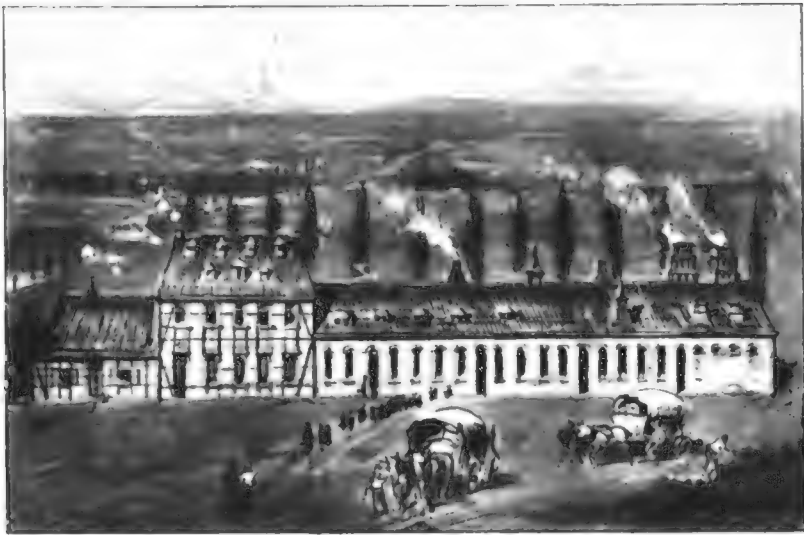


DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

The troops here depicted formed part of Colonel Swayne's force. The lack of discipline among the native levies is only too apparent, and the reinforcements from India were sent none too soon

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE MAD MULLAH IN SOMALILAND: OUR NATIVE TROOPS ON THE MARCH



The building in the centre is the house in which Herr Krupp was born
THE KRUPP WORKS AT ESSEN IN 1824



This house was built by Herr Krupp
VILLA HUGEL, NEAR ESSEN: HERR KRUPP'S RESIDENCE

The Funeral of Herr Krupp

THE funeral of Herr Friedrich Krupp took place at Essen, and was attended by the Emperor and practically the whole population of the town. His Majesty arrived shortly before ten o'clock, and proceeded to the old home of the deceased's grandfather, where the coffin was lying on a bier, and where there were assembled representatives of the Ministerial Departments, of the Army and Navy, a number of high State officials, the directors and officials of the firm of Krupp, and other notable personages. After a prayer the funeral procession started, headed by the Fire Brigade. Immediately in front of the coffin were carried the decorations of the deceased and a wreath

sent by the Emperor, who walked at the head of the mourners. The route of the procession to the cemetery was lined by 24,000 workmen employed in the Krupp factories at Essen, a number of societies, and the school children.

At the cemetery a funeral oration was delivered by the clergyman, Herr Klingmann. Herr Roettgers, manager of the steel works, also spoke. He thanked the Emperor for attending the funeral, and concluded by declaring that it was a disgrace to Germany that there had been Germans who had lent themselves to the propagation of base stories invented by foreigners. The ceremony terminated with the singing of a hymn.

Before his departure for Berlin, the Emperor, addressing the

directors of the Krupp Works and a deputation of the workmen in the waiting-room at the station, said:—"I feel I must express to you how deeply I am affected by the death of the deceased. Her Majesty the Empress sends you all the expression of the same sorrow, and she has already expressed her feelings to Frau Krupp in writing. I have often enjoyed with my wife the hospitality of Krupps' house, and felt the influence of the deceased's charm and amiability. In the course of years our relations became such that I may describe myself as a friend of the deceased and of his house. For that reason I felt I could not but attend to-day's funeral, for I considered it my duty to stand beside the widow and the daughters of my friend."



THE FUNERAL OF HERR KRUPP AT ESSEN: THE KAISER FOLLOWING THE HEARSE

From a photograph by C. Kayser



The floating dock destined for Durban parted from the steamer towing it, in a gale, and went ashore at Mossel Bay. The dock became a total wreck, but the crew and machinery were saved. Its loss is a most unfortunate set-back to the development of Durban harbour, since its replacement will involve at least twelve months' delay. The dock shows signs of buoyancy, and the battleship *Monarch*, with the steamer *Baralong*, are standing by. It is not possible, says Lloyd's agent, to form an idea what the repairs and salvage operations will cost, but a special officer representing the underwriters will probably be sent. Our photograph is by S. G. Jeffery.

THE WRECKED FLOATING DOCK AT MOSSEL BAY

The Week in Parliament

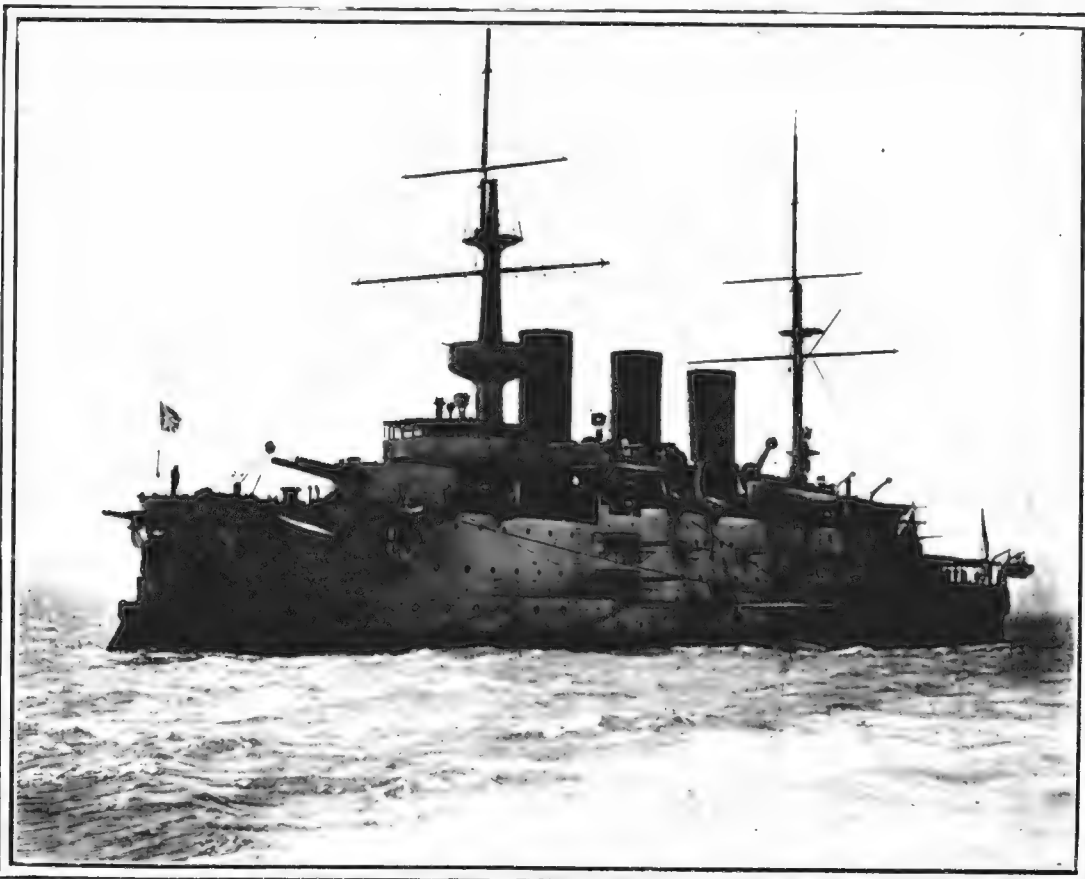
BY HENRY W. LUCY

ON Monday night the House of Commons happened upon an object-lesson which, I am afraid, will be more striking to the public than useful to members. Last week the Premier shocked the Opposition by announcing intention of devoting Monday's sitting to transforming into Standing Orders the resolutions reforming procedure passed in the early spring. As was pointed out in this column, at a period when action in this direction was doubtful, avoidance of the step would involve a serious loss of time and of the results of hard labour. After many nights' debate the resolutions in question, covering a wide area of procedure, were passed as Sessional Orders, and, under the pressure of other business, left in that condition. What would have followed thereupon would be

that with the Prorogation the New Rules would lapse and the fight round them must needs be commenced again with a new Session.

Having vainly objected to making the resolutions Standing Orders, the Opposition, going on another tack, insisted that one night was insufficient for dealing with so important a matter. Mr. Balfour said that no more time could be spared, and members must make the most of that allotted; which, to do them justice, they did. The debate opened shortly after half-past two on Monday afternoon, and the Whips on both sides made arrangements for keeping their men in hand up to midnight, when the final division would take place on Mr. Balfour's resolution. Meanwhile gentlemen below the Gangway had made arrangements for taking six separate debates and as many divisions on several clauses of the main proposal.

After three hours' talk before almost empty benches, the affair began to flag. Two divisions were duly taken. On the third, standing in the name of Mr. Lough, the Speaker ruled that that



The most remarkable of the five Russian warships which lately arrived at Portland is the *Pobieda* (in English "Victory"). She stands higher out of the water than any other warship in the world. Of course, she makes a very conspicuous target, but she has at the same time a most formidable appearance, being pierced with menacing guns in bewildering variety. Her fire ahead, in chasing an enemy, would consist of no fewer than two ten-inch guns, five six-inch guns, and six twelve-pounders. Our photograph is by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

THE VISIT OF RUSSIAN WARSHIPS TO PORTLAND: THE "POBIELDA"

enterprising and industrious member, having already moved one amendment could not move another. Calling on the next in order it appeared the member in charge of it was not present. A similar accident befell the rest, and before members quite knew where they were they were dividing on the main question, and by half-past six the Standing Orders were strengthened by addition of the New Rules. It being expected that the full length of the sitting would hardly serve for the business of the Procedure Rules, none other was put down on the notice paper. Accordingly the Speaker, with a delicate note of regret in his voice, announced that nothing remained for him but to put the question, "That this House do now adjourn." Members laughed and cheered and scampered off, leaving the Commissariat Department loaded with some hundreds of dinners prepared in preparation for a long night of sustained fight.

The charm of this little incident was not marred by any reflection of ill service done the State by hasty action. What happened at half-past six on Monday would, in the ordinary run of affairs, have happened at midnight in precisely the same form. What was spared was some four hours' dreary, purposeless talk. That the lesson would have no practical influence was straightway proved by what took place on the Education Bill. The third reading was put down for Tuesday, and nearly every man rising from either side to take part in the debate protested that the question had been so thoroughly thrashed out there was nothing new left to be said. In such circumstances the obvious feeling seemed to be to follow the precedent established on Monday night—debate the third reading from half-past two till half-past six, or even half-past seven, take a division, and go home to dinner, with no necessity of returning at nine o'clock.



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE CELEBRATED MUSICAL COMPOSER, CHARLES GOUNOD, IN THE PARC MONCEAU, PARIS
From a Photograph by Ch. Chusseau Flavien

What actually happened was, the Opposition insisted on having two nights for the third reading of so important a measure. They were conceded, and by painful effort the supply of what Carlyle long ago called thrice-boiled colewort was kept going till Wednesday night, when the Bill was read a third time by a majority not one more or one less by reason of speeches reiterated on the third reading.

The House of Lords sat up till the Commons had divided, when the Clerk hurriedly conveyed the Bill across lobbies and through corridor. Then the Lords, four of them all told, solemnly read the Bill a first time, the second reading being taken on Thursday. The real fight will take place in Committee, interest centring upon action of the Bishops in respect of the controversial clause.

On the Way to the Durbar

BY OUR ARTIST-CORRESPONDENT

THE post-road to Simla from Kalka, the terminus of the railway, a distance of fifty-eight miles, is one of the most interesting experiences to the man fresh from England visiting India for the first time, and it is one that I do not remember to have seen described in all its picturesque details. Ascending gradually, the road winds up round the spurs of the foothills of the Himalayas, dusty, and trodden by all manners of picturesque conveyances and people. The country carts, called "ekkas," are sometimes richly painted and decorated, mostly made of wood, bamboo, and netting; then come strings of heavy-laden camels, with their wild-looking, half-naked drivers trudging along at their heads; families and groups of hillmen, shaggy, thin, and sad-eyed; while groaning bullock-carts drag slowly along. Now and then one passes a dozen of these, on a wide part of the road, encamped for a rest; the tired, milk-white oxen lie relieved from the yoke by the side of the cart,



An evening dress for a young or middle-aged lady. The material is green taffetas-glacé beneath black chantilly. It is embroidered with black and steel sequins.

A PRETTY EVENING DRESS

while the drivers crouch over their cooking-pots or hookahs. The Government mail and passenger service, under the excellent superintendence of Rai Bahadur Daulat Ram, C.I.E., is worked on a system that is one of the best. I am told that post-agents from all parts of the world have been to study it on the spot. Myself, my servant, and my luggage, on leaving the station at Kalka, were packed into a little, low, two-wheeled cart known as a "tonga," drawn by a pair of ponies attached to it only by a metal yoke near the head of the pole resting on the withers. Driven by an old eagle-nosed man (a large blue-and-white turban on his head and his beard dyed red with henna), who cleared the way round corners with blasts from a brass horn hung round his neck, we jolted at a canter up the road. Now and then we raked the skin of an obstinate camel with the steel end of our yoke, or bumped against a bullock. At each stage of four miles we stopped for a change of ponies, the syce who accompanied them and who had hung on the back of the tonga leaving us and leading them back to their starting-place; while the new syce with the new pair took his place. Thus, with half an hour's stopping at the dak-bungalow at Solon for "tiffin," we accomplished the whole distance to Simla in about seven hours. It has been done in between five and six hours. The drive is a continuous panorama of range beyond range of mountain, with, far below the road, valleys and gorges, and there is infinite variety, as one moment you are rounding a bare and rocky mountain-side and the next plunging into the cool shade of woods, with a tumbling mountain-stream falling through them, and filling by the road-side some large stone tank. Natives crouch round this to fill their water-skins, and a string of pack-donkeys or bullock-carts are encamped in the shade for a noon-day rest. Here and there is a native village perched up among the trees above us, the women squatting down grinding grain in the old Biblical way, and the small naked children tumbling about and playing in the usual way of children all over the world. Approaching Simla as the sun is setting, a pink flash lights up the wooded side of the mountains at the head of the valley, which is already deep in violet shadow, and the windows of the long low-roofed bungalows stripping the dark-green hill-side reflect the setting sun. Threading our way through bullocks and carts encamped for the night by the roadside, our horn tootling loudly, we canter into the Tonga Terminus, and then hairy-legged hill-coolies hoist my trunks on their heads or backs and painfully climb the hill to my hotel.



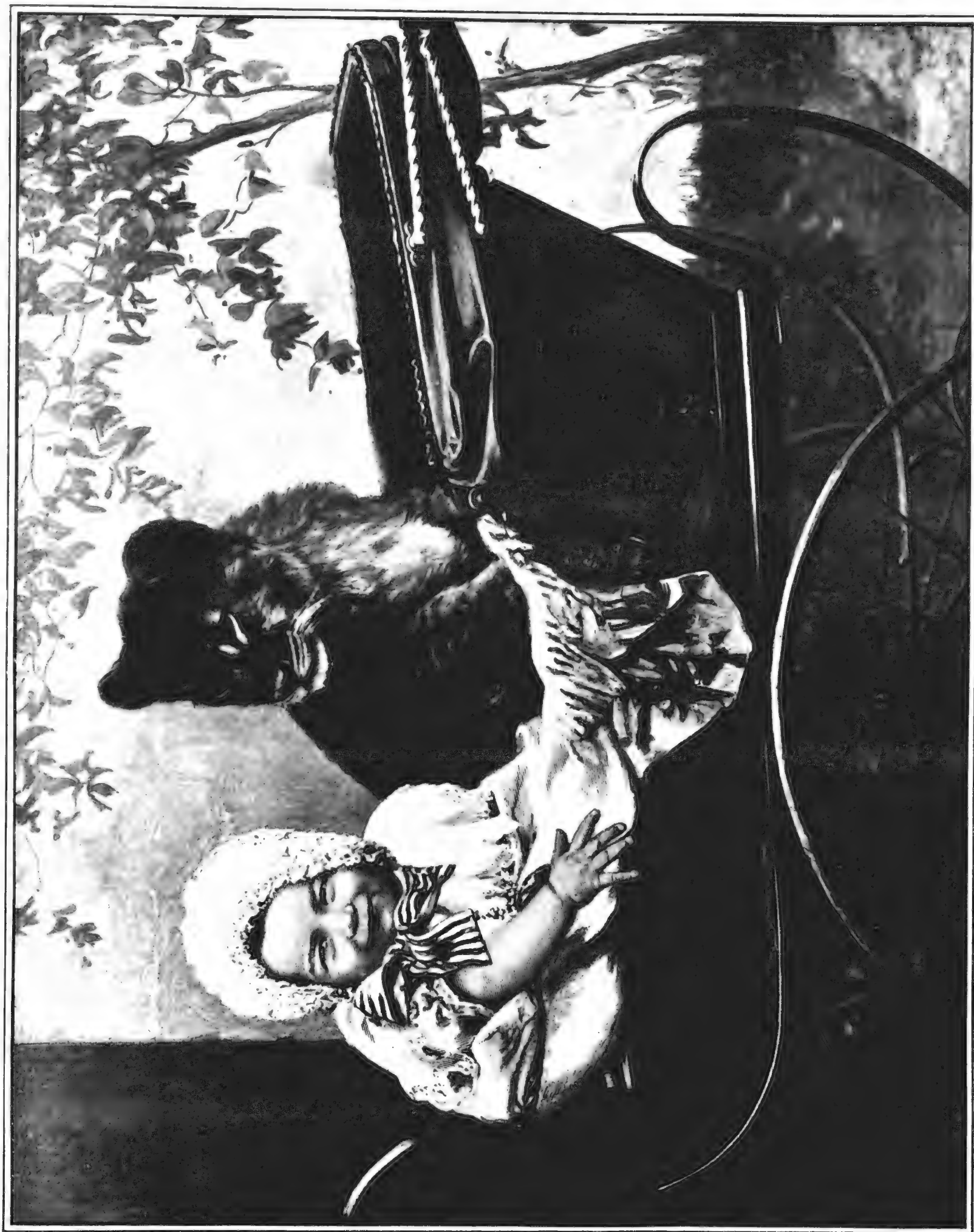
A visiting dress of velvet, trimmed with embroidery. The belt and skirt have bands of braid.

A VISITING DRESS



ON THE POST-ROAD TO SIMLA FROM KALKA: A RIDE IN A TONGA

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.



"BABIES BOTH"
From a Photograph by Samuel J. Beckett. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

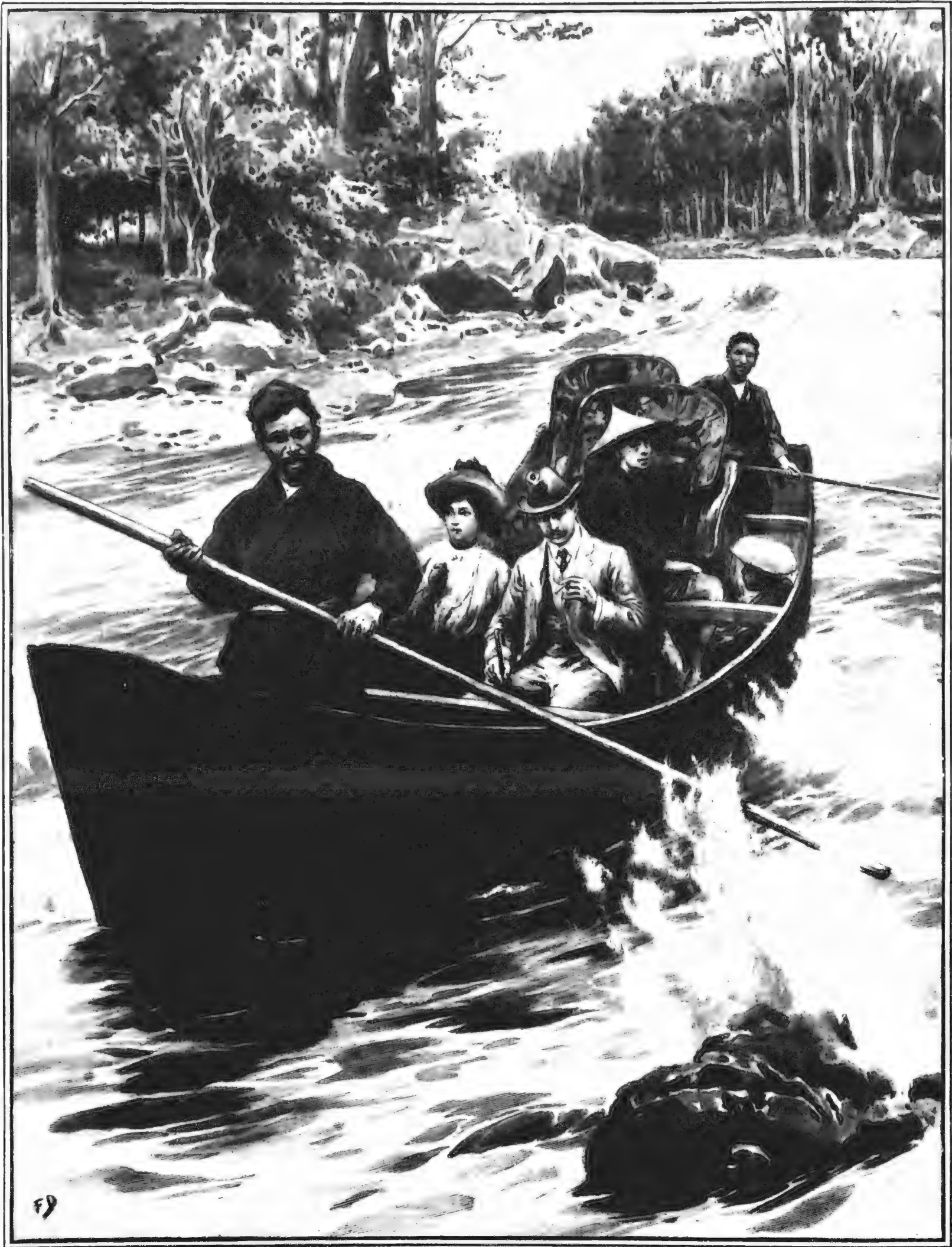


THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON: IN FULL CRY
DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON: IN FULL CRY

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR J. FORTUNE NOTT

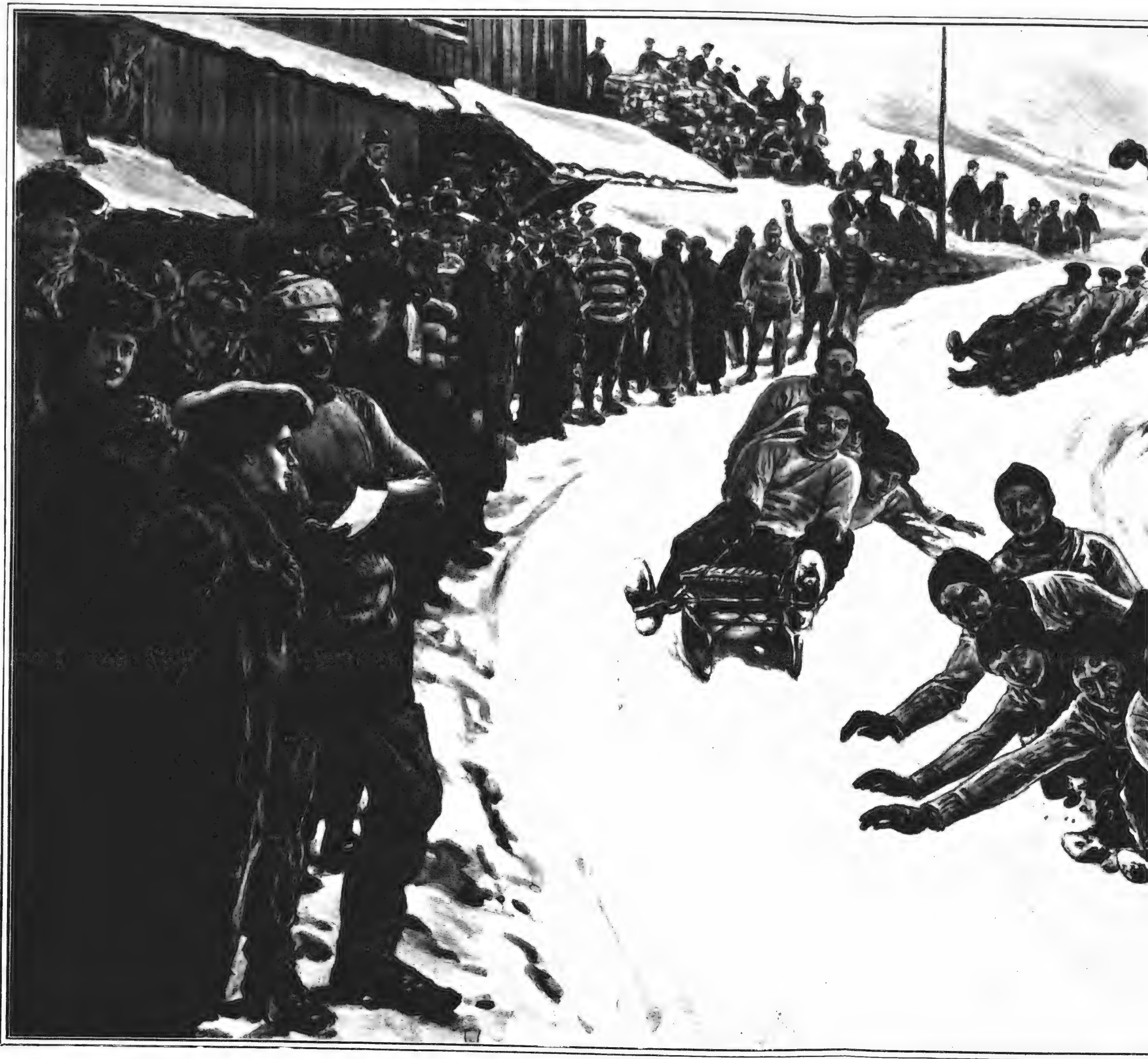
SHOOTING THE RAPIDS OF KATSURAGAWA, JAPAN

PLAYGROUND AND SANATORIUM—I.

WINTER SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. H. LANOS



Between eight and ten o'clock in the evening the patients usually smoke, read and sing, though it is too cold to read in the winter. Each patient is supplied with a hot water-bottle for his feet.
THE OPEN-AIR CURE FOR CONSUMPTION AT LEYSIN: THE NIGHT QUARTERS FOR MEN



WINTER SPORTS AT DAVOS PLATZ: BOB-SLEIGHS TURNING A SHARP CORNER ON



DAVOS PLATZ: BOB-SLEIGHS TURNING A SHARP CORNER ON THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE



SLEIGHING PARTIES TAKEN IN TOW UP HILL AT DAVOS PLATZ

1894.



THE SLEEPING SICKNESS: PATIENTS AT ENTEBBE HOSPITAL, UGANDA



THE LABORATORY OF THE MEDICAL COMMISSION AT ENTEBBE

Sleeping Sickness in Uganda

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

IN the early part of 1901, the disease known as "sleeping sickness," or "negro lethargy," first made its appearance in Uganda, and was identified by some of the medical missionaries attached to the Church Missionary Society at Mengo. The ravages of the disease were most marked along the northern shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza and Busoga, especially in the localities bordering on the Victoria Nile. The native chiefs, who have kept a record of the cases, as far as was possible, state that up to the present time about 50,000 persons have died of the disease. This statement would appear at first sight to be an exaggeration, but the missionaries who are stationed in the various parts of the country admit that the figures are, if anything, an under-estimate.

In May or June of the present year the Royal Society, aided by the Government, appointed a Medical Commission, consisting of Dr. Low, Dr. Christy, and Dr. Castellani, to investigate the disease, and these gentlemen are at present conducting their inquiries in Uganda. Dr. Low has been engaged in studying the clinical features of the cases, and a hospital has been erected at Entebbe for the accommodation of the cases brought in from the outlying districts. The hospital is situated on a hill overlooking the great lake, and here the patients receive every possible care, the whole medical staff doing their utmost to make them comfortable.

Dr. Aldo Castellani (assistant to Professor MacFadyen, Jenner Institute, London) has, perhaps, the most arduous duty of the Commissioners. A very complete laboratory has been sent out from England, and Dr. Castellani is now hard at work, with native assistants only, endeavouring to find a bacillary cause for the disease.

Dr. Christy has already had some experience of the malady on the Upper Niger. He will be engaged in travelling through the infected districts in Uganda, gathering information from the natives, mapping out the distribution of the disease, and ascertaining, by frequent microscopic examinations of the blood of the inhabitants, the distribution of the minute blood worm, *Filaria Perstans*, which has been conjectured, upon very insufficient grounds, to be the cause of the disease. In some districts of Central Africa the blood of almost every single inhabitant contains this little worm, which differs only slightly from a similar one which, in other parts of Africa, and elsewhere, causes elephantiasis.

Dr. Christy has already made a tour through Busoga, one of the most infected districts. He describes it as a once magnificent country, well wooded and well watered, and, evidently, once thickly populated, but now it is, over a considerable area, merely a jungle and tangled waste, almost without inhabitants. For several days' marches the banana plantations had reverted to silent primeval forest; roads and pathways were overgrown, and signs of recent human life were nil. Three times Dr. Christy passed corpses on the roadway. In each case it required close inspection to be sure whether it was a person asleep or dead, so indicative of sleep were the attitudes. In one case the body lay with the eyes closed, the knees drawn up, while one hand held an open umbrella. There was a mark on the knee where many passers-by must have caught hold of the corpse and tried to wake him, under the impression that he was merely asleep. In another case, a woman sat by the side of a grass shelter apparently fast asleep, but dead. A little distance from the road were occasionally to be seen the remains of bodies dragged thither by the hyenas. Many empty and unkempt huts told their own silent tale, and at one place a whole village was found deserted. When a member of a family is attacked with the disease he is usually turned out by the rest, or put into a hut by himself. If several of a family are affected, the healthy ones leave the district.

It is a slow disease, often taking many months before reaching a fatal termination. In the early stages, beyond pains in the joints, swelling



DR. ALDO CASTELLANI
One of the Medical Commissioners in Uganda

in certain glands, drowsiness and general weakness, the symptoms are not very pronounced, but as the disease progresses and the slumbrous state increases, the patient becomes less and less able to look after himself; he becomes emaciated, unable at last to crawl out into the sun, and, if he has no one to look after him, soon dies of the disease, or of starvation, or of exposure.

This disease was first described by missionaries on the Lower Congo many years ago. Whole districts and villages were decimated by it. So fatal was it that no person once affected was ever known to recover. The missionaries themselves were sometimes said to

have died of it, but no case has yet occurred in Uganda of a European being attacked by the disease. In recent years cases have been reported from Senegambia, from the hinterland of Sierra Leone, from the Upper Niger and other places in West Africa.

Several cases have recently been reported from the Kisumu District of the East Africa Protectorate, but some doubts have been expressed as to whether these cases are genuine. Dr. Christy has been travelling in that quarter, and will be able to say definitely whether the report is true, and will probably be able to trace the path of the disease to that particular district.

The feeling of the Uganda chiefs and people is one of intense thankfulness for the appointment of the Medical Commission, and, although the disease still rages, there can be but little doubt that the three eminent scientists now employed on its investigation will discover a remedy and be the means of arresting its progress.

According to the latest intelligence, the work of the Commission has not yet been completed. Dr. Low, the pathologist, having finished his portion of the work, is returning home, but Dr. Castellani is continuing his bacteriological investigations in the country, and Dr. Christy, the third member of the Commission, as at present arranged, will pursue his studies along the Upper Nile, by which route he will return to England. Until the work is completed, no authoritative decision can be announced with reference to the cause of the malady. The investigations made, however, point to its being of a bacterial nature. Its connection with the *filaria* seems to be disproved.

Shooting the Rapids of Katsuragawa, Japan

EUROPEANS who visit Kyoto and fail to make a descent of the rapids of the river Katsura, miss one of the most enjoyable and exciting experiences which it is possible to have in Japan. The small village of Hozu, on the river where the boats necessary for the trip can be hired, is about fourteen miles out of Kyoto. The road there is not as good as it might be, and this fact, coupled with

the distance, renders it necessary to take two boys to each jinrikisha. It is also advisable to make an early start from the hotel for two reasons; one a humane consideration, for it enables the coolies dragging the jinrikishas to take things quietly, and the other a pecuniary one, for if Hozu is not reached before noon, the boatmen charge double fare, assigning as a reason the fact that the boats, which have to be towed and hauled against the stream on the return journey, cannot be brought back the same day. Our first experience of these rapids was made on a beautiful spring morning. It is on such a day that Japanese scenery is to be viewed at its best advantage. The spring blossoms are out, the air is clear, and the sun's rays have not yet become so powerful as to enervate. Soon after we had left the town behind and were well into the country we passed through the village of Katsurahara, and after a long and tiring pull for the jinrikisha boys up some very steep and stony roads, a village rejoicing in the name of Oji was reached. Here a halt was called at a small wayside tea-house, and the little Japs lay down for a rest. In half an hour, however, they were ready again for the road, and we bowled along at a good pace, for a Japanese jinrikisha boy can keep up a fast run for two or three hours without showing signs of fatigue. At Hozu we found our boat awaiting us, and no time was lost in the embarkation. The boat was a flat-bottomed one, large and deep, but made of such flimsy-looking pine planks that, with the roar of the rapids sounding in the distance, it looked somewhat foolhardy to trust one's life to such a frail affair. Later on we gained more confidence in our bark and found that its frailness was more imaginary than real, also that it was most perfectly adapted for the work for which



A DEATH ON THE ROADSIDE FROM SLEEPING SICKNESS

it was built. First the jinrikishas themselves had to be carried on board and stowed away. This is necessary, for at Arashiyama, which is our destination, and is a small place at the foot of the rapids some thirteen miles from Hozu, there are no jinrikishas to be hired, so we have to take our own with us, or run the risk of having to walk back to Kyoto. Some chairs are placed on board for us to sit upon, and directly we take our places the two boatmen shove off, and in a second after we are swirling along in the eddying current. In a dexterous manner, acquired by long experience, our little Jap captain brings the bow round to point down stream. He then steps forward and stands balancing a long punting-pole to be ready for emergencies, his small eyes fixed with a keen glance upon some rocks in mid-stream that show rough jagged points well above the water and over which the spray is breaking in perpetual fountains. As though attracted by a horrid fascination, the boat rushes directly for them, and seems bent upon destruction. However, a deft touch with the pole in the nick of time and the boat comes round with the swirl of the water, and then seems to suddenly drop from under us, with the result that we part company with the chairs, and find ourselves tumbling about at the bottom of the boat and being deluged with spray. The exciting element of danger is with us nearly all the journey, which the occasional sight of wrecked boats left to rot upon the rocks only accentuates, although they add in some mysterious way to the keen enjoyment we experience in plunging along with the stream, which now and again envelops us in clouds of spray at a pace that knows no control but the sweet will of the water on which we are embarked. Our minds are not left long in mere contemplation of scenery, for our boatmen again show some activity, and in a second or two more we are plunging our way down the *Takase*, or *High Rapid*, the one before being known as the *Hut Rapid*, *Kaya-no-taki*. After this one come others of minor importance, and then, with the speed of an express train, to the *Lion's Mouth*, *Shirshi-no-Kuchi*, we shoot. Then the last plunge, *Tonase dabi*, carries us into smooth water and through the lovely gorge of Arashiyama.

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"THE UNFORESEEN"

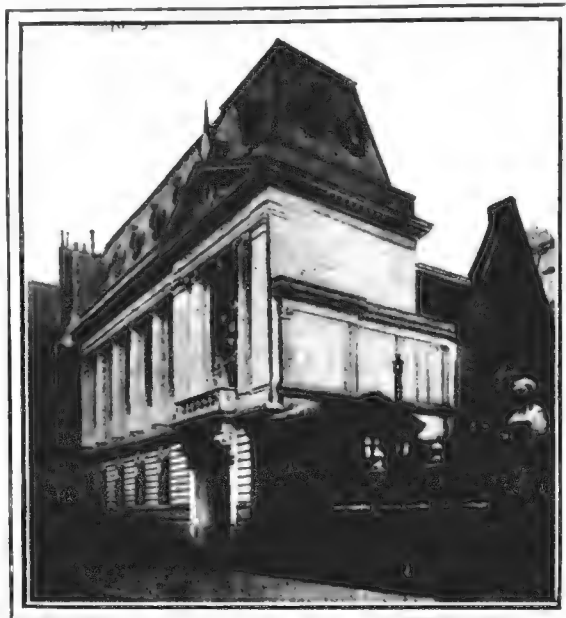
IF Captain Marshall, in his new play at the HAYMARKET, has not been able to dispense with the services of that too-familiar and greatly over-tasked personage, the woman "with a past," it is some consolation to find that the "past" in this case happens to be a particularly mild one. Margaret Fielding, one of the two daughters of General Sir Archibald Fielding, K.C.B., has been imprudent enough to plan a runaway match with a reformed rake named Henry Traquair, and for this purpose she meets her lover at an hotel in Paris. Unfortunately, the presence of the fugitives at the hotel is discovered by Traquair's friend, Captain Richard Haynes, and his companion, the Rev. Walter Maxwell, to whom Traquair, in order to escape from his embarrassment, presents the lady as "my wife." More unfortunate still, Haynes has brought the news of the failure in London of a certain bank, whereby Traquair is involved in utter ruin. The visitors gone, the situation quickly reaches a climax. In Traquair's view the marriage has become impossible, and, after painful colloquy, Margaret is persuaded to pursue her journey homeward, while, with certain suggestions of suicide, Traquair is seen, as the curtain descends, writing at a little table. So much is set forth in the first act, which in melodrama would be called the "prologue." If it presents nothing that is strikingly novel, its brisk succession of situations are strongly dramatic, and acted with great sincerity and emotional power by Miss Evelyn Millard as Margaret, and by Mr. Hallard as Traquair.

When the curtain rose again upon the rather luxuriant garden of General Fielding's house in England, three years are supposed to have elapsed. Save from her sister Beatrice, Margaret has kept the secret of her abortive escapade, and is now seen to be drifting into an engagement to Mr. Maxwell, the amiable vicar of the parish. Why, it may be asked, does not Maxwell, who quickly becomes Margaret's husband, recognise the lady to whom he was

introduced in Paris? The answer is that the vicar, whose failing sight was referred to in the first act, has now become blind. So the case stands when, one day, while Maxwell has gone to London to undergo an operation, his friend, Captain Haynes, arrives at the Vicarage and instantly recognises his hostess. This gives rise to one of the most exciting scenes in the play, for Mrs. Maxwell at first confronts her visitor boldly, and treats his hints at a former meeting in a vein of mirth and banter, which for a moment shakes her questioner's conviction. A still more exciting and dramatic situation is arrived at in the third act, when, returning to his wife with his sight restored, Maxwell's joy is suddenly turned to horror by his recognition of the features of Traquair's supposed mistress. These things belong, no doubt, to the conventions of the stage, but in dexterous hands they have not ceased to thrill and interest. A similar remark applies to the fourth act, in which a happy dénouement is arrived at through the kind offices of Captain Haynes, aided by a letter written and left by Traquair on the day of his suicide. The play bears marks of very careful preparation, and is, on the whole, admirably acted. Mr. Cyril Maude's admirers would, no doubt, prefer the quaint humours of Lord Bapchild to the genial tenderness and gentle pathos of Mr. Marshall's Vicar; but the portrait is none the less pleasing or highly finished. Mr. Eric Lewis's General Fielding, and Mr. Allan Aynesworth's Captain Haynes are also capital sketches in their way.

"THE PROPHECY"

Mr. Ganthony's *Message from Mars* was an ingenious variation upon the theme of Dickens's immortal carol in prose; his new play in five acts, brought out at the FULHAM Theatre this week with the title of *The Prophecy* is more frankly in the vein of fantasy. There are here no distressing dreams or moralisings upon the folly of a life of pure selfishness; it is only a simple legend of the rivalry of twin brothers for the hand of the same fair lady, with just so much of superstition and the romance of fairyland as may serve to remove the story from the prosaic atmosphere of "this working-day world." *The Prophecy* will probably be produced ere long at some theatre less removed from the centre of the play-going world, when it will, doubtless, have undergone some obvious improvements. Meanwhile, I may bear testimony to the poetical quality and dramatic strength of the author's dialogue.



THE FACADE IN THE RUE BONAPARTE

Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours

ONE of the best characteristics of the present exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is its excellent all round quality. It not only includes a considerable amount of work, which represents agreeably various stages in the progress of water-colour painting, but it presents as well a much better balanced collection of drawings, dealing with a wide range of subjects, than is usually to be found in the gallery. There are some especially good figure subjects, many landscapes of notable merit, a few important sea-pieces, and several pleasant studies of picturesque architectural motives, besides the usual gathering of unambitious trifles difficult to classify.

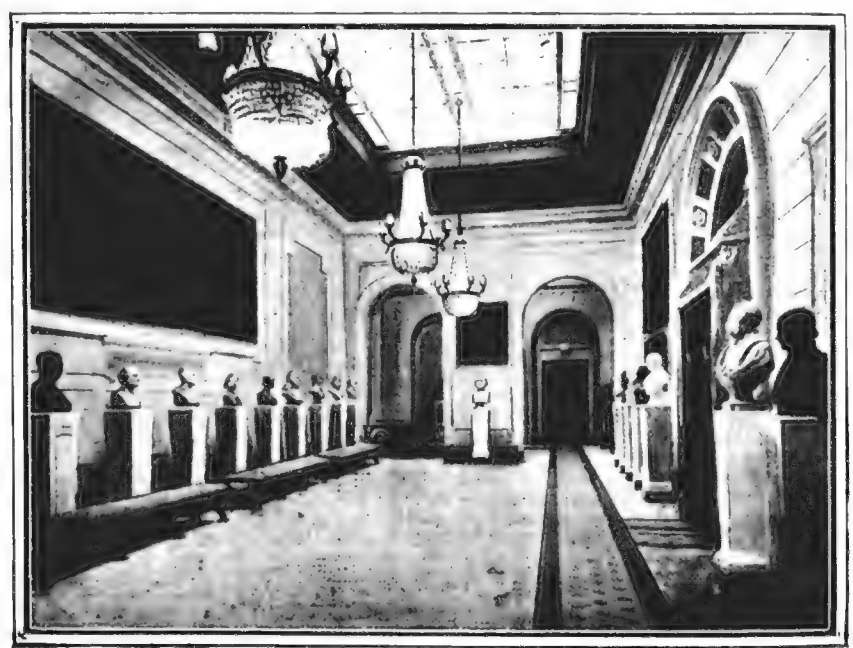
The most remarkable figure composition is Mr. R. Anning Bell's "Rosewater," a fine piece of robust and well-contrived decoration, marked by great dignity of style, and quite admirable in its management of deep rich colour tones. More important in scale, but less individual in manner, is Miss E. Fortescue Brickdale's "The Three Daughters of Time," a learned rather than spontaneous effort too obviously influenced by the practice of the Burne-Jones school. It is very able in execution, but it lacks the freshness of idea which would have made it a really great achievement. Mr. J. R. Weguelin's "Captive Dryad" is a typical example of his graceful and accomplished art. The figures are, perhaps, less surely drawn than usual, but the beauty of line arrangement and the charm of iridescent colour which distinguish everything he does are as persuasive as ever. As an instance of masterly handling and shrewd study of character Professor von Herkomer's "Woman Navy of Bavaria" must be reckoned as one of the greater successes of the exhibition; and "The Silver Mirror," by Mr. J. Walter West, is most acceptable as an assertion of the capacity of an artist who, despite a tendency towards prettiness, is always worthy of attention. Mr. J. W. North's little figure sketch, "An Algérienne," and "A Reaper," by Mr. Clausen, must be noted; and the series of illustrations to the "Morte d'Arthur," by Mr. Arthur Rackham, has quaintness of manner and strength of draughtsmanship.

Among the landscape painters Sir E. A. Waterlow is very well represented by his delightful sketches, "A Breezy Day, Northumberland," and "On the Ouse, Huntingdonshire," and by his very well designed and executed drawing, "The Upland Road," a distinctive illustration of his methods. Mr. Robert Little's "Carsethorn" is another excellent sketch, broadly painted and marked by memorable qualities of atmosphere; and Mr. J. W. North's "The Golden Bough" is a charming fantasy which suggests convincingly certain dreamy aspects of nature. Mr. David Murray's "Flatford Mill and Willie Lott's House," a record of a place famous in our art history. Mr. Thorne Waite's "Salmon Leap," a vigorous study very unlike what he has accustomed us to expect from him, can all be counted as prominent features of the exhibition; and Mr. Lionel Smythe's "Under the Greenwood Tree," elaborate without being laborious, is an eminently praiseworthy performance. Mr. C. Napier Henry's "Bound for Brixham" is a sea-piece with more of his merits and less of his faults than have appeared in anything that he has exhibited for some years past; it gives a wonderful suggestion of breezy atmosphere, and it is painted with unusual reticence. Mr. R. W. Allan's "The Ebbing Tide" is one of his best drawings—strong, expressive and confident, and studied with infinite care. There is, too, a pleasant little sketch, "A Fresh Sea," by Mr. Arthur Hopkins. Mr. Albert Goodwin's poetic suggestions, "Venice, Before the Fall of the Tower," "Lincoln" and "Cairo" are welcome contributions; and there are others by Mr. James Paterson, Mr. A. E. Emslie, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. W. Eyre Walker, Mrs. Allingham, Mr. R. W. Macbeth, and Mr. W. M. Hale, which claim a word of praise. Mr. Reginald Barratt's "View from St. Mark's, Venice" is, perhaps, the best architectural drawing in the gallery; it is finely constructed, and is scholarly in treatment without being pedantic.

IN our description, last week, of the statue of the King, which was unveiled at Reading on Wednesday by Prince Christian, we inadvertently mentioned Mr. G. W. Palmer, M.P., as the donor, instead of Mr. Martin John Sutton.



THE LECTURE HALL



THE CORRIDOR

The new building of the French Academy of Medicine was recently opened by President Loubet. The Academy was founded in 1820, but it has hitherto had no premises of its own, and has for fifty years been allowed the use of a chapel in the Rue des Saints Pères, erected at the end of the eighteenth century as an annexe to a hospital. The new building is situated in the Rue Bonaparte. The interior is handsomely decorated,

and in the corridor are to be found busts of famous French scientists and physicians. On one side of the hall is the well-known picture by Muller, representing Pinel ordering the chains to be removed from the lunatics of Bicêtre; and on the opposite wall is a copy of Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson," and a picture representing Harvey demonstrating the circulation of the blood before Charles I.

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DE WET AND THE WAR

A careful reading of General de Wet's "Three Years' War" (Constable, Westminster) leaves one with a number of curious and interesting impressions. The first of these is of the character of the man. A stalwart irreconcilable, he took the field as a private burgher, and by sheer force of character in a very brief time, won his way to one of the highest positions in the Boer army. No man on either side appealed more strongly to the popular fancy, while up to the last he was the backbone of a lost cause. Others might waver—he never. If his command had been entirely composed of De Wets we might be looking on a very different South Africa, and even at the dramatic close, when the despairing leaders gathered to discuss the terms of surrender, General de Wet, with his back to the wall, fought for impossible terms of peace as pertinaciously as he had fought against impossible odds on the veldt. One does not expect in a book of this nature to find the best complexion put on things British. General de Wet has little respect for our army, and scornfully remarks in one place, "This mighty Empire employed against us, besides their own English, Scotch, and Irish soldiers, volunteers from the Australian, New Zealand, Canadian, and South African colonies, hired against us both black and white nations, and, what is the worst of all, the National Scouts from our own nation . . . Yet . . . I have to declare again that if there had been no National Scouts and no Kaffirs, in all human probability matters would have taken another turn." He brings up all the old accusations of barbarism about the Concentration Camps, saying, "that such direct and indirect murder should have been committed against defenceless women and children is a thing which I should have staked my head could never have happened in a war waged by the civilised English nation." But has General de Wet ever perused the correspondence which passed between one of his brother generals and the British, in which the Boer expressed his intention of driving their women into the British camps so as to leave their own movements more free. If the camps were murder camps, why should the Boers have sent their wives there? He dogmatizes, too, about the blockhouses, declaring that the money spent on them was thrown away, and that they were worse than useless, in that they "prolonged the war for at least three months;" but later in the book you find Commandant Botha saying of these same blockhouses that they are so troublesome, "they are likely to prove the ruin of our commandoes." He jeers at "the way the English write the reports," because it was stated that he once broke through the block-



The tomb which Madame Sarah Bernhardt has had constructed for herself stands in the Père Lachaise Cemetery. It is quite close to the tombs of Talma, Rachel, and Mlle. Mars. From a photograph by C. Chusseau Flavien, Paris.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT'S TOMB

house line by driving cattle at it, when, as a matter of fact, the commando cut the wire and went through first, and the cattle, which had strayed, were actually driven through subsequently, which comes to much the same thing. To go back a moment to one's impressions after a first reading. It is curious how thoroughly the book bears out the stories which used to reach us during the war about the enemy being disheartened and demoralised, and flogged back into the ranks. It is all set down here. Paardeberg produced a panic, and the rank and file were never as still afterwards; the jamboking of unwilling fighters was never a war correspondent's invention. General de Wet declares emphatically that in sending the mission to Europe the Governments had no hope of foreign intervention. "The deputation was sent in order that the whole world might know the state of affairs in South Africa, and that was all." One wonders whether all his friends would support him in this view. Foreign intervention was undoubtedly hoped for by many. In a brief review one can only touch on a few points, but one cannot but

feel that the General is right in the following paragraph:—

I had given orders that all the cattle along the railway line should be removed; General Louis Botha had made the same regulation in regard to the country round Pretoria and Johannesburg. If only our orders had been carried out a little more strictly, and if the most elementary rules of strategy had been observed in our efforts to break the English lines of communication, Lord Roberts and his thousands of troops in Pretoria would have found themselves in the same plight as the Samaritans in Samaria—they would have perished of hunger. It was not their Commander in Chief's skill that saved them, but his habit of taking into account all possible eventualities—no, they had to thank the disobedience of our burghers for the fact that they were not all starved to death in Pretoria.

As to the effects of lyddite, its use has been much decried, but General de Wet testifies in one place to the terrible havoc it sometimes wrought, as, for instance, when a shell struck a rock behind which twenty-four horses were standing, and without a single exception every horse was killed. Prinsloo's surrender was one of the things to which broke down the Boer resistance, and the story of that General's capitulation is very graphically told. The gallant De Wet does not mince words when talking of Prinsloo, and practically calls him a traitor. But the part of the book which will be read with still more interest is the account of the General's last and ill-fated dash south in order to raise Cape Colony. The most dramatic part of the book is the account of the meeting at Vereeniging, when one after another the leaders told their tale, each knowing that his own case was desperate, but confident that the others had a better tale to tell. Each picture, though, was more gloomy than the last, and soon all realised that the "bitter end" was not a thing of the future but of the present. The appendices at the end giving the verbatim reports of the peace meeting are almost more interesting than anything else in the book, and one wonders why our Government has not issued them as a Blue Book, instead of leaving it to the Boers to issue them first. They make intensely interesting reading, and the characteristics of the principal actors stand out markedly. Kitchener, Milner, Botha, de Wet, de la Rey, and Judge Hertzog, fighting out the points at issue, are very interesting figures, and the Boer character comes out very strongly in such details as the offer to cede a portion of their territory, ignoring the fact that the whole had been taken over. The famous escapes of de Wet, to go back a moment, are, on the whole, rather tame reading. They reveal nothing more than the illuminating fact that if one man travels four miles an hour he outstrips a man who travels two miles, and though the famous general incurred much obloquy through insisting on travelling light without waggons—in that fact lay all his success.

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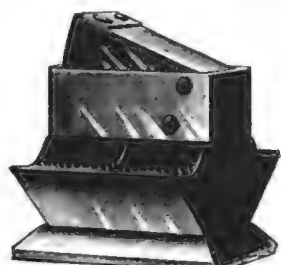


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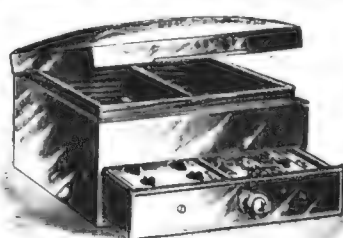
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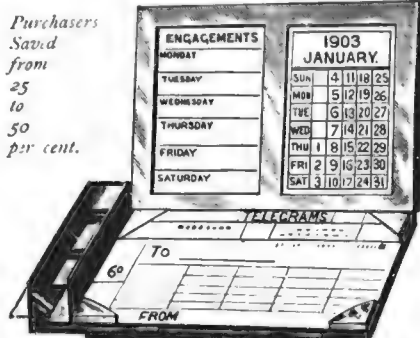


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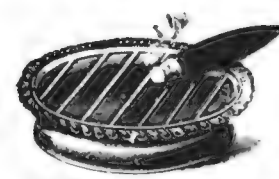
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Mr. Francis Marion Crawford's description of "Cecilia" (Macmillan and Co.) as "A Story of Modern Rome" is rather misleading. It is true that the scene is laid wholly in Rome, and that the principal characters are Roman; but these are irrelevant accidents. The plot is of Anywhere and Anywhen. A fine young naval officer and a charming young Countess, while not so much as acquaintances, meet and love nightly in a dream, the dream of each, even to the minutest circumstances, being the dream of the other. One has to conclude that it is a case either of truly astounding coincidence, or of telepathy *plus* sympathy, or of their united recollection of a former state of existence in which they had been more substantial lovers—the latter being the theory that is much more than suggested. That, as their waking acquaintance grows, their relation to one another becomes painfully self-conscious, may well be imagined, especially as the young Countess Cecilia is engaged to her dream-lover's dearest friend. That a satisfactory close to such a situation is in any way possible is due to Mr. Crawford's frequently displayed power of depicting characters of ideally flawless nobility without making them for an instant dull or tame. There is certainly boldness in making his heroine aim at regulating her life by Kant's Categorical Imperative, quote Puffendorf, and meditate on the philosophy of Nietzsche; but the result of the boldness is (incredible as it may sound) to add to her charm. That the author is conversant with the phenomena of dreams in all their variety is clearer than his searches into their psychology, as well as into other occult matters of a more or less kindred kind. It follows that a

special taste for these is required of his readers in order that interest may become fascination; but there is enough ordinary human interest for all.

"MOTH AND RUST"

Novelty without improbability of situation, and unconventional truthfulness of portraiture, are as conspicuous in Miss Mary Cholmondeley's "Moth and Rust" (John Murray) as they were in "Red Pottage" or in any other of its predecessors. Its principal character, Janet Black, is a girl who, despite the most hostile conditions of breeding and circumstance, keeps "straight" in the manliest sense of the word. The most effective scene is where she wins her way into a police-guarded house that has been gutted by fire in order to fulfil a deathbed promise—a fine piece of realistic description. That she pays the price of her own happiness for the lie in which she stubbornly persists for a dead friend's sake may be technically just, but it suffices to win for her the rank of heroine, not the ordinary brevet-rank of fiction, but that which is due to courage in action. The subordinate characters are also of signal merit, especially those which reproduce familiar types with unfamiliar humour. The novel is followed by two short tales—"Geoffrey's Wife" and "The Pitfall"—the former of which will have been already stamped upon the memories of our own readers as the translation of a veritable nightmare into words.

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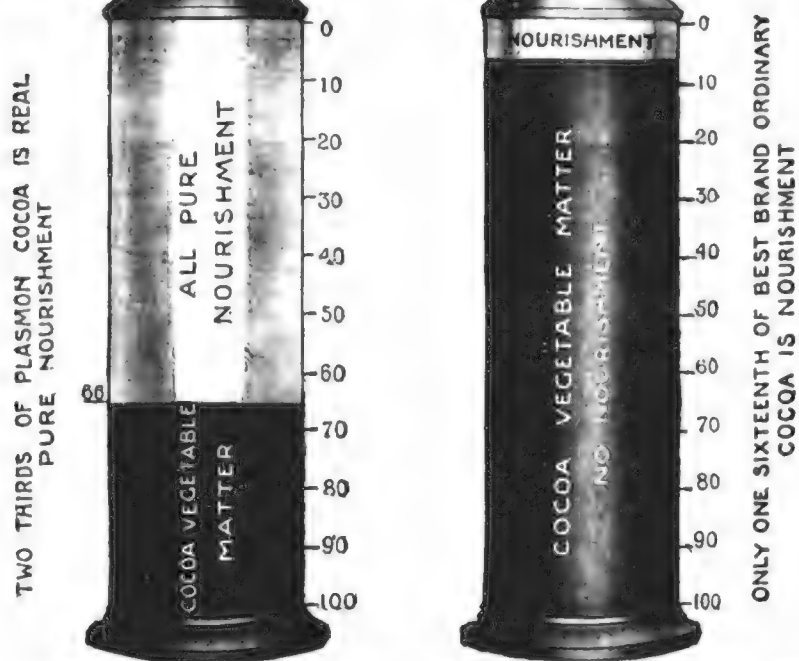
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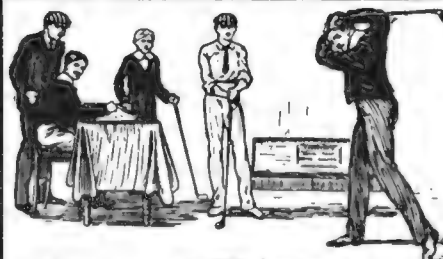
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NOVELTIES FOR GIRLS

Why books for boys should be so much more amusing than those for girls is a literary problem. The fact remains, but nevertheless the girls ought not to be ungrateful for the many pleasant stories provided for their benefit. Perhaps the historical tales are the best, such as "Willoughby Manor" (Nimmo), by G. Norway, who presents a charming tale of Elizabethan times, set in Lancashire and giving interesting glimpses of life in a big noble's household. The artist, by the way, is rather unkind to the fascinating heroine. The companion page of history, "The Siege of York" (Se ley), deals with a more exciting theme, for Miss Beatrice Marshall, who has largely inherited her mother's talent in historical stories—depicts the horrors of war among Cavaliers and Roundheads with a graphic pen. Coming to our own days, here is the author of "Laddie," sketching a sweet, wholesome English girl in "Faithful" (Ward Lock)—a nice model for our girls—and rewarding her unselfishness with a happy fate. A no less charming heroine is provided by Frances Armstrong in "A Girl's Loyalty" (Blackie)—the winsome "Mouse" proving so attractive as to atone for the terribly worn-out theme of a disinherited scapegrace and a missing will in a secret drawer. Mrs. L. T. Meade presents a perfect garden of girls in "Queen Rose" (Chambers), which is made very thrilling by the evil deeds of a very naughty girl indeed, whose influence drags two others down into the dust.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

NOVEMBER was not utterly sunless, but five-sixths of the sunny hours were in the first half of the month, so that our more recent recollections are necessarily somewhat gloomy. The rainfall was below the average, though a wet day on the 28th prevented the month being very markedly deficient. The temperature was erratic, three weeks being over an average, one normal, and the fourth week being extremely cold for the time of year. Where the aspect was chiefly to the East the mean is usually below an average; where there is shelter from both East and North not only has the temperature been above what is usual, but flowers have bloomed in the open all through the month, and in some cases both raspberries and strawberries have produced a second crop of fruit. The pastures are green for the late period of the year, and the October-sown wheat has come up well. Its colour for the most part is excellent. September-sown rye is quite robust. The sowings of wheat have not been an average, as the miserably low price discourages the farmer. On the other hand, winter barley and oats have been sown over a larger area than usual.

FRUIT-GROWING

Mr. Rider Haggard's exhaustive inquiries into rural conditions at

the beginning of a new century are in the main discouraging, but an important exception is to be found in the case of fruit-farming. Not only did those who took to it early make comfortable fortunes, but even now the industry is far from being exhausted. Just as English wheat makes pre-eminently palatable bread, though it needs strengthening with foreign to give the maximum of nutrition, so English fruit is of unrivalled flavour and only needs the addition of sugar to reach the highest standard of value. Now the importation of sugar to mix with English fruit has been greatly favoured by the sugar bounties offered by France and other foreign countries, and what has been Jamaica's loss has been Great Britain's gain. If sugar goes up appreciably in value the fruit industry will suffer. It has, however, to be observed that the growth of fine quality fruit for eating fresh has also increased in a marked manner, and, despite some local exceptions, is still a profitable undertaking.

THE AGRICULTURAL ADVISER ON STATISTICS

Major Craigie, who has been elected to the Presidency of the Royal Statistical Society in succession to Lord Aschurst, is "the adviser" to Mr. Hanbury on various technical points at the Board of Agriculture. The honour, therefore, is one to the county interest, and it is to be hoped that 1903 will be a year when the statistics of the rural part of England will have that attention which townsmen have hitherto somewhat grudgingly bestowed. In his inaugural

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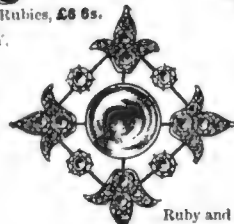
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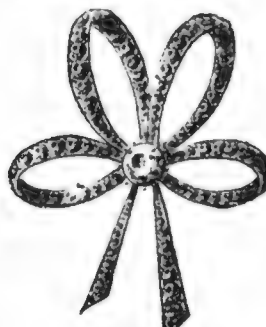
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—Daily Telegraph, 26 Nov., 1902.

address Major Craigie showed that while the wealth of the kingdom has increased very materially since 1875, the agricultural wealth has largely diminished, so that thousands of farmers are, as it were, starving in the midst of the plenty. This is very bad national economy, to say the least of it. Another point made by the R.S.S. was that owing to the large exodus from the country into the towns we have, as a nation, to pay largely increased house rents without getting better accommodation for the outlay. A twenty-pound-a-year house in the country is often even more commodious than a fifty-pound-a-year house, half-house, or flat in a great city.

COUNTRY LAW

The majestic fabric of the Roman law was largely built up on the decisions of local praetors and their subsequent study for the purposes of consolidation. It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that a most serviceable body of country law might be built up from the decisions of county courts and of quarter sessions. At present the decision of one county court is not binding on another, and quarter sessions are similarly independent. But if every judge of a county court and every chairman of quarter sessions was asked to send to a

central office at the Law Courts his decision, whenever any new point of law, practice, custom, or even expediency arose, the material collected in ten years would prove of great value, and, digested by a committee of lawyers and draughtsmen, it would form the basis of a useful statute, which, once enacted, would guide all the local courts. The ordinary bench of country magistrates would find such an act of the greatest service.

DRAINAGE

The subject is of perennial importance, and it is sad to find how large an area of British land we have still undrained. There is no more certain investment, but the interest paid is small, and consequently drainage is at a comparative standstill whenever the rate of interest is high. When consols were at eleven per cent. above *par* drainage was taken in hand freely in the shires, but it is otherwise since war budgets have forced securities down to ninety-five, and the rate of interest has correspondingly risen. The modern feeling is all for pipe drainage. The old draining plough has few advocates, and even less can be said for turf drains on grass land. Moles, rats, and rabbits play their pranks wherein the drainage is

other than by a glazed pipe, and in the initial expense of the latter is high the subsequent upkeep is much less.

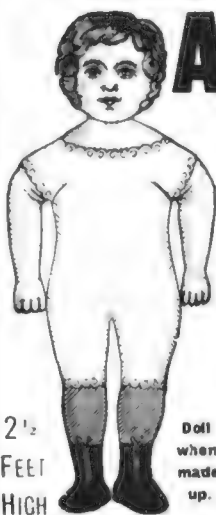
Cards and Calendars

PUBLISHERS remind us that "Christmas is coming" by the issue of cards, calendars and games, and if we may judge from the samples sent to us there is no danger of the Christmas card dying out—a fate that cynics have foretold for the institution for many years. For some years past Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have easily held the first place in the production of Christmas cards, and they do not seem to be content with merely being first, for each year they beat their own record. The collection this year contains no fewer than one thousand five hundred sets of entirely new cards. These embrace every imaginable variety of subject. There are three Royal Christmas panels in colours. Two are replicas of designs prepared for the King and Queen Alexandra, while the third is the Queen Victoria Panel of the "Nativity" produced last season, and now reduced in size and price. Of the other

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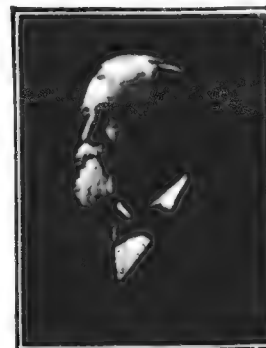
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Whiskey

cards we can only say that each "series" vies with the other in beauty. We must not forget to mention the calendars and toy-books, which are as varied and charming as ever.—Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co. also issue a good assortment of Christmas cards and picture postcards. Some of the latter will, doubtless, take the place of Christmas cards, as they are capital reproductions of portraits, scenery, and figure subjects. The calendars issued by the firm are very pretty, especially those in monochrome.—Messrs. De La Rue and Co.'s dainty almanacs and calendars are too well known to need praise. This year, as usual, the "Red Letter Calendar," the "Condensed Diary," the "Diamond" and "Finger" calendars are issued in various pretty bindings, or can be had in paper covers for the purse or to fit the covers of last year. The "Desk" diary is a useful book, and the firm's Card Calendars, with a card for each month, are always in request.—Messrs. John Walker and Co., Ltd., have sent us, as usual, a selection of their famous pocket-books and

diaries. They are of all sizes, and are bound in various bindings, from cloth to the exquisite and expensive morocco, Russia, crocodile or sealskin. Messrs. Walker's Diaries have the merit of being clearly printed on good paper, and the pencils provided in the back loops—a well-known feature of this firm's productions—have the somewhat rare quality in such goods of being very usable. The "Graphic," "One-Day," "Two-Day," and "Combination" Diaries are all of them not only very charming to look at, but are also very serviceable. To those who know them, these diaries need no recommendation, and to those who have not seen them, we say "Go and look at them."—Messrs. James Henderson and Sons have published at the office of the *Pictorial Comedy* the Gibson Calendar, which contains twelve large sheets of Mr. C. Dana Gibson's inimitable society pictures. We need not here refer to Mr. Gibson's work, which is too well known now to need praise, but will only say that the

calendar contains several excellent examples of the artist's characteristics, and that the reproductions have been beautifully done on stout card.—It is the boast of Messrs. Hills and Co., Ltd., that all their Christmas cards and calendars are "produced and printed in London." This should alone be some inducement to the intending purchaser to inspect the productions of this patriotic firm. The calendars issued by the same firm are also well done, among them being "Types of Travel," "Rouge et Noir," "On the Links," and "Robert Louis Stevenson," some of which will delight votaries of the "New Art" school.—From Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein and Co. we have received a pack of Shakespearean Playing Cards, designed by F. C. Tinley: they are charming to look at, and our only fear in using them would be that in a serious game of whist with a Mrs. Sarah Battle as partner, we should incur that veteran's displeasure by paying too much attention to the beauty of the cards duly to observe the game.

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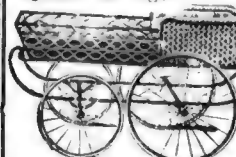
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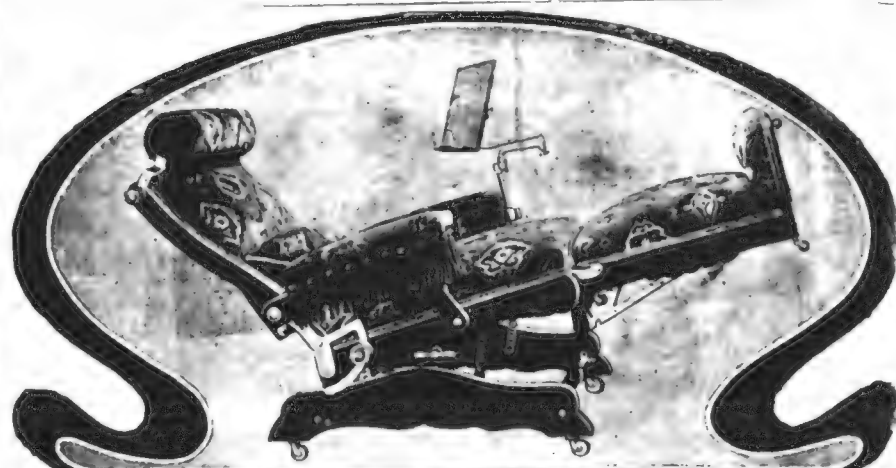
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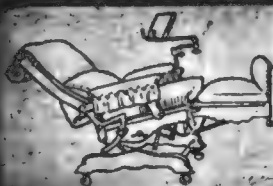
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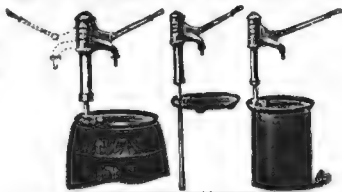
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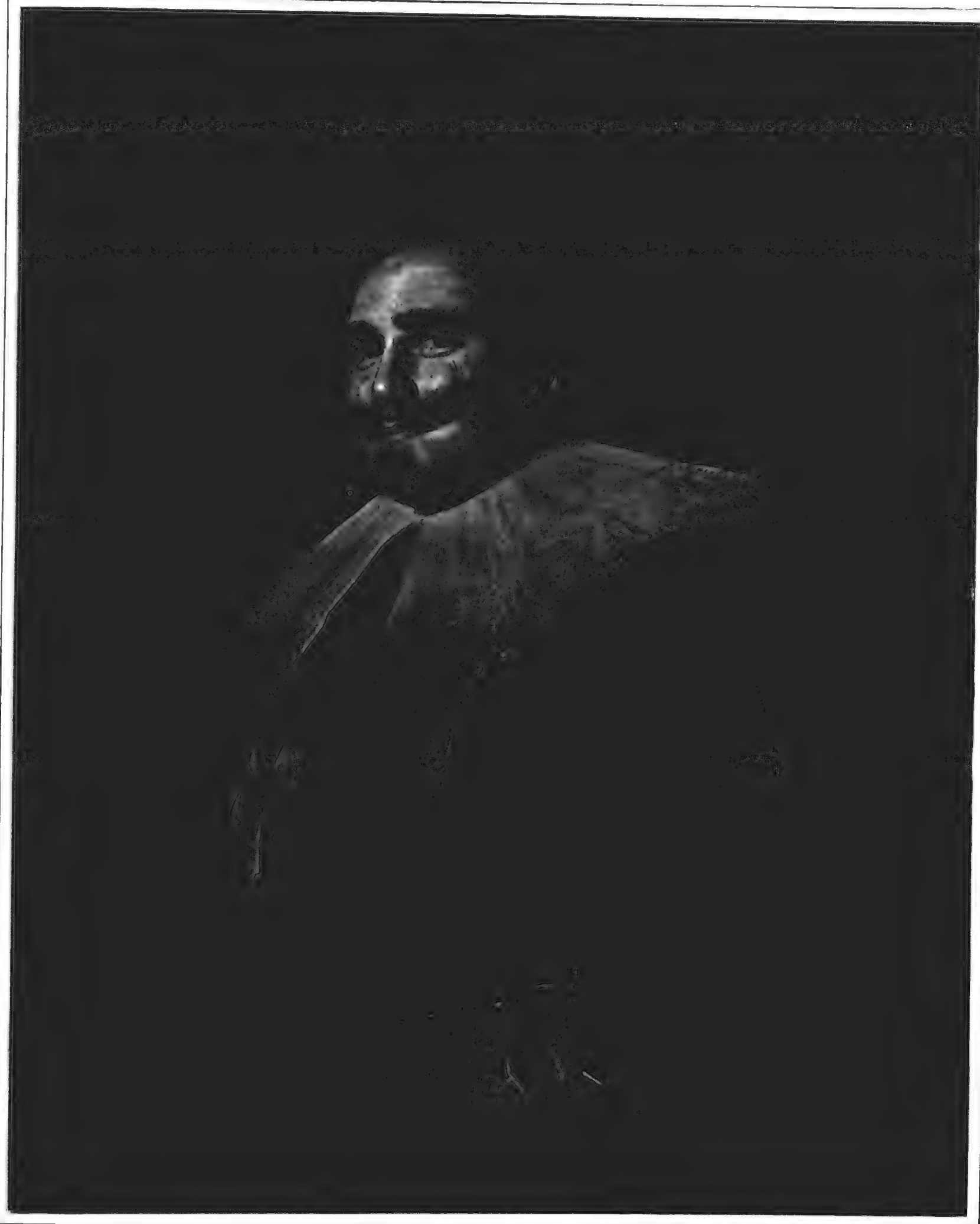
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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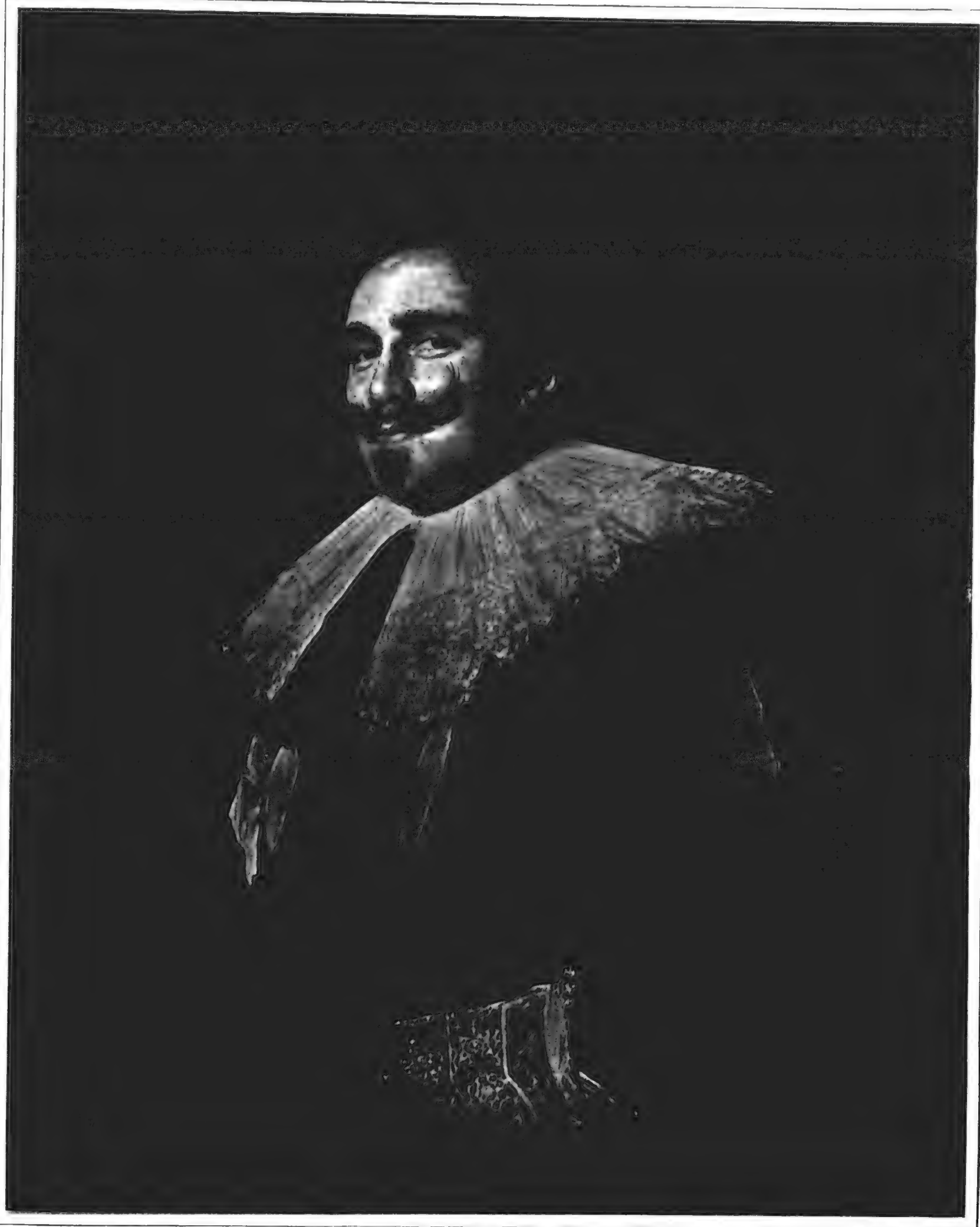
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THE GRAP



"The coastguards found the"

By HENRY

"Avec chien de fleurs se conduit à la place."

It was nearly half-past eight when the *Grandfather* ran into a fog-bank, and the second officer sent a message to the captain's steward waiting at that great man's dinner table in the saloon.

The captain's steward was a discreet man. He gave the message in a whisper as he swept the crumbs from the table with a jerk of his napkin. The second officer could not of course reduce speed on his own responsibility. The *Grandfather* had been running through fog banks ever since she left Plymouth in the grey of a November afternoon.

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THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER



"The coastguards found these women strewn along the beach like wreckage below St. Keverne—some that night, some at dawn"

STRANDED

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG, R.I.

"Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire."

It was nearly half-past eight when the *Grandhaven* ran into a fog-bank, and the second officer sent a message to the captain's steward waiting at that great man's dinner table in the saloon.

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Every Atlantic traveller knows the *Grandhaven*. She was so well known that every berth was engaged despite the lateness of the season. It was considered a privilege to sail with Captain Dixon, the most popular man on the wide seas. A few millionaires considered themselves honoured by his friendship. One or two of them called him Tom, on shore. He was an Englishman, though the *Grandhaven* was technically an American ship. His enemies said that he owed his success in life to his manners, which certainly were excellent. Not too familiar with anyone at sea, but unerringly discriminating between man and man, between a real position and

an imaginary one. For, in the greatest Republic the world has yet seen, men are keenly alive to social distinctions.

On the other hand his friends pointed to his record. Captain Dixon had never made a mistake in seamanship.

He was a handsome man, with a trim brown beard cut to a point in the naval style, gay blue eyes, and a blunt way of carrying his head. The lady passengers invariably fell into the habit of describing him as a splendid man, and the word seemed to fit him like a glove. Nature had certainly designed him to be shown somewhere in the front of life, to be placed upon a dais and looked

up to and admired by the multitude. She had written success upon his sunburnt face.

He had thousands of friends. Every seat at his table was booked two voyages ahead, and he knew the value of popularity. He was never carried off his feet, but enjoyed it simply and heartily. He had fallen in love one summer voyage with a tall and soft-mannered Canadian girl, a Hebe with the face of a Madonna, with thoughtful, waiting blue eyes. She was only nineteen, and, of course, Captain Dixon carried everything before him. The girl was astonished at her good fortune. For this wooer was a king on his own great decks. No Princess could be good enough for him, had Princesses been in the habit of crossing the Atlantic. Captain Dixon had now been married some years.

His marriage had made a perceptible change in the personnel of his intimates. A bachelor captain appeals to a different world. He was still a great favourite with men.

Although the *Grandhaven* had only been one night at sea the captain's table had no vacant seats. These were all old travellers, and there had been libations poured to the gods, now made manifest by empty bottles and not a little empty laughter. Dixon, however, was steady enough. He had reluctantly accepted one glass of champagne from the bottle of a Senator powerful in shipping circles. He and his officers made a point of drinking water at table. The modern sailor is one of the startling products of these odd times. He dresses for dinner, and when off duty may be found sitting on the saloon stairs discussing with a lady passenger the respective merits of Wagner and Chopin as set forth by the ship's band, when he ought to be asleep in bed in preparation for the middle watch.

The captain received the message with a curt nod. But he did not rise from the table. He knew that a hundred eyes were upon him watching his every glance. If he jumped up and hurried from the table, the night's rest of half a hundred ladies would inevitably suffer.

He took his watch from his pocket and rose laughing at some sally made by a neighbour. As he passed down the length of the saloon he paused to greet one and exchange a laughing word with another. He was a very gracious monarch.

On deck it was wet and cold. A keen wind from the north-west seemed to promise a heavy sea and a dirty night when the Lizard should be passed and the protection of the high Cornish moorlands left behind. The captain's cabin was at the head of the saloon stairs. Captain Dixon lost no time in changing his smart mess-jacket for a thicker coat. Oilskins and a sou'-wester transformed him again to the seaman that he was, and he climbed the narrow iron ladder into the howling darkness of the upper bridge with a brisk readiness to meet any situation.

The fog-bank was a thick one. It was like a sheet of wet cotton-wool laid upon the troubled breast of the sea. The lights at the forward end of the huge steamer were barely visible. There was no glare aloft where the masthead light stared unwinking into the mist.

Dixon exchanged a few words with the second officer, who stood, rather restless, by the engine-room telegraph. They spoke in monosyllables. The dial showed "Full speed ahead." Captain Dixon stood chewing the end of his golden moustache, which he had drawn in between his teeth. He looked forward and aft and up aloft in three quick movements of the head. Then he laid his two hands on the engine-room telegraph and reduced the pace to half-speed. There were a hundred people on board who would take note of it with a throb of uneasiness at their hearts, but that could not be helped.

The second officer stepped sideways into the chart-room, reluctant to turn his eyes elsewhere than dead ahead into the wind and mist, to make a note in two books that lay open on the table under the shaded electric lamp. It was twenty minutes to nine.

The *Grandhaven* was a quick ship, but she was also a safe one. The captain had laid a course close under the Lizard lights. He intended to alter it, but not yet. The mist might lift. There was plenty of time, for by dead reckoning they could scarcely hope to sight the twin lights before eleven o'clock. The captain turned and said a single word to his second officer, and a moment later the great fog-horn above them in the darkness coughed out its deafening note of warning. A dead silence followed. Captain Dixon nodded his head with a curt grunt of satisfaction. There was nothing near them. They could carry on; playing their game of blindman's buff with Fate, open-eyed, steady, watchful.

There was no music to-night, though the band had played the cheeriest items of its *répertoire* outside the saloon door during dinner. Many of the passengers were in their cabins already, for the *Grandhaven* was rolling gently on the shoulder of the Atlantic swell. The sea was heavy, but not so heavy as they would certainly encounter west of the Land's End. Presently the *Grandhaven* crept out into a clear space, leaving the fog-bank in rolling clouds like cannon smoke behind her.

"Ah!" said Captain Dixon with a sigh of relief. He had never been really anxious. The face of the second officer, ruddy and glistening with wet, lighted up suddenly, and sundry lines around his eyes were wiped away as if by the passage of a sponge as he stooped over the binnacle. Almost at once his face clouded again.

"There is another light ahead," he muttered. "Hang them." The captain gave a short laugh to re-assure his subordinate, whom he knew to be an anxious, careful man—on his promotion, Captain Dixon was always self-confident. That glass of champagne from the Senator's hospitable bottle made him feel doubly capable to-night to take his ship out into the open Atlantic, and then to bed with that easy heart which a skipper only knows on the high seas.

Suddenly he turned to look sharply at his companion, whose eyes were fixed on the fog-bank which was now looming high above the bows. There were stars above them but no moon would be up for another three hours. Dixon seemed to be about to say something, but changed his mind. He raised his hands to the ear-flaps of his sou'-wester, and, loosening the string under his chin, pushed the flannel lappets up within the cap. The second officer wore the ordinary seafaring cap known as a cheese-cutter. He was much too anxious a man to cover his ears even in clear weather, and said,

with his nervous laugh, that the colour did not come out of his hair if any one suggested that the warmer headgear would protect him from rain and spray.

Dixon stepped nearer to his companion, and they stood side by side looking into the fog-bank which was now upon them.

"Any dogs on board?" he asked casually.

"No—why do you ask?"

"Thought I heard a little bell; such a thing as a lady's lap-dog wears round its neck on a ribbon."

The second officer turned and glanced sharply up at the captain, who, however, made no further comment and seemed to be thinking of something else.

"Couldn't have been a bell-buoy, I suppose?" he suggested, with a tentative laugh as he pushed his cap upwards away from his ears.

"No bell-buoys out here," replied the captain rather sharply with his usual self-confidence.

They stood side by side in silence for five minutes or more. The mist was a little thinner now, and Captain Dixon looked upwards to the sky hoping to see the stars. He was looking up when the steamer struck, and the shock threw him against the after rail of the bridge. The second officer was thrown to the ground and struggled there for an instant before getting to his feet again.

"God Almighty!" he said, and that was all.

Captain Dixon was already at the engine-room telegraph wrenching the pointer round to full speed ahead. The quartermaster on watch was at his side in a moment, and several men in shining oilskins swarmed up the ladder to the bridge for their orders.

The *Grandhaven* was quite still now, but trembling like a horse that had stumbled badly and recovered itself with dripping knees. Already the seas were beating the bluff sides of the great vessel, throwing pyramids of spray high above the funnels.

Captain Dixon grabbed the nearest man by the arm.

"The boats," he shouted in his ear. "Tell Mr. Stoke to take charge. Tell him it's the Manacles."

There seemed to be no danger, for the ship was quite steady with level decks. Turning to another quartermaster Dixon gave further orders clearly and concisely.

"Keep her at that," he said to the second officer, indicating the dial of the engine-room.

"Stay where you are," he shouted to the two steersmen who were preparing to quit the wheel-horse.

If Captain Dixon had never made a mistake in seamanship he must have thought out the possibilities of this mistake in all their bearings. For the situation was quite clear and compact in his mind. The orders he gave came in their proper sequence and were given to the right men.

From the decks beneath arose a confused murmur like the stirring of bees in an overturned hive. Then a sharp order in one voice, clear and strong, followed by a dead silence.

"Good!" said the captain. "Stoke has got 'em in hand."

He broke off and looked sharply fore and aft and up above him at the towering funnel.

"She is heeling," he said. "Martin, she's heeling."

The ship was slowly turning on her side, like some huge and stricken dumb animal laying itself down to die.

"Yes," said the captain with a bitter laugh to the two steersmen who had come a second time to the threshold of the wheelhouse, "yes, you can go."

He turned to the engine-room telegraph and rang the "Stand by." But there was no answer. The engineers had come on deck.

"She's got to go," said Martin, the second officer, deliberately.

"You had better follow them," replied the captain, with a jerk of his head towards the ladder down which the two steersmen had disappeared.

"Go, be d—d," said Martin. "My place is here." There was no nervousness about the man now.

The murmur on the decks had suddenly risen to shrieks and angry shouts. Some were getting ready to die in a most unseemly manner. They were fighting for the boats. The clear, strong voice had ceased giving orders. It afterwards transpired that the chief officer, Stoke, was engaged at this time on the sloping decks in tying life-belts round the women and throwing them overboard, despite their shrieks and struggles. The coastguards found these women strewn along the beach like wreckage below St. Keverne—some that night, some at dawn—and only two were dead.

The captain snapped his finger and thumb, a gesture of annoyance which was habitual to him. Martin knew the meaning of the sound which he heard through the shouting and the roar of the wind and the hissing of a cloud of steam. He placed his hand on the deck of the bridge as if to feel it. He had only to stretch out his arm to touch the timbers, for the vessel was lying over farther now. There was no vibration beneath his hand; the engines had ceased to work.

"Yes," said Dixon, who was holding to the rail in front of him with both hands. "Yes, she has got to go."

And as he spoke the *Grandhaven* slid slowly backwards and sideways into the deep water. The shrieks were suddenly increased and then died away in a confused gurgle. Martin slid down on to the captain and together they shot into the sea. They sank through a stratum of struggling limbs.

The village of St. Keverne lies nearly two miles from the sea, high above it on the bare tableland that juts out ten miles to the Lizard lights. It is a rural village far from railway or harbour. Its men are agriculturists, following the plough and knowing but little of the sea, which is so far below them that they rarely descend to the beach, and they do no business in the great waters. But their churchyard is full of drowned folk. There are one hundred and four in one grave, one hundred and twenty in another, one hundred and six in a third. An old St. Keverne man will slowly name thirty ships and steamers wrecked in sight of the church steeple in the range of his memory.

A quick-eared coastguard heard the sound of the escape of steam, which was almost instantly silenced. Then he heard nothing more. He went back to the station and made his report. He was so sure of his own ears that he took a lantern and went down to the beach. There he found nothing. He stumbled on towards Cadgwith along

the unbroken beach. At times he covered his lantern and peered out to sea, but he saw nothing. At last something white caught his eye. It was half aloft amid the breakers. He went knee-deep and dragged a woman to the shore; she was quite dead. He held his lantern above his head and stared out to sea. The face of the water was flecked with dark shadows and white patches. He was alone, two miles from help up a steep combe and through muddy lanes, and as he turned to trudge towards the cliffs his heart suddenly leapt to his throat. There was some one approaching him across the shingle.

A strong, deep voice called to him, with command and a certain resolution in its tones.

"You, a coastguard?" it asked.

"Yes."

The man came up to him and gave him orders to go to the nearest village for help, for lanterns and carts.

"What ship?" asked the coastguard.

"*Grandhaven*, London, New Orleans," was the answer.

"Hurry, and bring as many men as you can. Got a boat about here?"

"There is one on the beach half a mile along to the southward. But you cannot launch her through this."

"Oh yes, we can."

The coastguard glanced at the man with a sudden interest.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Stoke—first mate," was the reply.

The rest of the story of the wreck has been told by abler pens in the daily newspapers. How forty-seven people were saved; how the lifeboat from Cadgwith picked up some, floating insensible on the ebbing tide with lifebuoys tied securely round them; how some men proved themselves great and some women greater; how a few proved themselves very contemptible indeed; how the quiet chief officer, Stoke, obeyed his captain's orders to take charge of the passengers—are not these things told by the newspapers? Some of them, especially the halfpenny ones, went further, and explained to a waiting world how it had all come about, and how easily it might have been avoided. They, moreover, dealt out blame and praise with a liberal hand, and condemned the owners or exonerated the captain with the sublime wisdom which illumines Fleet Street. One and all agreed that because the captain was drowned he was not to blame, a very common and washy sentiment which appealed powerfully to the majority of their readers. Some of the newspapers, while agreeing that the first officer having saved many lives by his great exertions during the night and perfect organisation for relief and help the next day, had made for himself an immortal name, hinted darkly that the captain's was the better part, and that they preferred to hear in such cases that all the officers had perished.

Stoke despatched the surviving passengers by train from Helston back to London. They were not enthusiastic about him, neither did they subscribe to present him with a service of plate. They thought him stern and unsympathetic. But before they had realised quite what had happened they were back at their homes or with their friends. Many of the dead were recovered and went to swell the heavy crop of God's seed sown in St. Keverne churchyard. It was Stoke who organised these quiet burials and took a careful note of each name. It was he to whom the friends of the dead made their complaint or took their tearful reminiscences, to both of which alike he gave an attentive hearing emphasised by the steady gaze of a pair of grey-blue eyes which many remembered afterwards without knowing why.

"It is all right," said the director of the great steamship company in London, "Stoke is there."

And they sent him money, and left him in charge at St. Keverne. The newspaper correspondents hurried thither, and several of them described the wrong man as Stoke, while others, having identified him, weighed him, and found him wanting in a proper sense of their importance. There was no "copy" in him, they said. He had no conception of the majesty of the Press.

At length the survivors were all sent home and the dead thrown up by the sea were buried. Martin, the second officer, was among these. They found the captain's pilot jacket on the beach. He must have made a fight for his life and thrown aside his jacket for greater ease in swimming. Twenty-nine of the crew, eleven passengers and a stewardess were never found. The sea would never give them up now until that day when she shall relinquish her hostages—mostly Spaniards and English—to come from the deep at the trumpet-call.

Stoke finished his business in St. Keverne and took the train to London. Never an expansive man, he was shut up now as the strong are shut up by a sorrow. The loss of the *Grandhaven* left a scar on his heart which time could not heal. She had come to his care from the builder's yard. She had never known another husband.

He was free now—free to turn to the hardest portion of his task. He had always sailed with Dixon, his life-long friend. They had been boys together, had forced their way up the ladder together, had understood each other all through. His friend's wife, by virtue of her office perhaps, had come nearer to this man's grim and lonely heart than any other woman. He had never defined this feeling; he had not even gone back to its source as a woman would have done, or he might have discovered that the gentle air of question, or of waiting in her eyes which was not always there, but only when he looked for it, had been there long ago on a summer voyage before she was Captain Dixon's wife at all.

All through his long swim to shore, all through the horrors of that November night and the long-drawn pain of the succeeding days, he had done his duty with a steady impassiveness which was in keeping with the square jaw, the resolute eyes, the firm and merciful lips of the man; but he had only thought of Mary Dixon. His one thought was that this must break her heart.

It was this thought that made him hard and impassive. In the great office in London he was received gravely. With a dull surprise he noted a quiver in the lips of the managing director when he shook hands. The great business man looked older and smaller and thinner in this short time, for it is a terrible thing to have to deal in human lives, even if you are paid heavily for so doing.

"There will be an official inquiry—you will have to face it, Stoke."

"Yes," he answered almost indifferently.

"And there is Dixon's wife. You will have to go and see her. I have been. She stays at home and takes her punishment quietly, unlike some of them."

And two hours later he was waiting for Mary Dixon in the little drawing room of the house in a Kentish village which he had helped Dixon to furnish for her. She did not keep him long, and when she came into the room he drew a sharp breath; but he had nothing to say to her. She was tall and strongly made, with fair hair and delicate colouring. She had no children, though she had been married six years, and Nature seemed to have designed her to be the mother of strong, quiet men.

Stoke looked into her eyes, and immediately the expectant look came into them. There was something else behind it, a sort of veiled light.

"It was kind of you to come so soon," she said, taking a chair by the fireside. There was only one lamp in the room, and its light scarcely reached her face.

But for all the good he did in coming it would seem that he might as well have stayed away, for he had no comfort to offer her. He drew forward a chair and sat down with that square slowness of movement which is natural to the limbs of men who deal exclusively with Nature and action, and he looked into the fire without saying a word. Again it was she who spoke, and her words surprised the man who had only dealt with women at sea, where women are not seen at their best.

"I do not want you to grieve for me," she said quietly. "You have enough trouble of your own without thinking of me. You have lost your friend and your ship."

He made a little movement of the lips and glanced at her slowly, holding his lip between his teeth as he was wont to hold it during the moments of suspense before letting go the anchors in a crowded roadstead as he stood at his post on the fore-castle-head awaiting the captain's signal. She was the first to divine what the ship had been to him. Her eyes were waiting for his. They were alight with a gentle glow, which he took to be pity. She spoke calmly, and her voice was always low and quiet. But he was quite sure that her heart was broken, and the thought must have been conveyed to her by the silent messenger that passes to and fro between kindred minds. For she immediately took up his thought.

"It is not," she said rather hurriedly, "as if it would break my heart. Long ago I used to think it would. I was very proud of him and of his popularity. But . . ."

And she said no more. But sat with dreaming eyes looking into the fire. After a long pause she spoke again.

"So you must not grieve for me," she said returning persistently to her point.

She was quite simple and honest. Hers was that rare wisdom which is given only to the pure in heart; for they see through into the soul of man and sift out the honest from among the false.

It seemed that she had gained her object, for Stoke was visibly relieved. He told her many things which he had withheld from other inquirers. He cleared Dixon's good name from anything but that liability to error which is only human, and spoke of the captain's nerve and steadiness in the hour of danger. Insensibly they lapsed into a low-voiced discussion of Dixon as of the character of a lost friend equally dear to them both.

Then he rose to take his leave before it was really necessary to go in order to catch his train, impatient to meet her eyes—which were waiting for his—for a moment as they said good-bye; as the man who is the slave of a habit waits impatiently for the time when he can give way to it.

He went home to the rooms he always occupied near his club in London. There he found a number of letters which had been sent on from the steamship company's office. The first he opened bore the postmark of St. Just in Cornwall. It was from the coastguard captain of that remote western station, and it had been originally posted to St. Keverne.

"Dear Sir," he wrote. "One of your crew or passengers has turned up here on foot. He must have been wandering about for nearly a week and is destitute. At times his mind is unhinged. He began to write a letter but could not finish it and gives no name. Please come over and identify him. Meanwhile, I will take good care of him."

Stoke opened the folded paper, which had dropped from the envelope.

"Dear Jack," it began. One or two sentences followed but there was no sequence or sense in them. The writing was that of Captain Dixon without its characteristic firmness or cohesion.

Stoke glanced at his watch and took up his bag—a new bag hurriedly bought in Falmouth—stuffed full of a few necessities pressed upon him by kind persons at St. Keverne when he stood among them in the clothes in which he had swum ashore, which had dried upon him during a long November night. There was just time to catch the night mail to Penzance. Heaven was kind to him and gave him no time to think.

The coach leaves Penzance at nine in the morning for a two-hours' climb over bare moorland to St. Just—a little grey, remote town on the western sea. The loneliness of the hills is emphasised here and there by the ruin of an abandoned mine. St. Just itself, the very acme of remoteness, is yearly diminishing in importance and population, sending forth her burrowing sons to those places in the world where silver and copper and gold lie hid.

The coastguard captain was awaiting Stoke's arrival in the little deserted square where the Penzance omnibus deposits its passengers. The two men shook hands with that subtle and silent fellowship which draws together seamen of all classes and all nations. They walked away together in the calm speechlessness of Englishmen thrown together on matters of their daily business.

"He doesn't pick up at all," said the coastguard captain at length. "Just sits mum all day. My wife looks after him, but she can't stir him up. If anybody could, she could."

And the man walked on looking straight in front of him with a patient eye. He spoke with unconscious feeling.

"He is a gentleman despite the clothes he came ashore in. Getting across to the Southern States under a cloud as likely as not," he said presently. "Some bank manager perhaps. He must have changed clothes with some fore-castle hand. They were seaman's clothes, and he had been sleeping or hiding in a ditch."

He led the way to his house, standing apart in the well-kept garden of the station. He opened the door of the simply furnished drawing-room.

"Here is a friend come to see you," he said, and standing aside he invited Stoke by a silent gesture of the head to pass in.

A man was sitting in front of the fire with his back towards the door. He did not move or turn his head. Stoke closed the door behind him as he entered the room, and went slowly towards the fireplace. Dixon turned and looked at him with shrinking eyes, like the eyes of a dog that has been beaten.

"Let us get out on to the cliffs," he said in a whisper. "We cannot talk here."

He was clean-shaven and his hair was grizzled at the temples. His face looked oddly weak; for he had an irresolute chin, hitherto hidden by his smart beard. Few would have recognised him.

By way of reply Stoke went back towards the door.

"Come on, then," he said rather curtly.

They did not speak until they had passed out beyond the town towards the bare tiddland that leads to the sea.

"Couldn't face it, Jack—that's the truth," said the captain at last. "And if you or any others try to make me I'll shoot myself. How many was it? Tell me quickly, men!"

"Over a hundred and ninety," replied Stoke.

They walked out on to the bare tiddland and sat down on a crumbling wall.

"And what do the papers say? I have not dared to ask for one."

Stoke shrugged his square shoulders.

What does it matter what they say? answered the man who had never seen his own name in the newspapers. Perhaps he failed to understand Dixon's point of view.

"Have you seen Mary?" asked the Captain.

"Yes."

Then they sat in silence for some minutes. There was a heavy sea running, and the rocks round the Land's End were black in a bed of pure white. The Longship's lighthouse stood up, a grey shadow in a grey scene.

"Come," said Stoke. "Be a man and face it."

There was no answer, and the speaker sat staring across the lashed waters to the west, his square chin thrust forward, his resolute lips pressed, his eyes impassive. There was obviously only one course through life for this seaman—the straight one.

"If it is only for Mary's sake," he added at length.

"Keeping the Gull Lightship E.S.E. and having the South Foreland W. by N. you should find six fathoms of water at a neap tide," muttered Captain Dixon in a low monotone. His eyes were fixed and far away. He was unconscious of his companion's presence, and spoke like one talking in his dreams.

Stoke sat motionless by him while he took his steamer in imagination through the Downs and round the North Foreland. But what he said was mostly nonsense, and he mixed up the bearings of the inner and outer channels into a hopeless jumble. Then he sat huddled up on the wall and lapsed again into a silent dream, with eyes fixed on the western sea. Stoke took him by the arm and led him back to the town, this harmless, soft-speaking creature who had once been a brilliant man, and had made but one mistake at sea.

Stoke wrote a long letter to Mary Dixon that afternoon. He took lodgings in a cottage outside St. Just, on the tiddland that overlooks the sea. He told the captain of the coastguards that he had been able to identify this man, and had written to his people in London.

Dixon recognised her when she came, but he soon lapsed again into his dreamy state of incoherence, and that which made him lose his grip on his reason was again the terror of having to face the world as the captain of the lost *Grandhaven*. To humour him they left St. Just and went to London. They changed their name to that which Mary had borne before her marriage, a French Canadian name, Baillière. A great London specialist held out a dim hope of ultimate recovery.

"It was brought on by some great shock," he suggested.

"Yes," said Stoke. "By a great shock."

"A bereavement?"

"Yes," answered Stoke slowly.

It is years since the loss of the *Grandhaven*, and her story was long ago superseded and forgotten. And the London specialist was wrong.

The Baillières live now in the cottage westward of St. Just towards the sea, where Stoke took lodgings. It was the captain's wish to return to this remote spot. Whenever Captain Stoke is in England he spends his brief leave of absence in journeying to the forgotten mining town. Baillière passes his days in his garden or sitting on the low wall, looking with vacant eyes across the sea whereon his name was once a household word. His secret is still safe. The world still exonerates him because he was drowned.

"He sits and dreams all day," is the report that Mary always gives to Stoke when she meets him in the town square, where the Penzance omnibus, the only link with the outer world, deposits its rare passengers.

"And you?" Stoke once asked her in a moment of unusual expansion, his deep voice half muffled with suppressed suspense.

She glanced at him with that waiting look which he knows to be there but never meets. For he is a hard man—hard to her, harder to himself.

"I," she said in a low voice, "I sit beside him."

And who shall gauge a woman's dream?

THE RASH BRIDE

AN EXPERIENCE OF THE MELLSTOCK QUIRE

We Christmas-carolled up the Vale, across the Vale, and down the Vale;

We played and sang that night as we were yearly wont to do—A carol in a minor key, a carol in the major D—

Then, at each house, "Good wishes: many Christmas joys to you!"

Next to the widow's—John, and I, and Michael, and the rest. And I

Discerned that John could hardly hold the tongue of him for joy: The widow was a sweet young thing who John was nigh on marrying, And quiring at her easement seemed romantic to the boy.

"She'll make reply," at last said he, "to our salute. She must," said he,

"And then I will accost her gently—much to her surprise!

For, knowing not I'm with you here, when I speak up and call her Dear,

A tenderness will fill her voice, a bashfulness her eyes."

—So, by her darkened house we stood; ay, with our lanterns there we stood,

And he along with us—not singing—watching for a sign!

And when we'd quired her carols three, a light was lit and out looked she,

A shawl about her bedgown and her colour red as wine.

And sweetly then she spoke her thanks, and bowed her thanks, and smiled her thanks;

When lo, behind her shoulder, in the room, a man appeared.

I knew him—one from Ivel way—Giles Sweetman—honest as the day, But eager, hasty; and I felt that some strange trouble neared.

"How comes he there?" at length said we. "She wed?" said we. "Who knows?" said we.

—"She married yester morning! Only mother yet has known The secret o't," quoth one small boy. "But now I've told, let's wish 'em joy!"

—A heavy fall aroused us. John had gone down like a stone.

We raised him, brought some life to him; and steadied him and spoke to him,

When, hearing something wrong had happened, oped the window she.

"Has one of you fallen ill?" she asked; "by these night labours overtaken?"

—None answered. That she'd done poor John a cruel turn, felt we.

Till up spoke Michael Mail: "Young dame, you've wronged a loving heart, young dame,

By wedding this new man, young dame, and jilting John so true, Who came to-night to sing to 'ee because he thought he'd bring to 'ee

Good wishes as your coming spouse. May ye such trifling rue!"

—Her man had said no word at all, but, being behind, had heard it all;

And now cried: "Neighbours, scourge it all; I knew not 'twas like this!"

And then to her: "If I had known you'd promised him—not me alone—

No wife should you have been of mine! It is a dear-bought bliss!"

—She grew death-white, and heaved a cry. We'd never heard so grieved a cry

As came from her at this from him; heartbroken quite seemed she; And, suddenly, as we looked on, she turned, and rushed, and she was gone;

Where to, her husband, following after, knew not; nor did we.

We searched till dawn—around the house, behind the house, and in the house;

We searched among the laurel boughs that grew beneath the wall, And then among the crocks and things, and stores for winter junketings;

In linhay, loft, and outhouse. But we found her not at all.

Then John rushed in. "O, Will!" he said. "Hear this," he said, "Ay, *this!*" he said.

"I've—searched round by the well; and find the cover open wide! I'm fearful that—I can't say what.—Bring lanterns, and some cords to knot."

We did so; and we went; and stood the deep dark well beside.

And then in silence they and I—ay, John, and all the quire and I—

Let down a lantern to the depths—some hundred feet and more. It glimmered like a fog-dimmed star; and there, beside the light afar,

White drapery floated; and we knew the meaning that it bore.

The rest is naught. . . . We buried her o' Sunday; neighbours carried her;

And Sweetman—he who'd married her—now miserablest of men, Walked mourning first; and then walked John; just quivering, but composed anon;

And we the quire drew nigh the grave, as was the custom then.

Our old bass player, I well can mind, his white hair fluttering, I can mind,

His viol unstrapped—ay, sixty years ago it will be soon! . . .

Stood bowing 'twixt the grave and wall; and next to him stood I, and all. . . .

The ninetieth Psalm we sung to her—set to St. Stephen's tune.

Henry Linton Newman

Mrs. A. Hardy

The idea was that I should be tucked up and stored away by the stove while the rest went climbing.

The next week I spent in procuring suitable climbing rope and, feeling very smart, decided to astonish the young ones

I caught them napping, or just awakening, at Alpine Club Hut, and certainly astonished them

THE HISTORY OF A MOUNTAIN SCRAMBLE, EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. "GENERAL" PUTTIE

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



We started in delightful weather. Had Blinker and Blatter on me about Maud and Muriel, quite ignored me. So I tugged

cape, but then, constantly in danger of suspect the exposure of my little recorder.



Being dreadful duffers, they couldn't stop themselves, and dragged me down too. But for my guide into, who is perfectly sweet, we might still be rolling.



After this I gave them a lecture on love-making on glaciers, and left them, intending to complete my climbing, as I began, alone with my Otto.



I intend to marry dear Otto. I have asked him this morning on the top of the biggest thing we've done.



I thought I would break it to the others gently, so asked them all to a quiet little dinner, and introduced Otto. They were rather upset.



Reginald Cleaver

And left hurriedly, much disturbed, because now that I have Otto there will be less for Maud and Muriel.

THE HISTORY OF A MOUNTAIN SCRAMBLE, EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. "GENERAL" PUTTIE

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

"A PICKAXE, AND A SPADE, A SPADE"

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

I

Two hundred years ago, when Miser Merle departed from life, his little corner of earth took heart and breathed again. Not that he had raised any very mighty mound of gold to stand between himself and the sunshine, but, according to his power, he had followed the traditional road of those similarly cursed, and though the circumstances of his life, as innkeeper of a small hostelry at Two Bridges by Dart on the Devon moors, made any huge accumulation impossible, none the less he was a right miser in grain, and died without a tear to balance his two thousand pounds of money. Some heartily cursed him on his unknown way; not one pretended to mourn his passing.

His wife was long dead—starved with cold on a winter night, so certain gossips loved to tell; his son the miser had driven out of England, and subsequent rumours of the young man's death troubled him not at all.

So it came about that, when the "King o' Bells" was masterless, an obscure maiden, who had dwelt there since Mrs. Merle's demise, found herself possessor of all the money, for Miser Merle left no will. Minnie Merle was his orphaned niece, and when the old man's unhappy partner shuffled off he bethought him of this girl. As a relation, lacking friends or position, she would come without wages. So, from the position of domestic servant in a Plymouth tradesman's family at three pounds a year, Minnie was exalted to be the handmaid of Miser Merle without remuneration of any kind.

"A man's own flesh and blood," he said, when first she came, "will understand, but I don't want to poison your regard for me with money, or reduce you to the level of a hireling. You are my niece; you and Nicholas Merle, in the North Country, are all the kindred left to me now that my wife has been taken."

So Minnie settled at the "King o' Bells," and, being young and healthy, survived conditions that had thrust her aunt untimely into the grave. The old man never trusted his niece again after a day upon which he caught her helping hungry tramps to bread and cheese, because Minnie's idea of a pennyworth was far more liberal than Mr. Merle's; but she stayed on at the inn, encouraged to the dreary necessity by local friends, who hinted to her, behind her uncle's back, that such self-denial must in the long run find itself rewarded.

Then the Miser, who would not put on a pair of new boots while an old pair hung together, went through a long day wet-footed, and so received his death-blow. His last conscious utterance was a frantic petition to the medical man from Plymouth, when that worthy told him how all hope was vain.

"Then you did ought to take half fees," he gasped. "As an honest man, so you did; an' God's my witness that, if you don't, I'll never give you no peace after I'm took!"

But the physician had a material soul, feared nothing, and held out for his bond after the patient's departure. Minnie Merle, now a young woman of three-and-twenty, reigned at the "King o' Bells," and, with sense scarcely to have been expected from one of such youth and peculiar experience, she did wisely as maiden hostess of the little tavern. Albeit not lavish, she gave better value for money than Mr. Merle had given; the inn grew in popularity with the moor-men; and an romance of an exciting nature hung about the place, because many husbands were in the air for Minnie, and as yet she had given no sign that the happy man was chosen. To discuss the subject with the woman herself was not possible for men, but Tibby Trout, an ancient gammer who cooked at the "King o' Bells," enjoyed the complete confidence of her mistress, and all that Minnie desired to publish she merely murmured into Tibby's ear. The intelligence had seventy years of experience behind her, and might be considered even more artful than old.

Tibby's pleasure was to serve in the bar as a change from the kitchen; and at such times, when her mistress was not by, she would discourse, mete praise and blame, waken hope here, here chasten a mind grown too confident.

"Be it true, Timothy French, as you told a chap to Princetown you knowed how the cat would jump," she asked, on a night when the bar was full.

Timothy, a sand-coloured and a sanguine man, grew hot and laughed.

"Why," he said, "a chap may put wan an' wan together without any harm."

"No harm except to himself. The wan an' wan you'm putting together in your foolish head—well, her may have named your name thoughtful like now an' again, but not these many days now. In fact, you'd best to say nought about her to anybody, for you'm awnly like to look a fule come presently if you do. That man at your elbow might explain if he would."

Timothy French turned upon the labourer whom Tibby indicated, and sudden anger shook his high-pitched voice into a squeak.

"This be your work, then, Elias Bassett," he said, furiously. "You to dare! You—the most penniless chap 'pon Dartmoor!"

The young man addressed regarded Timothy French without emotion. Elias stood a head taller than his rival, was ten years younger, and very much poorer; but he had a handsome face, a sturdy body, and a stout right arm.

"You'm a silly poult," he said, contemptuously. "As if a sandy-headed little monkey like you would take any maiden unless you wanted her money. An' Mistress Merle have got two pounds for every wan of yours. As for me, I don't care a cuss for the stuff, and wish to God 'twas all drowned in Dart. All men know that I kept company with her afore her uncle died, never knowin' as she was gwaine to have his ill-got money; an' I wish her never had got it; for then her might have looked at me very like. But when it comed out her was up to her neck in gold, so to say, I knowed it must stand between us, and that a gamekeeper weern't no husband for her."

"You seed yourself as others seed y u—an' that's a very rare thing," said another man.

"All the same, you're a zany for your pains," declared the old woman, who had learned what she desired to learn. "You kept company with missus—you say so. Then 'twas her place, not

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yours, to decide what was to be done after she was lifted up in the land. I don't mean for a moment that she'd look at a velvet coat, so you needn't fox yourself as you've got any chance at all with her—yet her did, careless like, name your name to me among other chaps as didn't 'pear to have learnt any manners in their beam' towards women."

A strong pulse stirred Elias Bassett's slow nature and made him stare at the widowed old woman.

"No eel to glaze like a gert bull wi' your eyes so round as pennies," she said. "An' what's more, you needn't take no comfort from what I've told 'e. I reckon her han't for no Dartmoor mor' at. Wi' her mor' of money an' dearth o' years, her can very well wait a while wi'out jumping at the first chodpole among 'e as offers."

At this moment a strange man came among them and the subject was dropped for that time, before the interesting spectacle of a face unfamiliar to all present.

The new arrival carried himself as one superior to his company. He was booted and spurred, held in one hand a pair of holsters, in the other a riding-whip. He gave no general salute to those present, neither did he order refreshment, but casting one quick glance about him, addressed himself to Gammer Trout and asked to see the mistress of the inn.

Nicholas Merle was a big, clean-shorn man, with bright eyes, quick movements, and the assertive manner of one accustomed to have his way. There was no contempt in his attitude to the folk assembled, but he took it for granted that he exceeded them in importance, even as his interests rose above their own; and not one among them questioned the assumption.

"Acquaint Mistress Merle that I am come—her cousin Nicholas from Yorkshire."

Tibby curtsied and went to do his bidding, while the new arrival out-stared each man present in turn, then went to the peat fire and kicked it.

"Give 'e guide day," said Elias Bassett, in a friendly tone. "I dresay now this here lonesome, auld Moor do seem but a wisht, pisy-ridden place to a gen'leman like you be."

"It is very well, my good soul—a little contracted, that is all. The wolds are more spacious, but a gentleman might make a living here if others would let him. Does anybody with a fat purse ride this way?"

Elias and his companions stared and the lower jaw of Mr. French fell until he appeared imbecile. Yet the stranger's cynical hint brought up his listeners a little more on to a level with him. Their virtue owed it to itself to stand as high as his confessed or pretended basality.

"That sort of talk leads to a hemp collar, mister," murmured Bassett; but Merle shook his head.

"Mere talk leads nowhere," he answered. "It is the fashion of you clowns to take a jest in earnest. But have no fear. I am not come among you with any such purpose as the road. To-day I have ridden from Exeter and, since leaving Moretonhamstead, saw nought but carrion crows and a fox or two. This place tempts no man to dishonesty. I can see upon your faces that you scarce know the meaning of the word."

Gammer Tibby returned, and Merle, nodding in a friendly way to all present, followed her through the bar to the private chambers behind it. Then, hardly had the horseman clanked from sight, when Ostler Joe Mudge appeared with his mouth full of news.

"Where be the gen'leman to? Not here? Then I can speak. Aw jinnery, what a boss—if 'tis a boss! Never seed the like in all my years! Come an' catch sight for yourselves, sawls, for you'll never believe me. Eyes like a human, an' a body all so bright as brimstone to the last hair in the tail of an'!"

While the loafers inspected a big horse of unusual colour, Nicholas Merle introduced himself to his cousin. They had never met before, and a deep interest and instant friendship awakened in Minnie's breast for the only relation she possessed in the world. He was a tall, resolute man of thirty-five, with strange oaths and fatherly manner. He declared that chance alone brought him so far south, and that being at Exeter he had determined with himself to see his relation.

"Not until I reached Moreton did I hear of our uncle's death; then I should have come ne further but I knew of your existence, and thought I would at least get a memory of you. And a very pleasant memory it will be, Cousin, for you're the queen of the Dartmoors, I hear, and so you should be. I never want to see a prettier maid."

But these statements, despite the speaker's convincing utterance and bluff manner of discourse, were by no means true. Nicholas Merle, chancing upon a journal nearly a year old, had read therein of his miser uncle's passing; and he knew that only one life stood between him and the dead man's fortune. So he forsook his usual haunts, to the satisfaction of better men, and galloped westwards to look into the matter for himself.

II.

WITHIN less than a week of the young man's arrival at the "King o' Bells," Minnie was heartily grieved that she had commissioned Mrs. Trout to hint a hope in Elias Bassett's ear. She and the gamekeeper had indeed been close friends before her uncle's death, and it troubled her that after the change in her fortunes Elias avoided the old intimacy and feared to be with her alone. Yet she admired him still, and more than ever, contrasted with those who hummed about her like hungry wasps since her prosperity. Now, however, to her secret shame, Minnie Merle began to see that she had dropped the handkerchief too soon. Upon the very day—within the actual hour—that Bassett received his polite hint, a greater than Bassett burst upon the vision of Minnie, and soon she hung on her cousin's words, quite dazzled by the dashing manners of him, reduced to daily blushes by his gallant address and courtly fashion of love-making.

These things, however, Elias did not perceive; nor did the newcomer dazzle him. When the coach from Exeter to Plymouth left a box for Mr. Merle, and he blossomed forth next Sunday in russet

and plum colour, Bassett called him a poppinjay; and the key killed Minnie's old friendship at a breath by telling her in no terms, with the foreful periods of that time, that her cousin was either less than he proclaimed himself, or more.

"Not a plain-dealer, an' you'll live to know it. Ban't natural bring chapter an' verse to everything a man speaks, same as does. No honest man wants a cloud of witnesses to his least act wodd. He goes in fear for all his noise."

"His way may not be ours, Mr. Bassett, but we're a good deal behind the times, and it does not become you or any man to call a cousin in question. He is very superior and genteel, I'm sure, as for honesty, I never met a more honest man."

"Ess say an' you have; an' you'll find it out after you'm married to un, if not afore," said Elias bluntly.

Minnie flamed and frowned angrily upon the speaker.

"That's a very rude speech, and I never expected to hear y say such a thing."

"Wish to God I could say different. I'd tell a lot more agin your cousin if I didn't love you wi' all my heart an' soul; but, I'm so set upon you, I can't speak with a free mind, so I'll speak nough. Don't 'e be vexed wi' me, my dear woman. You know right well as I'd go 'pon my naked knees from here to Lannon town to do your pleasure. Awily I ban't blind, an' I see how this dashing chap's bold front have cowed us all round about. Love of you would keep a man true an' honest if 'twas in the nature of un so to be, an' I don't say but Nicholas Merle be right at root; but I mislike un, 'cause I'm very jealous for you, Minnie Merle, an' I pray you'll take your time an' not jump into his arms just moment he axes you to marry him, as he surely means to do come presently."

The girl grew a little soothed before this soft answer.

"I'm sure you mean very well, Elias Bassett, an' I'll remember what you say, for it's a foolish softness towards me that makes you say it. We'm auld friends ever since I came to Two Bridges, an' I don't think no worse of you for speaking your mind. But you'm quite out o' bias. Such a dashing man as my cousin do carry himself civil an' polite to all because he can't help it. 'Tis his smooth custom. He wouldn't think of me as a wife. Why should he—a maiden so rough of speech an' manner? An' li'l enough to look at, I'm sure, to an eye as have often been filled by town-bred girls. Don't 'e fret, there's a guide man. He'm awnly biding along wi' us because he likes the strong air an' the Devonshire cream an' honey. He'll be off as he came—all of a sudden some fine day, no doubt."

But Bassett shook his head, and, indeed, facts presently proved that he was right, the girl, mistaken. Nicholas made no haste to depart from the Moor. He took mighty rides over it upon his brimstone-coloured horse; he endeavoured to win the friendship of all men, and nearly succeeded. For he was generous and a good sportsman—sure credentials to the regard of the folk. Only Bassett and another here and there maintained a stubborn and dog-like mistrust. Nor were the sceptics free of reasons for their attitude. Elias was laughed at as a man ousted from hope by a better equipped rival, and the fact that his undue bitterness was naturally set to the account of defeated love chastened his tongue; but the truth was that Mr. Bassett's regard for Minnie had not all to do with his emotion. Phlegmatic in matters of the heart, he worshipped indeed, and had doubtless made a husband above the common good, but a loss already accepted was only for a time rendered freshly bitter by being held out and then again withdrawn. He was an honest man, and not prejudiced over-much against young Merle by their relations. Nevertheless he had a lodged loathing against him, read craft into his apparent candour, secret policy into his open-handedness, simulation into his great affectation of being fellow-well-met with all. A lad of no imagination, Bassett none the less went heavily in this matter, and was oppressed with the sense of evil at hand. A dull premonition, to which he lent himself reluctantly, spread events in their sequence before him ere they fell out.

Then accident presented him with a solid fact, and that fact, as is the nature of such things, opened the door to many problems. But some weeks before the day that his acquired knowledge set young Bassett's brains upon the whirl, there had happened the foreseen, and Minnie was engaged to be married to her cousin. Liquor ran free on the evening of the great news, and few were those who left the "King o' Bells" in silence and sobriety. Elias at least was not among them, for, faced with the engagement, he abandoned his antagonism in a sort of despair, told himself that it was idle to fight fate, single-handed, and so drank Minnie's health far into the night and went home to his mother's cottage as drunk as any man need desire or deplore to be.

The time was then late summer, and the wedding was fixed to take place at Princetown, near Two Bridges, in November. This matter determined, life pursued its level way, and Nicholas Merle, who appeared to have no business or affairs that called him elsewhere, dwelt on at the "King o' Bells," enjoyed the best that the inn could furnish him, and spent his time between courting his cousin, in a manner much to her taste, and riding far afield upon the land. Sometimes she accompanied him on her Dartmoor pony, sometimes he went alone.

There came a day in the bar when Gammer Trout was able to furnish the company with a morsel of news.

"The man got a packet by the mail yesterday," she said. "Fust as ever he've had since he comed; an' not to his taste neither. 'Twill call him off, for he set his teeth and frowned when he read it, an' said as he must be gone in a week an' wouldn't be back much afore the wedding."

"Who might the packet have come from?" enquired Timothy French; but Tibby could not tell. She believed in her future master and gave the man a short answer.

"That's his business. Us all have our troubles."

"I be the last to speak anything but praise of the gen'leman," declared Timothy. "Yet he is a man of mystery an' his goings an' comings work upon no rule that a plain head can figure out to itself."

"Done a purpose," declared Joe Mudge; "nought goes home to a woman's heart like mystery. 'Tis meat an' drink to a fanciful minded female. A fellow do bulk large in the innocent eye of 'em if they think he've got a moonlight side to un—a side as nought but the moon know."

They returned to the subject of the packet, and then it fell out that, within half an hour of that time, the great fact already alluded to faced Elias Bassett, and an accident thrust the fortunes of a man and a woman into his hands.

As he left the "King o' Bells" a little later, his mind upon the packet, Nicholas Merle himself set out on horseback, and galloped away in a direction that the keeper pursued more slowly on foot. And as he viewed the receding figure, a speck of white suddenly fluttered into the air behind it and fell upon the moor-path. Ignorant of his loss the rider went on, and Bassett, convinced that he had seen the identical object of recent discussion, marched along his way. His purpose, arrived at hastily, was to pick up the letter, conceal it, and give it to Minnie with the frank advice that she would do well to read it; but in the event he did no such thing, for as he stooped to gather up the paper, a thud of hoofs came to his ear and he saw that Nicholas Merle had discovered his loss and was returning to make it good if possible.

He dropped the writing unseen, a flash of wisdom leading to that course; but he did not do so until two words had chanced to fall upon his eyes—two words of such tremendous significance that they quite dazed the mind of Elias.

"My husband," He read that much, then moved quickly away from the letter and pretended to be picking and eating blackberries and whortleberries a hundred yards distant, as Merle rode past him with his eyes straining to right and left of the way. The rider banished his care and cracked a jest with Bassett; then, looking backward, without appearing to do so, Elias saw young Merle dismount and clutch up his letter. A moment later he resumed his ride, and went whistling along upon his great, bright horse.

III.

THE first inclination of Elias Bassett was to meet his rival, man to man, and settle this outrage by force of arms; but after four-and-twenty hours with himself he decided against that course. To do the best for Minnie without afterthought for his own gain was now the keeper's duty. He put himself resolutely out of the picture, and even debated whether he should impart his discovery to another, and so stand aloof from the necessary action; but his nature would not go so far along with him. He was a man faced with a rascal and an enemy, and that rascal must be unmasked by him, not another. The work before him was in itself so intensely congenial that to delay proved difficult. Therefore Elias quickly planned his course of action, and the hour for it. Yet he was disappointed, for on the morning of a day that he had fixed to confront Merle with his cousin and break the evil news to Minnie, Nicholas himself departed unexpectedly. He was to be absent until the time of the wedding.

Upon this circumstance Bassett pondered through another day, then suddenly strange matters hurried his decision and anger opened his lips.

Returning by night to the hamlet of Two Bridges over the high Moor, Elias met Minnie Merle alone walking quickly towards the lonely gorges of West Dart, where the river roars and echoes under Wistman's primeval wood of oaks. Darkness was already come, but a moon hidden under low clouds made all clear. Only the river, full after a freshet, filled the silence with ebb and flow of watery music, that waxed and waned upon the wind. The lonely wood, shunned even by day and held a haunted region by night, huddled there like a concourse of misshapen goblins. Huge planes of shattered granite sank from the hills to the river valley, and the red fox and shining adder alone found a home in this fantastic forest of humped, twisted and shrivelled trees. But to Minnie the desolate spot was good. She associated it with her lover; there, when the sunlight shone and little blue butterflies danced above the briars, Nicholas had asked her to marry him; and now, under gathering night, it was upon a secret errand connected with her cousin that she stole along when the keeper met her, to their common surprise.

"A strange hour for a walk, sure enough!" he said. "What wonderful secret be taking you on the Moor at this time of night?"

"It be a secret," she answered, "so ax me no more about it, an' go on your way."

"I'll tell you another secret for yours, Minnie Merle. Wheer be you gwaine so quick?"

"To Wistman's Wood—that much I'll let you know—no more. Now go your way, Elias, like a gude man."

"Ban't you feared?"

"Not of Wistman's Wood. 'Tis nought but a cluster of honest old trees."

"Well, I'll come along with you."

"An' I won't let you. There's no company."

Elias stared and shifted his walking-stick from one hand to the other.

"Gwaine to meet somebody?"

"Why not?"

"What would your young man say?"

Minnie laughed.

"Since you ax, I think I may answer that he'd say I was in the right. Now you know enough—tu much. Leave me. I won't have you go another yard with me."

"I do know tu much for my peace," he said; "but 'tis you who don't know enough. I've waited a longful time to speak, but now I'll do it, though I break your heart. Better that than ruination. This man—Nicholas Merle—he's married, an' that packet he got—'twas from his ill-served wife."

"You coward; you liar; you wicked venomous snake!" cried out Minnie. "To stand there afore your Maker an' hatch that lie for the ear of a loving woman! Oh! I wish I was a man; I'd tear—but he shall—he shall—he shall know it this night!"

Her passion revealed her secret. She saw what she had done, grew a little calmer, and explained.

"This is the last time I'll ever foul my breath with your name, Elias Bassett; but since you've surprised this out of me, I must say more. If you've a shadow of honour, you'll keep a secret I swore not to reveal to a soul, yet have now revealed in anger to you. The fault was yours. When my true love went away, he told me that I might find to-day a letter in a secret spot known to both of us far away upon the Moreton road. I went there—rode my pony out this morning—and a letter waited me. I tell you these things that you shall breed no more lies against him or me. In that note he told me that he should be at Wistman's Wood to-night at a

familiar spot I wot very well. And he is to let me into gert news. Wonderful things have happened to him. But he is supposed to be far away, and that he is tarrying here is my secret. And now you have surprised it out of me. At least—I can trust you not to breathe of this to any living soul if ever you loved me."

"I shall keep silent, be sure, since you can find it in your heart to give me the lie and call me 'snake.'"

"I saw the letter that you pretend to have seen. He showed it to me. Not that I asked to see it. I would trust Nicholas before the sun. You are dreaming, or else very wicked. The packet was from a servicer. It concerned money. 'A wife!' This is the frenzy of jealous madness. He never looked at any woman before he met me."

"If I be wrong, I'll beg his pardon on my knees."

"You be most wickedly wrong. He is the soul of honour."

"Then let me come now with you."

"Not for the world. He would never forgive me if anybody heard of this meeting. It is vital to his interests that it should be supposed he is far away."

"Cannot you see there is danger for you in this?"

"Danger with him? How little you know what love means for all your talk, Elias!"

"It is because I know what love means that I care so much. Let me be somewhere near—out of sight and ear-shot of speech, but not too far off for a cry to reach me if you wanted help."

"Each word you say makes me hate you worse, Elias Bassett."

"At least let me stop here an' see you home again afterwards."

"Nec for a moment. I've done with you. You ban't a good man. Besides, you would have to wait for hours. I be very early for our meeting. Nicholas will not be there afore eleven o'clock."

"And if you never come home again, Minnie Merle?"

"Then you may tell all men what you have heard to-night, an' go an' seek for me. If Nicholas knowed you were his enemy, he would shoot you like a dog. So be warned."

"And yet you cannot see that if he is married already, you are his worst enemy! He can't marry you and get the money that way, so —"

She turned and ran from him without another word, and he watched her sink into grey moonlight until the Moor swallowed her up. A dim spot a mile away on the night marked Wistman's Wood; and from it, through the fitful noise of the river, and owl's cry came faintly, like the sound of a wailing child.

IV.

ELIAS sat upon a rock and so remained a long while with his head between his hands. Then he got up and walked slowly homewards; while Minnie Merle, despite the fact that she was far too early for her appointment, proceeded steadily towards Wistman's Wood. Presently, with a light, sure foot, she entered the old forest and passed where auburn autumn foliage rustled under the wan light. The wind sighed here and there in the stunted timber, then died off and left the place breathless, awake, watching as it seemed.

There was a familiar tree whose boughs, heavily draped with grey lichen and metallic-coloured mosses, made amongst them a comfortable sort of couch. The low branches scarcely sprung above the rocky earth, and many a deep cleft and cranny lay beneath the withered holes. Here the wood-rush flourished, and the briar, and the little corydalis shared sunny corners with the snake on summer days. Where Minnie now climbed, that her head might rise above the low crowns of the wood, ivy and whortleberry grew, and polypody ferns climbed along the limbs of the tree; for each dwarf, gazing bleared and hoary, through festoons of ash-coloured lichen, like a ghostly dryad grown old, was the home of many living things. Their arms were bedded with centuries of decayed vegetation, their trunks were twisted into the shape of fossil beasts; yet life was strong in them; yearly they broke their amber buds; yearly they blossomed and bore fruit.

Gazing about her and wondering from whence her mysterious lover would appear, Minnie was suddenly startled to see a creature moving in the night. It came towards her, magnified monstrous large by the moon. Supposing it some wandering ox from the herds of half-wild cattle that roamed the moor, she was glad of her elevated security; but the object proved a horse and on it a man sat—the man she loved best in the world. Nicholas was also very early and, well-pleased to find it so, his sweetheart prepared to leap out of her refuge and run to him, when something made her hesitate and she waited a moment and watched her lover dismount.

He carried a curious long parcel under his arm, and the girl wondered what manner of gift this might be. Then, within twenty yards of her hiding-place, Nicholas Merle, having consulted a big watch, proceeded to a curious occupation that first puzzled the watcher, then froze her young limbs with an awful chill not born of cold.

First, tethering his horse on the high ground above the wood, the man lighted a lantern, set his pistols at his elbow on a stone, and turned to the long parcel he had brought with him. From this he unwound some rope and produced a spade and a short, heavy pick. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and sought a place for digging. Presently a hollow between two great slabs of granite met his view, and carefully thrusting away the briars, ferns and honeysuckle that draped this spot, he set to work and began deepening it with his tools. A mound quickly grew at hand, and a long, narrow hole began to yawn between the shelves of stone. He toiled with all his might and feared not to sing at his labour. Then, as he lifted his voice, the words he uttered told his deed to the girl who, above in the ancient oak, looked down through a screen of red leaves. She shook so that the dry foliage rustled all about her, but Nicholas Merle's own melody filled his ear and he sang the historic song of another he once had watched mimicking the same business that now engaged him in earnest—

"A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

Then the girl in the tree grasped the friendly limbs and cowered close and set her teeth to save herself from fainting and falling, for she knew that she watched the digging of her own grave. She struggled with herself to think what she should do; but to solve that problem was easy enough. Her life depended upon the sheltering tree. The pistol that glimmered on a mossy stone under the moon was waiting for her young heart.

Half an hour before their appointed time of meeting Merle finished his labours, hid his tools, trailed the weeds over his work and then, putting on his coat, blew out the lantern and sat down to wait his cousin's arrival. And presently, while Minnie watched and wondered how long his patience would keep him in Wistman's Wood, and how long her strength would bear the ordeal of this terror under nightly cold, she saw another shape, and a tall man's form was suddenly heaved up out of the darkness.

He approached the other, and spoke. Then the girl felt her fears almost at an end, for it was Elias Bassett. He had indeed turned his face homeward, but could not find it in his heart to obey Minnie and leave her to her fate.

"Late work and strange work, neighbour," said the keeper. "I've bided, hidden an' watched you this hour, an' yet I be so much in the dark as when I comed. Who are you, and what do you here?"

"I mind my business, and do you the like, if you are a wise man!"

"Why! 'Tis Nicholas Merle! I thought you had gone home to your wife."

"You rash fool, are you so weary of living that you come here to hunt for your death? Yes, Nicholas Merle—a name that if you were a Northern clown instead of a Westerner, would make you shake in your shoes. You know too much, my good clod. You had been wiser to leave this wood alone to-night, for leave it again you never will."

"Yet that grave was not dug for me, I suppose?"

"No, since you are curious. But I can find room for two in it."

He snatched up a pistol and fired point-blank. Bassett felt a fiery stab in his shoulder; then he dashed in and closed. The men rolled together upon the ground, but handicapped by his wound, the keeper had little chance. His grip relaxed, his head fell back, and the other, who knew that he had hit him, supposed the man was dead. Merle dragged his foe to the grave, and rolled him in without ceremony; then, seeing that Elias moved, hearing that he moaned, the rascal turned to get his second pistol and make an end of the matter. But the pistol was in another hand. Minnie had seen her old suitor slain, as she supposed, and a great grief for the moment banished personal fear. In that moment she acted, leapt quickly to the boulders beneath her hiding-place, crept near the battle unseen, and, as her cousin returned and stood erect, she confronted him, his weapon raised and cocked.

"Brave heart!" he cried. "You had come to my rescue, dear Minnie, but, thank Heaven, I was one too many for this blackguardly footpad myself. He had traced me, how, I know not, and wanted my watch. But he'll need the time no more. He sleeps, and no stroke but the stroke of doom will waken him again. Give me my pistol, dear heroine!"

"Nay," she said. "I am not deceived. I know my life is in my hand, and I am not going to put it into yours. Come an inch nearer and I will shoot you, for you are a murderer, and worse than a murderer."

The man fell back. He had himself taught Minnie to shoot with small arms, and he knew that she was a good pupil.

"Sit down and let us talk," he said.

"With that poor man groaning his life out there—for me? Go—go now. If I was not a weak fool, I would shoot you in cold blood."

He reflected rapidly, then so acted that he might deceive her into his reach, and surprise the weapon from her before she could use it.

"You will live to regret this dreadful error, Minnie Merle. No man or woman wrongs me without suffering for it. There is some treachery here; but I will be even with my enemies. I always am."

He went slowly towards his horse and she hung back and let him lead the way.

"Little did I think when I taught you how to use that toy that you would one night turn it against your true love," he said with deep sorrow in his voice.

"I have seen you dig my grave," she answered. "You are not worthy to live. Go, because I have loved you."

He slowly mounted into his saddle, very slowly gathered his heavy hunting-crop that hung hitched to the holster; then, as quick as lightning, he hit out with the heavy handle, trusting to strike the girl on the head and bring her down before she could fire.

Minnie started backwards, and to her horror, the jerk of her movement, although it saved her life from the blow, exploded the pistol. Now, defenceless, she prepared to fly, but the man's laugh of triumph was broken by a horrid scream of pain from his horse. The ball had struck it high on the neck and the great brute reared up and became unmanageable. So sudden was the action that Merle came off. A second more and he would have rolled into safety; but, at the moment of his collapse, even as he fell, the frantic creature kicked out and a huge, steel-plated hoof, with the strength of a flying chain-shot, crashed into his head behind the ear and cut away half his skull. Under the moon oozed forth the brains that had plotted Minnie's death, and she turned shuddering, while the great horse, with a cry almost human, thundered into the night.

Bassett lived, as Minnie soon discovered. His wound still bled, but she tore her linen and stanchied the flow and supported him on the way until his strength gave out again and he sank down upon the moor, while she fled forward for succour.

The name of Bassett warns Devon hearts to-day, and it was the generation that followed Elias that wrote their worthy patronymic large upon the earth and blazoned it in history. Yet the son of Minnie, and her grandsons and great-grandsons, loved best in their annals that tragedy of the highwayman, their mother's cousin, and the story of his efforts to prevent them from coming into the world by sending their mother out of it. From a humble origin they have waxed high in the land, and men have blessed them; yet their joy in Sir Elias Bassett, Lord Moreton, is not greater than that they take in plain Elias, the statesman's father. Men made a riddle about Minnie Merle and her grave—a jest that set three generations laughing; but of late this joke has hidden within the pages of old, curious journals. There, indeed, many such-like strange matters shall be met with. Long they lie forgotten, buried in an ancient chronicle, tombed for centuries under the lumber of a monument chest, until bidden to rise and live again at the trump of art.

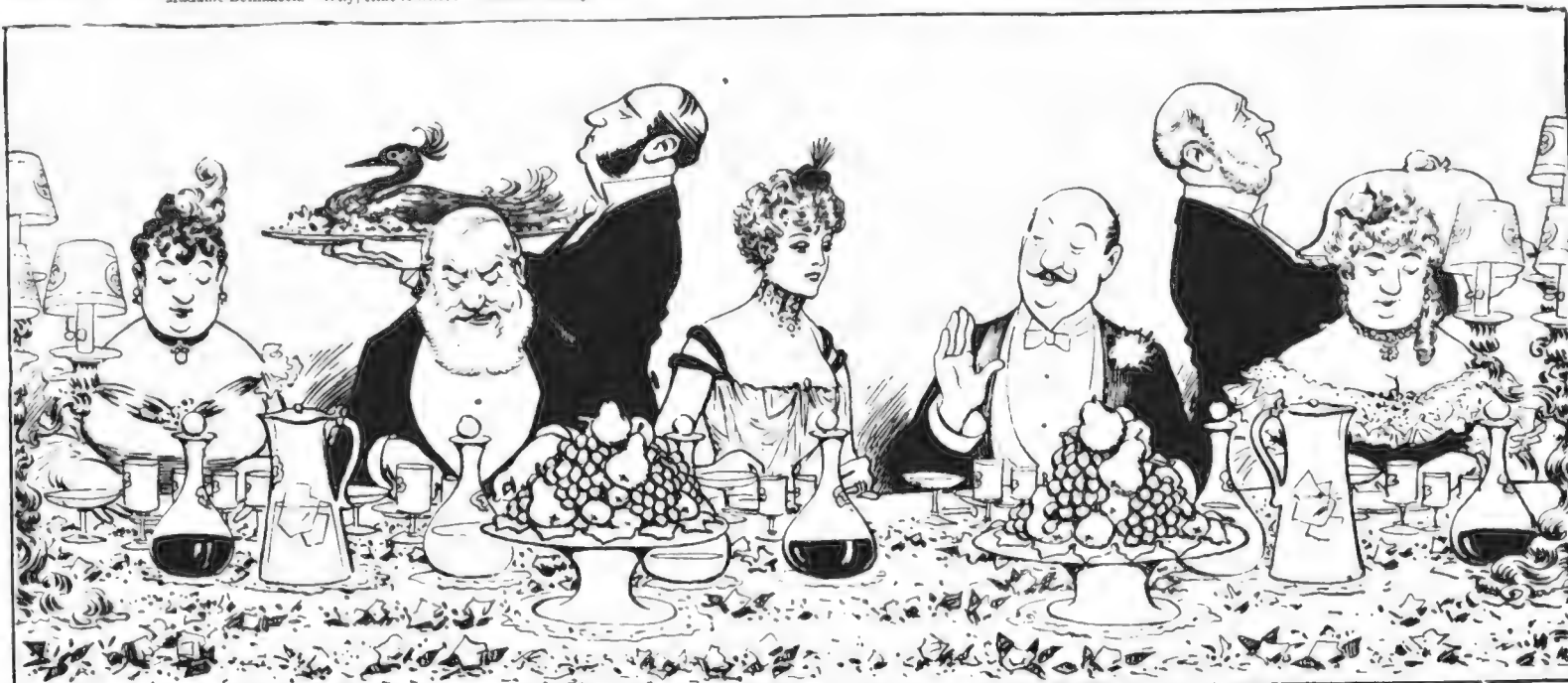
John Phillips.



Count Gourmet or Bignon: "What do I see? My favourite dish - a Pâté à la Russe - and addressed to Madame Belmaison: "Why, that is where I dine on Monday!"



Count Gourmet (as he arrives on Monday): "My dear Madame Belmaison, how inexpressibly glad I am to be dining with you to-day!"



Count Gourmet (at dinner, after refusing every course): "Don't distress yourself, I beg. It is true I am eating nothing at present, but I am content to wait. I reserve myself. You understand? I know what is to come!"



Count Gourmet (as the final course disappears): "But what is this? Surely a little bird told me that you were going to give us a Pâté à la Russe." Madame Belmaison: "You have been waiting for a Pâté à la Russe! My dear Count! Why we ate it on Sunday!"

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT: THE TRAGEDY OF A PÂTÉ À LA RusSE

DRAWN BY A. GUILLAUME



"With infinite risk, all hands at last managed to get into her and away. And Walter and his wife, standing at the deserted wheel of the 'Huescar', watched the white sail as it rose on the top of some great hollow, only to be at once hidden, never to be again as the boat fell into the next hollow."

ILLUSTRATING "AARON BUTLERS LAST BARGAIN," BY JOHN ARTHUR BARRY

DRAWN BY C. NAPIER HENT, A.R.A.

AARON BUTLER'S LAST BARGAIN

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY. Illustrated by C. NAPIER HEMY, A.R.A.

I.

"Now, Mr. Butler, you'd better have her stripped, and let me make a good job of it. She's no chicken; but I can fix her up so that Lloyd's'll put her on the red letter again; and the insurance people'll take her as a fair risk. Come now, what d'ye say?"

"Can't be done," replied the other promptly. "I've spent too much on her already. And whether she's on the letter or off it I don't care a dump. I don't insure, as you very well know, Simpson. Also, as you are well aware, when it's coal, I can find my own cargo. No, she'll do. Let her go at that. I don't buy tubs for you to make Paddy's muskets of. I buy them to make profit, not for your benefit."

"Yes," replied the speaker's companion, a short, sturdy, intelligent-faced man, whose dungaree overalls, streaked with tar and paint, and general appearance betokened the master-shipwright, "and you'll, some day, although you've been pretty lucky so far, have a smash you won't forget in a hurry!" A prophecy, this, much talked of later by its utterer. The pair were standing under a ship's bottom in one of the floating dry docks of Port Endeavour in the Colony of Cooksland. Above them rose, wrinkled and green with verdigris, worn nearly bare in spots, in others to the thinness of tissue paper, the copper sheathing of the vessel. A few sheets had been taken off; and, as he spoke, the wright absently pushed a stout bit of stick into the naked seams until it disappeared altogether, and there oozed out a dirty pulp that had once, years ago, been oakum. Taking the substance between a short thick thumb and forefinger, he inspected it with a craftsman's eye of high disfavour. Then he snuffed it and held it significantly towards his employer. But the latter waved him off impatiently with, "Well, put an odd patch on here and there. I won't have her stripped, I tell you. It'll cost £300, and I can't afford it. I gave too much for her as it is."

"Well, well," said Simpson, resignedly, wiping his hand on his dungarees with a gesture that was meant to indicate strong disclaimer of responsibility, "let her rip then! Thank God I haven't got to go to sea in her! Sooner or later—probably sooner—the dashed bottom'll fall out of her."

From overhead came the incessant sharp tapping of scores of caulking mallets; an odour of fresh cut pine and pitch and paint was in the air as the two men walked along the dock floor towards the side ladders, Simpson still insistent, Butler with his mind quite made up.

"They won't put her on the Register for you," said Simpson suddenly, pointing to a more than usually big "wave" in the copper. "She's strained all to pieces. And if she ain't on the Register they won't let you ship a crew. She's practically condemned, you know."

"Bosh," replied Aaron, crossly. "I'll get Spooner to inspect. We understand each other. Don't bother your head about my business. Carry out my orders and you'll find your cheque ready for you. Why, what the devil has bitten you now?" he exclaimed in a sudden access of temper, turning on the other. "This isn't the first job by many a one of the same sort I've given you. What's all this talk about, hey? Quarrelling with your bread and butter in such fashion?"

"I know it ain't my picnic," replied the shipwright, sulkily. "But then it's the worst contract I've ever had; and it goes agin my conscience not to have her stripped, and made as decent a job of as possible, which, at the best, would be no great matter." But the other only shook his head angrily, and without another word began to climb the ladder leading to the dock top.

Aaron Butler was a ship-knacker. Any very old or condemned vessels that put into the Port he bought as cheaply as he could; had perfunctory repairs done, and then sent them to sea coal-laden from a colliery of which he was the principal owner. So far he had been lucky enough. Two or three, it is true, had been lost, but as they had suddenly gone to pieces in comparatively fine weather the crews had escaped. And, before they went, the vessels had well paid for themselves. Also their cargoes were to him, as a colliery owner, matters of less moment than they would otherwise have been. He never attempted to insure, for the simple reason that no office could be found to take such risks.

Some time ago the *Huscar* had arrived in ballast, flying the blue and white stripes and fifteen stars of the little Republic of Salvador. She was a fine model of a 1000-ton barque, but rusty, worn, and, in parts, decayed both below deck and aloft; was leaking, too; was evidently very old, and had seen much bad usage. But she was one of the "dead bargains" that Butler was always on the watch for; and when she was presently put up for sale he promptly bought her and handed her over to Simpson.

Butler was a rich man, respected, a successful merchant and ship-owner—albeit his fleet consisted of only a half-dozen or so of grimy old tubs more fit for hulks to store his coal in than to carry it over sea. But then Cooksland was a young country; and in such, for lack of comparison, property of the kind bulked big and was called a Line—"Butler's Black Diamond Line." By the law of the land it was a criminal offence to send men away in unsavoury ships. But who would dare to whisper of a matter so hard to prove? Besides, on a smaller scale, there were others in the ship-knacking business. Of course Simpson's men who worked in the knacker's yard knew quite well what all the scamping meant—all the plugging and "slivering" and puttying and painting and cheap jerry repairing. But it was their bread and butter. Also the result of it was, when apparent, none of their business. Simpson himself, curiously enough, had a somewhat strange salve for any twinges of conscience that, as they did, assailed him now and again. Most of the men sailing out of Port Endeavour, both fore and aft, were foreigners—Scandinavians and Spaniards, Greeks, Italians, etc., etc.—all of whom Simpson, as an old seafarer himself, held in

utter contempt and loathing, and classed indiscriminately as "blinky Dutchmen and Dagoes." Hence, if they did go down in his battered ships it would, in more ways than one, be simply a "good riddance of bad rubbish." Aaron Butler, however, never attempted to make any excuses to himself; he was a thorough business man, and as a pure matter of business he sent his rotten bargains to sea with never a thought for the mongrel crews who manned them. Just at present Aaron was uneasy in his mind—not about his last bargain, but about his only daughter Ethel, a bright, high-spirited girl of nineteen in whom was centred all his care and ambition and love. Her father looked forward to seeing her marry well—had, indeed, the prospective husband already in his mind's eye, in the person of the Honourable Julius Wattle, Attorney-General of the Colony, a close friend of his own; and, although middle-aged and lame, one of the richest men in the House. But young Walter Raymond, Hobart-born, and captain of the *Lobelia*—the Flagship of the Line—had other ideas respecting his employer's daughter. So had Ethel herself; and that very morning Captain Raymond had had the audacity to make a formal request to his employer for Ethel's hand. Thus, as we have seen, her father was not in the best of tempers. A curt, brusque refusal, coupled with an adjuration not to be a d—d fool, had, he thought, met Walter's case. He knew that he ought to have sacked him then and there; but Walter was the smartest, shrewdest and most capable skipper of them all—had, too, been in charge of a couple of ships when they went down off the coast; and, well, perhaps, it would be expedient to keep him on. And, happy thought, he should have the "new" ship and go long deep water to cool off a bit. Also, with luck, by the time he returned Ethel should be the Honourable Mrs. Wattle; and himself in the Upper House, if the A.G. could manage it. And he said he could—soon after the wedding.

Meanwhile, the *Huscar* had come out of dock; had been passed by Spooner; put on Lloyd's Register in the E or third class; and was even now waiting her turn to go under the shoots and load. Paint and coal tar had been used unsparingly, and she regularly shone above water, from top-side to truck, as she had not done from her birth! or since her last overhaul many years ago by the last knacker into whose hands she had fallen. For she was of a very great age. As a rule, Captain Raymond troubled himself little about any of the Black Diamond ships he might happen to have charge of, knowing that they were all more or less bad, and all liable to drown him at scant notice. That was a risk he took with his eyes open, and was paid a high wage for so doing. But on this occasion, to the astonishment of the foreman at the shoots, he blocked the coal coming in when "Plimsoll's Eye" still wanted two inches of being awash.

"The old man'll play up," remarked the foreman doubtfully. "Let him," said Captain Walter. "I'll take all the fun. You know he won't growl much at me. I'll give you a note to show if necessary."

And the man, satisfied, set the hands to the final trimming, whilst the skipper took a dirty, tar-smudged letter out of his pocket and read it again. It ran:—"You've got an orl rite wun this trip. I seen her bottom in dok, an' was workin' on her orl the time. You take a fren's advize an' back out. Her's nothin' but a basket belo her topsides. You back out. From a fren what sailed with you two viges hago."

"That must be Bill Grant," muttered the skipper. "I heard he'd got a job with Simpson. Good of him, anyhow; but he might know by this time that I'm the wrong mark to back out. Still—," and a cloud crossed his handsome face as he glanced irresolutely along the decks, and scowled at the glistening deceitfulness that met his eye where, as he knew well, in the words of the old seafaring saw, "Putty and paint covered many a rent."

"No, dearest," said Walter, a night or two later. "It's the only way that I can see out of the difficulty. I saw by your father's eye that he was in desperate earnest. And yet I daren't risk it because the ship's old, and—well—not so sound perhaps as she might be."

"Never mind the ship, Walter," replied his sweetheart, her arms around his neck, and her head nestled against his breast, "a raft with you will be better than a palace with old Wattle—not that he's got a palace, either, or anything like one. Still, 'Waratah's' a decent enough house, I must admit—when the owner's away. There, that's settled, dear. I'll be at Sandy Bay at dark on the third night from this, waiting for your boat to come from the ship, lying-to, not far out. I shall leave in the morning to pay a week's visit to Aunt Jane at Nonwood—you know it's quite close to the Bay. You must buy some things. But, there, I'll give you a list. Then off we go—to Valparaiso, did you say? Poor old dad," she continued more seriously, "he'll be awfully cut up at first, but he'll get over it. Curious wedding night, isn't it, Wally?"

The pair were sitting on a bench under a shady white cedar tree at the bottom of the garden of Mr. Butler's fine suburban residence. That morning they had been married at a Registrar's office in town; and Ethel was still excited and rather nervous. This last was a new experience, for the girl who, left motherless when quite young, and leaving school early, had, since then, pretty well lived her own life of outdoor exercise, boating, riding and tennis, mingled with a little Technical College work, taken up because of friends in the classes. Of late, however, her days had been none too pleasant; Mr. Wattle's attentions had developed from the ludicrous aspect worn at first into downright persecution, abetted by her father, who, when inquisitive society people inquired, tacitly admitted his daughter's engagement to the brilliant, clever and wealthy, but elderly and lame Attorney-General, who now began to exhibit such proprietary interest in Ethel as annoyed her almost beyond

control. Ever since short frocks she had known Walter Raymond, then an apprentice in the "Line." And ever, as they grew old, so these two loved one another with a very constant and increasing love, hiding their attachment wonderfully well, until, by mutual agreement, her young Tasmanian had boldly declared it to the astonished father. Both Ethel and her husband were opposed to keeping the marriage secret any longer than was absolutely necessary, and there seemed no choice now between either confessing it and throwing themselves on the old man's mercy, which they imagined would be small indeed, or running off to sea in a ship that apparently was liable to go to pieces in the first blow. Ethel insisted on the ship. It would probably be a nine months' trip, and in that time Dad's anger would have burnt out.

"We might never get that old tub to her port, dear girl," said Walter, kissing her.

"Then," said Ethel, returning the caress, "we'll have to go to Kingdom Come together. Which would be rough on poor old Dad; but a lot before staying here to be nagged and bullied at whilst you're away by yourself trying to keep your head above water."

II.

A wild, grey, windy day in the South Pacific with the Snares somewhere on the lee quarter of the *Huscar* that, under her lower topsails, forges along E. by N. with a heavy following sea running up to her turtail, curling over to take a good look inboard and then rushing away for'ard in shattered masses of creamy foam. The ship still looks well enough, for there has not been time to dull her bravery of shining colour, which to her people, however, now suggests nothing so much as the painted cheeks of a corpse. At the break of the poop stand the captain and his wife watching the men ceaselessly whirling around the big fly-wheels of the pumps while streams of black water pour across the decks and out of the scuppers. Presently the man at the wheel, glancing through a little window at the clock in the skipper's berth, strikes eight bells, and the watch below come on deck and take their mates' places at the pumps which have not sucked yet. As a matter of fact they seldom or never do suck. The *Huscar* has "opened out," and it takes all her people toiling incessantly to keep her afloat.

Captain Raymond looks anxious and haggard; Ethel radiant with health and happiness, notwithstanding that she knows exactly the extent of their peril.

"Those fellows will jib presently," the captain mutters to himself. "Flesh and blood won't stand it night and day. By the Lord, if I hadn't taken the old brake pumps out of her we'd ha' been at the bottom long ago. Bad as the *Lobelia* was she was a P. and O. boat compared to this brute!"

At that moment the grind of the pumps suddenly ceased, and the men, fourteen of them, came af. in a body.

"Captain," said the mate, a big Norwegian, as he ascended the ladder, "de mens say as dey bump no more. Dey vant you to durn an' make vor Nieuw Zeelandt."

The captain stood squarely, both hands in the pockets of his rough pea-jacket, a fine, stalwart figure of a man with handsome features bronzed to a dusky olive, curly brown hair showing under his cap, and pleasant eyes of a deep hazel, in whose depths lurked now a sort of hunted, anxious expression.

"Well, Mr. Andersen," he replied, "although you're going out of your way to become spokesman of the crew, I don't mind telling you that, if the wind was a fair one, I'd go back without compulsion. As it is, it would be madness to drive her against such weather. She'd simply fill and go down under our feet."

"Vell, den," replied the other stolidly, "all hands leaves de schip. Bump, bump, bump, vatch in, vatch out; an' still dree foot water in de vell. Id is no good dryin' no more. So ve dakes de big big brond an' geds away vile she still does vloat. You und de misdress gome mit us."

The man spoke respectfully, and, as he finished, touched the brim of his cap in salute to Ethel, standing with her arm in her husband's.

On the quarter-deck stood a crowd of rugged-faced seamen, all foreigners but one—an Englishman named Bentley. Amongst them, too, were the second mate and the boatswain; even the cook and steward who had been at the pumps with the rest. And all looked dead, tired and fagged as a faint gleam of sunshine fell on their pale, hairy, salt-encrusted features. "We can pump no more!" they cried with one accord in various tongues, as, pressing forward, they lifted despairing eyes in which shone no defiance, only appeal.

"You're mad," cried the captain at length. "An open boat in such weather! Stick to the ship, lads, whilst she'll float! D'ye think I'll not do my best for all of us with this dear wife of mine to care for? Bentley, surely you have more sense!"

The fellow addressed, a grizzled, mahogany faced, bandy-legged seaman, looked uncomfortable for a minute; then, all at once, protruding two enormous hairy, hairy paws, their palms covered with blisters, both fresh and broken, he said, "As God's my judge, sir, I can't pump no more. Look at them 'ands! Five an' thirty years o' sailarin' them flippers 'ave 'ad, but never did I see 'em in such a mess afore they got into this rotten 'ooker. An' what I thinks, Captin, beggin' yer parding fer takin' up wot ye says 'bout the ldy there, is that you'd better ha' murdered 'er 'ashore insted o' lettin' 'er come to sea in a coffin ship to be drowned."

This was a hard, rude homethrust indeed; and Walter's sun-burned face turned pale with passion as he strode towards the fellow. But Ethel, hanging on his arm, whispered "Let them go, Walter, if they want to. You and I'll stay to see it out together. I'm not a bit afraid as long as I'm with you."

Walter paused irresolutely as Bentley, seared at the look on his captain's face, shrank back amongst the crowd. Then said he in a

voice that trembled a little, "Very well, take any boat you like, and go, in God's name! I and my wife have decided to stay by the ship. You will be worse off than we are."

There was an undecided murmur amongst the men at this, and one—the Swedish boatswain and carpenter combined—dropped the sounding-rod down the well and pulled it up again, and showed the markings amidst oaths and growls of disgust. In a very short time they had the largest of the three boats provisioned and over the side. The officers implored Walter and his wife to join them.

"She vos makin' your veet an' hour," said the mate, almost in tears. But Walter was inexorable. At the last moment Ethel came from the saloon and gave a letter to Bentley. "For my father," she said, "if by the mercy of God you ever get safely ashore again."

"You may depend on me, marm," he replied huskily. "An' I begs your pardon an' the skipper's, too, fer wot I sez that time. I ain't got much 'ope myself o' gettin' clear. But, like the Dutchmen, I 'olds as quick drownin' 's better'n more pump. So long, marm."

Before they went the men crowded round the captain, who, as did Ethel, shook their blistered hands in silence. A few of them were jubilant; but the majority stared doubtfully at the cockleshell that wildly tossed, one moment level with the topgallant rail of the ship—now hove to under a single topsail—the next roaring away beneath her bows, threatening to smash herself and the men already in her to atoms. With infinite risk all hands at last managed to get into her and away. And Walter and his wife, standing at the deserted wheel of the *Huescar*, watched the white sail as it rose on top of some great billow, only to be at once hidden from sight again as the boat fell into the next hollow. And when, at last, the tiny speck disappeared in the fading light and left them alone on the vast expanse of rolling greyness amidst which the ancient vessel strained and wallowed with a sickening sort of helpless heave to the big seas, then Ethel, for the first time, gave way, and sobbed hysterically in his arms, powerless for the minute to put from her the fear of death that had suddenly rushed cold upon her resolute heart.

At first, when Aaron Butler received the letter telling him of his daughter's marriage and flight, his anger was terrible. But, as time passed, that love for his only child, which had ever been the distinguishing feature of his existence, reasserted itself more vigorously than ever, intensified as it was by a cold, miserable dread for her safety. He neglected his business; even refused to have inspected a "dead bargain" of an Italian ship that had put into the port leaking like a sieve, and to be had for a song. And part of his punishment throughout the long weeks of suspense was that he could confide to no man the sickening doubts that tugged at his heartstrings. Some of his friends probably realised the position. But many did not; and when these, after awhile, made bold to congratulate him on the fact that his own daughter was on one of his own fine ships, what could he do but grin horribly and acquiesce? But time passed; and at last the *Huescar* was due at her port. But to his frantic cable messages the sole answer was "Not arrived." Time passed, and she became overdue; still passed, and she was posted as "missing." Then, at last, hope departed altogether; and Aaron put on deep trappings of black cloth and crape; also the old rattletraps of the "Line" flew their flags at half-mast, and had a blue band painted around their sides, and their lower mastsheads similarly coloured in token of maritime mourning.

And then, one day, there entered the office where the old man sat, grey and broken and aged, always sorrowing for his loss, a sailor who, producing a package carefully tied up in oilskin, presently brought forth a letter.

"There was three on us alive in the boat," said he, without preamble, "when we was picked up. Two o' them died arterwards. I had three months' ospittle in Haleyga Bay. Then I ships on a steamer to China, an' back to Hamburg. At last I gets a chaunst an' comes out 'ere agin. I promised 'er I'd give you the letter; an' 'ere y'are, Boss."

Then, as Aaron read his daughter's last words—very few, but very tender and loving ones—he cried aloud in his grief: "Oh, Ethel! Ethel! My daughter! my daughter!" After a while, becoming calmer, he said: "If you had posted this letter I should have received it long ago, and been spared months of bitter waiting and anxiety. However, it matters little now. My child is beyond all doubt long dead. What can I do for you as a reward for fulfilling your trust so faithfully? A ship? Are you fit for the position of a petty officer? Or would you sooner have money?"

"Well, I'm hanged, Boss," replied Bentley, "if I'd ever thought of that posting dodge; it would ha' saved me this trip, too, secin' as I wanted to get to China again. Bo'sun? Ay, I've been bo'sun more'n once. But, I say, ain't you the man as owned that rotten *Hesker* an' sent 'er to sea?"

Aaron nodded indifferently.

"Then," said Bentley in a voice that made the clerks in the outer office jump, "you've killed thirteen Dutchmen, likewise your daughter an' 'er husband, which was worth all them Dutchmen as you murdered with slow 'unger an' starvation (I sez nothin' 'bout myself). You're a sailor-killin' ole Judas, an' I wouldn't ship in one o' yer blasted collins fer fifty quid a month! Nor take yer dirty money! There's blood on it. So long, Boss!"

For fully an hour Aaron sat with Ethel's letter in his hand thinking thoughts that had been long germinating; shaping resolves that, until now, shady and indefinite, had been suddenly and rudely made to take solid form by the seaman's wild, impassioned speech. A few days later it was known throughout the City that Aaron Butler was giving up business and going to England. But he never went. For, even as he was stepping on board the R.M.S. *Tartarian*, a cable message was handed to him from Vancouver, B.C., that said, "Just arrived. Taken off by sailing ship when on point of sinking. May we come home? Walter and Ethel."

An in five minutes more there flashed half round the world the joyous answer, "Thank God! Yes; come at once! At once!"

J. Q. Berry

THE TAVERN ON THE MOOR

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

THE November night had fallen stark and chill, and the heath was foul with rain and mist. The dull glow of the day had faded beyond the hills, and the smell of the earth ascended as a miasma from the muddy road which wound through the forest of pines. Out of this uncomfortable and profound night of stillness, a stillness which was even heightened by the rhythm of the rain beating upon the open world, issued the regular and heavy tread of feet. The man who tramped thus solitary through the inhospitable wilderness came abruptly to a stop, as the eye of a window blinked upon him from the distance.

"What is this?" says he to himself. "I must have a care, or they will master me yet," and on that sentiment he slid off the road and passed into the cover of the pines, where his feet plunged deep in the sodden debris of moss and needles. In this privacy, however, he would escape notice from the road, and was thus enabled to approach close to the house from which the window peered upon the darkness. A battered sign swung before the door, and, after a momentary hesitation, the man shrugged his shoulders and made for the door of the tavern with determination.

"I must risk something," he murmured, "and, damme, if I can hold out longer."

Within the tavern sat a group of men, hinds and labourers from corners and crannies in the heath, who stared at him with incurious civility as he entered. He gave them good evening, and ordered hot ale of the innkeeper. He stood and sipped meditatively at his pot, while, under the influences of the warm fire which burned in the taproom, a reek went up like mist from his wet clothes. These were plain, but of a certain cut and style which witnessed to a man of position in the world, a testimony which was corroborated by a distinction of face. For all his sodden dress and battered appearance, the man claimed gentility with every movement of his body, with every poise of his head. He drank in silence, standing by the settle on which one native conversed with another with the lurr of those parts.

"Well, 'twas a bad job and he's got his quits," said one of the voices. "Leastwise, so far as I heard tell, 'twas bad enough."

"There's no doubt o' that," said a voice, which came from a man who had the aspect of a carter. "He was sentenced by judge this very day while I was in Guildford, was Darrell, and hanged he'll be, and hanged so 'a should be."

The man by the settle started slightly, but did not turn his head, although it was evident that he was listening intently to the talk.

"Did you see him?" asked one of the rustics with a note of respect in his voice. The pot in the man's hand stayed half way to his mouth. The carter hesitated; it was clear that he played with the idea; but veracity was established firmly in that impregnable citadel.

"Well, not exactly," he said, modestly. "I can't say as I did exactly see him, though I came mighty near it," he added with more assurance. "There was I going 'p by the market, when his lordship was a-setting on the black cap, just over the way—just over the way. Dang me, if he wasn't," and the carter looked about him on the company. The man by the settle had taken a draught from his pot and set it down.

"Another," he said to the innkeeper, in his clear voice. Meanwhile the conversation before the fire had descended into a mild argument.

"How did I know?" the carter was saying. "Why, 'tis plain how I knew, and I'll tell you for why. No sooner was I by market and looking out for Mr. Frogley, as you may know, than out run a score of folks across the road, and in comes they by market. 'What's amiss?' says I, and then there was the tale."

"Darrell," says they, 'him that was took for murder of Sir James Glibbon. He will be hanged by the neck,' says they. 'Tis Justice Wetherall has sentenced him. And a good job too,' says they, 'a gentleman to kill a gentleman—and not in fair fight neither!' Oh," said the carter complacently, "I was there, right enough. I was there for certain."

"I would I might see him hang," said one of the heathmen, with ponderous gravity and in an uncouth voice.

"And so ye may," said the carter, turning on him. "Darrell will be hanged come Wednesday fortnight, and 'a will hang in chains, they tell me, as 'a should."

"I see two high tobies hang in chains by Farnham," remarked one of the party, with a sigh of satisfaction; but the carter had no thought of losing his pre-eminence as the only person with knowledge of the trial. He broke in on the pleasant meditation:

"Mr. Justice Wetherall 'twas as sentenced him," he declared. "Him that lives by Chevenix, and was friend to Sir James Glibbon. 'A was glad to hang him, so they say, and no wonder. 'A was friend to Sir James, like Darrell himself, and 'a was white, they said, when 'a sentenced him, so that the black cap turned the blacker. And then, says they, his lordship turned his eyes on Darrell, and, says he, has he anything to say why 'a should not be hanged for dead as muton. But Darrell says nothing for a moment, and then he spoke, with his eyes open in his brown face, staring on the judge. 'If your lordship knows no reason,' says he, pretty quiet and slow, 'neither do I,' says he, and he wouldn't say no word again, 'a wouldn't."

The carter ceased, drew at his mug, and put his pipe in his mouth. The stranger turned abruptly and faced him.

"You saw that?" he asked, abruptly, almost as it were, with a menace.

The carter fell into confusion. "I heard tell of it," he said.

The stranger laughed awkwardly.

"You are right," he said, "every word. I was there myself"—and turned once more to his ale, and his own thoughts, oblivious of the fact that he had jumped into importance in the eye of the company.

Out in the night the rain descended still, and the darkness drew about the lonely inn. Once or twice a man walked to the door, opened it, and looked forth, but returned only to shake his head.

"It doesn't take off, Robert?" asked the innkeeper, and one of the heathmen answered in the negative.

At last the stranger put down his money and turned away with a good-night to the room; but apparently the sight of the savage night made him pause. The chill breath of the rain wafted through the room, and made the men on the settle lean closer to the fire. Suddenly, above the sound of the storm, arose a noise in the distance, and crept nearer and grew louder.

"'Tis a carriage!" said the innkeeper. "Who goes across the heath this weather?"

The man who stood by the door, hesitating, turned his head and listened to the noise of wheels, and then swiftly stepped forth, pulled the door to behind him, and vanished into the darkness and mellow of the night. He ran briskly down the road away from the noise of the carriage, but halted almost at once, and came back.

"No," said he. "If it be any on my track I cannot save myself that way. They will have my description at the inn, if they stop. I will see if they stop, and who they be."

He moved off the road into the blackness of the creaking pines, and once more the eye of the inn saluted him—a yellow and isolated patch of light on the heath. By now the carriage was already at the inn, and pulled up sharply. It was a post chaise driven by a saturated postilion, and was axle-deep in mud. A man alighted from it, and there was the sound of voices as instructions passed between him and the postilion. The watcher under the pines thought he caught the word Chevenix; the next moment the yellow window flared on the passenger as he turned to the door of the tavern, and the man in the night caught his breath.

Inside the hostelry the landlord was bustling about anxiously to do honour to so important a guest, offering such remarks as the courtesies of the occasion seemed to demand—as that "it was a foul night," and "had his honour driven far?" and "would his honour be pushing on?"

Receiving, however, no encouragement to his civil questions, but only a curt command that supper be prepared, the poor innkeeper sank into silence, and communed with his own soul upon the position and fortunes of his guest. He was a fine-featured man in middle life, spare of frame, and quick of eye, with a look of character and resolution. As he turned away to pass by an inner door into the chamber in which his supper was to be served according to the best capacity of that homely inn, the company on the settle at once fell to talk and speculate about him. Momentarily a face, unseen by the heathmen, brooded like a ghost without the window, and upon that the outer door was opened once again, and the sodden wayfarer reappeared. He nodded towards the innkeeper with an air of cheerfulness, even of satisfaction.

"'Tis a cursed night, host," said he. "I believe I will trouble your hospitality after all," with which he produced a crown and ordered ale for the company, including the landlord.

"A fine pair of horses, those that stood before the door," he said, in the very friendly atmosphere that followed. "Whose be they?"

The innkeeper shook his head. "A gentleman of quality," was as far as he ventured. The other nodded as one who has heard what he wanted, and asked further if the gentleman stayed that night. The innkeeper was ignorant, but said that the supper was being served him in a private room. This news also seemed to content the questioner, who began to be merry and laughed aloud at sallies of his own wit, while he rallied the hinds who drank his ale. But he was an affable gentleman, as all agreed. Presently he finished his glass with an air of dismissal and turns he to the innkeeper.

"And now," says he, "for some supper, host. I will take leave to share with your distinguished guest," and was forthwith going to the door. But the landlord called after him in dismay, which fetched him up.

"My good man," says he, deliberately, "this fine gentleman is one of my acquaintance, and will be glad to see me. I should think shame if he would not welcome an old friend and share with him. 'Tis not the rascal," says he, "that always travels afoot and under the weather," with which enigmatical words he disappeared through the doorway, and the latch clicked after him.

The host ran through into the passage, but the door of the room beyond was already shut, and though he listened anxiously for some five minutes he heard no untoward noise, nor received any sign that the stranger was unwelcome. Therefore he went back to his bar with a sigh of relief.

The man who had arrived in the postchaise stood with his back to the supper table, looking out of the window into the darkness, when the door opened and shut behind him. He did not turn, supposing this to mark the entrance of the serving maid, but continued to stare out with the air of one who watches and expects. As he stood he became aware of the silence, of a silence which the entrance of the maid should have broken, and he faced about. An exclamation broke from him.

"You!"

"It is I, Sir Edward Wetherall," said the intruder. "It is, as you perceive, Darrell, Mr. Justice Wetherall."

The judge paused perceptibly, and moistened his thin lips.

"I heard a rumour of your escape," he said, evenly, "but supposed you would have been taken."

"It is possible I may be taken, Mr. Justice Wetherall," said Darrell, with meaning in his voice. "But not yet . . . not just yet . . . not till I have seen, what is so dear to you—justice done."



When Harry the tailor was twenty years old,
He began for to look with courage so bold;



He told his old mother he was
not in jest,
But he would have
a wife
as well
as
the
rest.



Then Harry
next morning before it
was day,
To the house of his fair maid
took his way.



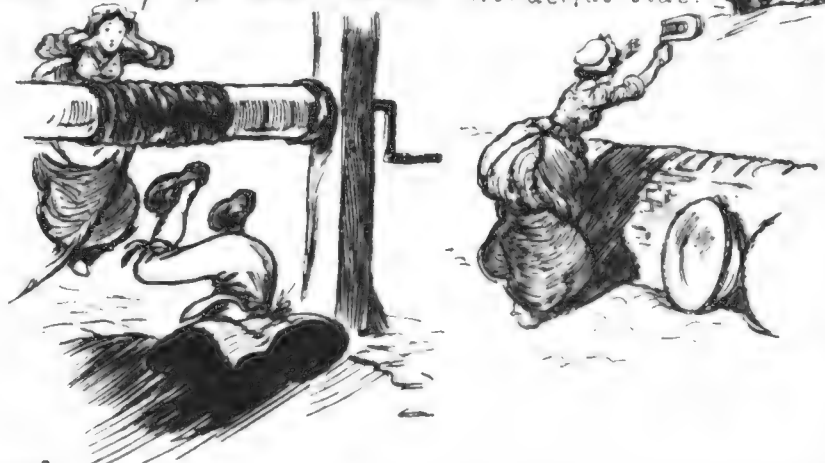
He found his dear Dolly a-making of cheese,
Says he, 'you must give me a buss, if you please!'

"HARRY THE TAILOR"

DRAWN BY CLAUDE SHEPHERSON, R.L.



She up with the bowl, the butter-milk flew,
And Harry the tailor looked wonderful blue.



'O Dolly, my dear, what hast thou done?
From my back to my breeks has the butter-milk
run.'

She gave him a push, he stumbled & fell
Down from the dairy into the draw-
-well

Then Harry the ploughboy ran again,
And soon brought him up
in the bucket again.



Then Harry went home like a drowned rat,
And told his old mother what he had
been at
With butter-milk, bowl, & a terrible fall,
O, if this be called love, may the devil take all!



"HARRY THE TAILOR"

DRAWN BY CLAUDE SHEPPERSON, R.I.

Wetherall made no answer, save from his eyes, which did, with the swiftness of one who makes rapid calculations and equally rapid decisions, towards his opponent's side, as if looking for signs of a weapon. Then they jumped as quickly to the left which stood on the mulchplace far from him. Darrell laughed slightly and threw open his coat.

"I am prepared," he said. "Yet a pistol makes a noise unduly; and a small sword brings a bloody mess. I believe that to hang is to go off most quiet and most decent. You, sir, of the law, its grave arbiter, should know best. I will take your advice."

Again the judge moistened his lips, while his face took on a little pallor. "Is't for yourself you would inquire these things, sir?" he asked, dryly. "If you had not broken out of your prison, you would have been in a fair way to answer your own questions in a few weeks. Perhaps even now it is not too late."

"Maybe," said Darrell, indifferently, "Maybe, I shall receive the answer then, but I am anxious now. I cannot wait. Your lordship shall decide."

There was a momentary silence, and then, "I take it, sir, if we speak frankly," said the judge, "that you are offering me my choice."

"You were always shrewd—you are wonderful at an inference," said Darrell, with a sardonic smile, "as I had reason to know this very day."

Sir Edward Wetherall's quick eyes once more went round the room, but apparently met nothing that gave him any hope. The man before him was his junior in years, and his superior in height and physical strength. Determination shone coldly in Darrell's eyes; every movement was deliberate, and that of one who knows his own mind, and has counted the cost. Yet the judge spoke again, and this time his voice had lost its strength.

"I have been adding up the points, Mr. Darrell," said he, "and I freely confess that you have the game. What then will you do with it, and what is your object?"

"My object," said the younger man, "is as obviously to finish the matter out of hand, as yours is to drag out this scene in the hopes of an interruption."

Sir Edward Wetherall made a gesture towards the table.

"As you will see," he observed, "the table is set, the supper served, and I am alone. Until I ring—" he paused.

A smile spread on Darrell's face.

"I see," he said, "or say until I ring, which I have no fancy to do at this moment. Or maybe none will ring, neither of us, never for ever."

Mr. Justice Wetherall was silent, and looked at his fingers, without design, and his lips twitched.

"What you propose," he said next, "can bring you no good, indeed nothing but harm, since the rumour of this second crime will celebrate your whereabouts, and gather you closer into the toils. The net, Mr. Darrell, is cast very thickly about these countries. Your act will but strengthen it." He paused, summoned resolution to eye the other boldly, and even with defiance. It was as if two men met merely, and not one who was a judge and one who was a condemned criminal. "There lies the way open to Portsmouth, Mr. Darrell," said he, with a killing eye. "The night is dark and I shall see no man until to-morrow. My tongue, indeed, is discreet. I am not here in the interests of justice. I shed my office when I came forth of Guildford. I know nothing of an escaped prisoner, Gabriel Darrell, and, of a truth, if all be known, and because I believe him to be rather reckless than criminal at heart, I would wish him well—abroad."

A grim smile played on Darrell's face, as he looked at the man who was his predestined victim.

"I take it very kindly in Mr. Justice Wetherall," said he, with a patent sneer, "to interest himself in me, and shut his eyes, and bid me God-speed. 'Tis strange with what a friendly air his lordship beams on me—that was but a poor prisoner in the dock, shrinking from the fire of his just and terrible eyes this very day. My lord, you have a kind heart and a good nature. 'Tis impossible that you should hide it, however you try. Gentleness does but put on a disguise, when you assume the cloak of justice. I thank you for your consideration of my safety."

Sir Edward Wetherall dropped his gaze, and after a short silence moved gently to the table and poured some wine into a glass. He drank it with a hand which was quite steady, and Darrell watched him with some such look as a cat might bend upon the mouse she plays with. It was a cold steel eye that regarded him, expressing merely curiosity as to how his prey would conduct himself.

"I see," said the judge at length, without expression—"I see that you are prepared to give your life for mine."

"I value yours so highly, my lord," said Darrell, speaking now with tense feeling, "that I would sacrifice my own ten times for it."

His hands made a gesture of savage emphasis, as if he had at last broken forth from his severe restraint.

"You honour me by the valuation," answered the judge, an echo of the ironic returning to his voice. "And yet," he pursued thoughtfully, "I do not see that my action has justified so great a price. 'Tis true that I gave no witness in your case, yet that witness would have done you little good, and would have injured a lady."

"Sir!" cried Darrell, in evident amazement.

"Why, yes!" continued the other. "If I could have spared you I would. Yet it was obvious you had acted with wildness, if no worse, and to have excused you would have been to bring scandal upon a lady."

Darrell stared at him as if he had imperfectly understood.

"What?" he said. "Scandal!"—and then, with hauteur: "I am not one, sir, to fetch a lady's name into talk or gossip. Her name need not have appeared. 'Twas but your evidence that was needed."

Sir Edward Wetherall glanced at him.

"'Twas inevitable that her name would have been tainted," he insisted.

"You do not escape that way, sir," said Darrell, impatiently. "See, let me rehearse for your lordship's benefit what should have been rehearsed before your lordship, by your lordship. Lady Gibbon honours me by an interview at her house one evening, whereat certain matters of business are under discussion. No

sooner are we set there than Sir James Gibbon, who, as we both well know, has fairly treated her, breaks in, insulting his wife and forces upon me a duel."

The judge elevated his eyebrows. "Forces upon you a duel?" he repeated.

"Aye, sir, as you know," said Darrell, with heat. "You who appeared upon the scene while the fight was in progress, and, before God, my lord, you knew 'twas thrust on me; yet you spoke not. My lady's name need not have been brouched. 'Twas but a quarrel over cards 'twixt Sir James and me. That was my plea. I pleaded that in my defence, and, by Heaven, my lord, I look'd to you to bear me out. But you kept silence, and for that you die."

Upon the older man's countenance a look of suspicion broke out during this speech, and his brows contracted further.

"Sir," he said with asperity, "you work a pliant tongue, and would persuade me as skilfully off the bench as upon it. It is true, as you say, that I came upon you as you fought—a madman's fight. Forced, you say. Well, God is your Judge, not I any longer. I know you to be a passionate man. What happened between you and Sir James I know not." He paused imperceptibly. "I have no means of knowing. But I can guess. Your admiration of Lady Gibbon has been well known in the county. Sir, it is between you and your God alone now that you wantonly attacked and killed a man, who to you, at least, had given no ground of quarrel."

"Do you say that?" demanded Darrell in a fury. "Sir, you know how greatly you lie, and for what you shall perish miserably, as you would have me perish."

Sir Edward Wetherall winced, but did not change colour.

"You betray a spirit," he said, with dignity, "which had I suspected I would have pitied you the less. I took you for a vain and reckless man, yet with a heart to love whole and to destruction. I find you, Mr. Darrell, weakly plaintive about your life and your fate, which, indeed, I begin to think that you deserve, whining about what was due to you, and professing craven excuses. Sir, I believe my sentence was well said on you."

Black anger started out of Darrell's face, and his features worked strongly, he stretched at a weapon.

"You dare accuse me of that!" he cried. "You, who must know and have known from the first how matters stood!"

The judge made a gesture. "Come, I have no love for sham heroes," he said, "even if this scene must close tragically. I am weary of your pretences. Best let them end. But if I had been in your case, sir, I would in such a moment, when you propose to take a fellow-creature's life, deal honestly and without feints. I should but carry the truth, if you confessed it, to the grave," he declared with his former irony, "and the grave will not betray you—not at least this time."

A change passed over Darrell's face, a change in which was registered some bewilderment.

"I do not understand you," said he. "You have the truth—you have known the truth all along, as Lady Gibbon knows?"

Sir Edward Wetherall stared at him, then shrugged his shoulders.

"I know," said he, "that I sentenced a coward, where I had thought to sentence only a rogue."

"Coward!" echoed the young man, moving upon him with a menacing expression. In his right hand was a pistol. Mr. Justice Wetherall stood, thin, still and expectant, his lips compressed tightly, but his face undunted. On that instant the door of the chamber was opened, and a woman appeared on the threshold. The heads of the two turned instinctively towards her, but it was upon Wetherall that her gaze was directed. She was young, slender even in the voluminous robes of that day, and of an alert beauty. From her face the expression of eager expectancy faded swiftly, as she took in the situation, and then her glance fell on Darrell and she was charged with terror and agitation as at a blow.

"You! you!" she gasped, and would have reeled against the wall, but that Sir Edward's arm now supported her.

Darrell's face, on his part, was full of astonishment, in which mingled also gratification and an evident shame.

"I—I—escaped, Lady Gibbon," he stammered. She shrank from him, and it was Sir Edward Wetherall who replied. The judge's voice was still even and placid, and would not have betrayed to any that he had just dodged by a chance an inglorious death. Yet in his words rang a reminder to the man before him.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Darrell," said he, "if I point out to you the mutability of human hopes. The character of the scene changes. I am neither gaoler nor Bow Street officer, and the door, as I have already remarked, is open."

Darrell laughed shortly, as if endorsing the facts behind this statement, put up his pistol; but he looked at the lady only, and his features wore a wistful look.

"You shrink from me," he said in a different voice. "Why do you shrink from me?"

The lady made no answer, and was deathly pale. Sir Edward again it was who spoke, and with some sharpness.

"Sir, it is time you were gone." He held out a finger towards the door.

"Will nothing lend you the sense of a gentleman for one moment that you inflict your presence on this lady?"

Darrell paid him no heed, but addressed the woman. "'Tis true his blood is on me," he pleaded, "yet indeed, madam, you know how it happened, and that 'twas not I that sought the quarrel."

"I—I know nothing," she burst forth in agitation. "Sir, I beg you to spare me." She had fallen into a chair and trembled. Sir Edward approached him and lowered his voice.

"Look ye here, Mr. Darrell. There is but one thing you can do for this lady now and that is to begone. Do you suppose that she can bear your presence with any calmness, you who killed her husband? It is unbecoming in you, it is indelicate, the thing cries shame on you. As for what has gone before this evening; it is done. I am Edward Wetherall, and not judge of His Majesty's Courts to-night. By to-morrow night you might be in Portsmouth."

The young man turned his eyes from the judge who addressed him to the woman in the chair and back again. It was as if he did not hear, but was revolving something deeply in his mind. What did

Lady Gibbon here? How came she so late? Slowly in his troubled and excited brain these questions formed and bewildered him. Why did she turn from him, who had never turned before? And what did Sir Edward Wetherall in this wayside inn? The coincidences astounded and confused him. His thoughts sprang into words.

"What do you here, Lady Gibbon?" he asked, in a voice that trembled, and his glance flitted helplessly to the man.

"Sir, what right have you to demand anything of this lady?" sounded the judge's sharp voice.

"I have the right of one who has suffered, sir," answered Darrell, in a slow and painful voice. "What do you here, madam, so late and so far afield?" he cried again.

Lady Gibbon did not answer, but stared at him fearfully, and the justice stood angrily between them.

"Go," he thundered, "or I will have you taken anew, and clapped in Guildford Gaol! Sir, be advised! The gallows threaten you if you go not forth this instant!"

Then it was that the woman found voice almost for the first time.

"Send him back—oh, send him back!" she cried in terror, that was almost inarticulate. "Do not let him escape! Send him back!"

A certain look of astonishment passed into Sir Edward's face at this outcry, but the effect on the other was remarkable. His face whitened and deadened, as if under the sudden seizure of a palsy, and—

"Alas!" he cried, as though from the rack of pain.

Sir Edward turned and cast a glance at the Lady Gibbon, whose face was hidden in her hands, and then, without a change of expression, his eyes sought Darrell.

"Sir," he said, slowly, but with the distinctness of utterance which characterised him on the bench, "when a man has done a woman so much mischief as to kill her husband, it ill becomes him that he should add further to her distress."

"'Twas his own doing," said Darrell, hopelessly white and in different. "He insulted his wife and forced it on me."

Sir Edward, with the face of the judge, turned to the woman.

"Was this so?" he asked.

She did not answer except by a sob. He regarded her bowed head.

"If this were so," pursued the judge in his even voice, "it would go some way to prove that there has been a miscarriage of justice. I had understood," he continued deliberately, "that 'twas a wanton attack delivered on Sir James Gibbon that caused his death. . . . Mr. Darrell," he added in a harsh voice, "why did you not call Lady Gibbon as witness?"

"I hoped you would save me by a subterfuge," murmured Darrell. "I spoke of cards. I thought you knew all."

After a silence Sir Edward spoke again still harshly. "There was Lady Gibbon," he said. "She might have testified for you."

"I would not have had her name dragged into common report," said Darrell, with a side glance at him.

"That Lady Gibbon was very kind to you gave you no reason to call her by her name as you did just now," pursued the judge. "Why did you use that term of intimacy?"

Darrell made no answer, and the other continued, but his voice was now grave and more authoritative. "Mr. Darrell, do you guess how I stand to this lady?" he asked.

Darrell miserably shook his head.

"What did you, Mr. Darrell," pursued the inexorable voice, "at Ashton Hall on the night of Sir James's death?"

There was silence again, and then a murmur from the man.

"There was some business."

A hard smile played round Sir Edward's lips. "There seems to have been other people with business also. Lady Gibbon was a busy woman always," he said, and turned suddenly to her. "Why did you give me a false account of the duel?" he demanded, coldly.

She sprang up suddenly from where she was sitting, handsomer than ever in her pallor, which went as her words flowed and her abandonment grew.

"Because I didn't want him!" she cried. "Because he wearied me. I was tired of him. I wanted never to see him again. I wanted him to go out of my life. It was you—you—only you that I wanted! Edward, believe me! On my faith, on my heart, it was you and you only that I loved!"

Darrell stared at her dully, as if the limits of his comprehension had been reached, his countenance now haggard and seamed with the marks of care. Sir Edward's aspect hardened.

"I see," he said simply, and to the man, "I see you did not call all your witnesses. There was material evidence suppressed, and," slowly, "I doubt if any jury would have convicted you had you called your evidence."

"Edward! Edward!" called the woman, appealingly, but he paid her no heed. He was looking at the man.

"At the risk of repeating myself, Mr. Darrell," he said, "I would draw your attention to the open door. What has passed here lies locked in the breast of myself and," he paused, "this lady. I have no doubt it will continue to lie there. I have already said that if I were you I could be in Portsmouth to-morrow, and there are packets sailing. You go with my regrets and . . . my respect."

The woman clasped her hands, as if she dreaded this release, which, from the solemn air of the judge, was almost an acquittal pronounced upon the bench. Darrell alone spoke.

"No," he said, mechanically, "I will not go to Portsmouth. I go, but I go back to Guildford."

Sir Edward Wetherall made a gesture as if to stay him, but he had turned quickly and gone, without a look at either, and the noise of the slammed door was in the room.

The man and the woman who were left faced each other, and the woman was trembling.

Without, in the heavy rain, a man tramped away from the Tavern . . . towards the gallows.

H. B. Marriott Watson

THE DAMOZEL OF ST. CYR

By ROMA WHITE

THE King and the Chevalier de Harlai were walking in the gardens of Versailles, which were extremely ugly, though very few people would have believed you had told them so. The flower-beds were flat, and like Persian carpets; and the constant, small, fatiguing fountains had been perceived by Madame de Sevigne to be that kind of art which is a veritable tyrant and oppressor of poor Nature. In one part of the gardens alone were breezes, mystery and fragrance, where birds might sing and lovers kiss; and this was the hedge of roses that surrounded the patch of Simples grown by Paolo Cassini to physic the servants and courtiers of the Palace and the nuns and damozels of the neighbouring Convent of St. Cyr.

Paolo Cassini was greatly liked, both by Madame de Maintenon and the King; for had he not given them a wonderful antidote to the poisons of his fellow-countryman Exili? He possessed a key to the door that divided the Versailles Gardens from the St. Cyr Convent, and passed in and out as freely as Madame de Maintenon herself, whom he was supposed to excel in timid holiness. Abbés and religious ladies smiled on him; and only the King regarded him sometimes with a quiet twinkle, as if wondering whether he were really wholly free from the importunities of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

As the King and the Chevalier, this summer afternoon, approached Paolo Cassini's hedge of roses, His Majesty was smiling benevolently in answer to a request which had just been made to him by M. de Harlai.

"Attend the betrothal of your daughter? With the greatest pleasure in the world! If she is half as pretty and a quarter as wicked as her brother, my imp of a page, I shall want to kiss her myself, and shall grudge her to her elected husband. Who is the happy youth?"

"He is not exactly a youth, your Majesty. I have promised her to the Chevalier de Coulanges."

"*Mon Dieu*, M. de Harlai, that is indeed winter and spring—seventeen and seventy!"

The Chevalier's grim face looked a little uncomfortable.

"He writes very elegant odes in her praise," said he, as if searching his thoughts for some remembrance of youthful fires on the part of M. de Coulanges.

"He ought to write them in praise of Paradise instead at his age! Absurd old man!" remarked the King impatiently.

"I am sorry your Majesty disapproves," said the Chevalier in a cold and melancholy voice, "for the negotiations are nearly completed."

"Oh, I don't disapprove—I don't disapprove! And she shall have her little present of francs, like the other damozels. But I was looking forward to seeing the dimples and smiles and blushes that one sees at the betrothal of two young things."

"Where is the young lady now?" demanded the King, after a moment's silence, during which he had been recalling many things.

"She is within a stone's throw of where we stand, Sire—at the Convent of St. Cyr."

They reached the rose-hedge, and the King suddenly touched his companion's arm. There, on a bench, lay a beautiful boy fast asleep, with his head pillowed on a box of sweetmeats.

"See your son—your rascal!" said Louis, smiling. "Don't wake him."

The shadows under the rose-arches were warm and fragrant, and interlaced with light; and little shining lizards darted from hiding-place to hiding-place. On the grass footpath the steps of the King and the Chevalier fell almost without sound. They turned a corner silently, and then drew up sharp and short, with a simultaneous exclamation and change of feature.

On a stone seat in front of them sat Paolo Cassini. On the knees of Paolo Cassini sat a girl. And Paolo was kissing that girl with the greatest abandon.

The King's just surprise had given way immediately to delighted mischief.

"Ah, ha!" he said, under his breath. "Look at that, Chevalier! A good way of physicking the pretty little lady, eh? Hush! They do not see us! Shall we —?"

"Sire," cried the Chevalier in a voice of thunder, "that is my daughter."

His accents reached the delinquents upon the stone bench. They jumped to their feet, and the girl gave a little shriek of dismay.

"*Ciel*! My father!" she cried. And then she stood still, with startled eyes, crimson cheeks, and clasped hands.

Louis was greatly discomfited, and wished much that this pretty young pair had not been so rudely disturbed in their Elysium. Nevertheless, he composed his face and bearing into dignified severity as he marched up with M. de Harlai, whose whole figure trembled with rage.

M. de Harlai was a man of great self-command. Despite his trembling he spoke quietly; though his daughter recognised that his wrath was terrible.

"Sire," said he, "Had I been alone I would have killed yonder foreign rascal! As my King has been witness, my King shall be judge."

Louis was silent. Mademoiselle de Harlai had given him a look so imploring that he could only long to grant the unspoken request it conveyed. He stroked his chin considerably, and coughed.

"Hem!" he said, "hem! Paolo Cassini I am ashamed for you!" Paolo, through the attempted sternness, saw the sympathy in his Monarch's eye.

"As your Majesty has taken that office upon yourself I need not pretend to a condition of mind I cannot feel," he answered with a defiant bow.

The Chevalier de Harlai allowed his teeth to chatter for a moment, then regained his self-control.

"I wait to hear your Majesty give sentence," he said. And his daughter threw an indignant glance towards him for his lack of clemency.

"Give sentence? To be sure—to be sure! But I must think it over. Where is my little page?"

Young Eugene de Harlai ran up. He was white and shaking, and big tears brimmed up in his sleepy eyes as he met his sister's glance of reproach and anguish.

"Eugene," said the King, "command a guard."

"Paolo," said Louis, "for the present you will be placed under

arrest, for—for—for having outraged the feelings and dignity of my ancient and well-beloved house of Harlai. I will consider your punishment. Chevalier, may I suggest that Mademoiselle is allowed to retire, through that open door yonder, into her convent, and—and—and advised to remain there?"

The King was dealing out justice but lamely, though the Chevalier pretended not to know this. He bowed, took his daughter by the hand, and when she had curtsied to the King, led her away.

"Go to your room, Mademoiselle," he said sternly. "You will be watched carefully until your marriage. For your base-born foreign lover, I do not doubt but that the King will hang him."

Mademoiselle de Harlai looked up, and retorted with spirit.

"You know very well, sir, that the King will not. And I love M. Cassini, and I hate M. de Coulanges."

Nevertheless, when she looked back and saw Paolo marched off by a big soldier her spirit broke down; and, with a burst of tears, she ran through Madame de Maintenon's private entrance into the Convent, and banged the door in her angry parent's face.

Louis for his part watched the retreating figure of the young physician with a somewhat rueful countenance. At his side the page continued to shake with sobs. Suddenly the King put his hand upon young Eugene's head.

"Don't cry—he will not be hurt. Tell me, were you not set to watch?"

"Yes, Sire," said the page, with another burst of grief.

"Ah!" said the King regretfully as he walked away. "Why did you fall asleep—why did you fall asleep?"

The monarch went to his own apartments and, very ruefully, confided the story to Madame de Maintenon.

"See here, beloved, they are young and charming and full of fires. And M. de Coulanges is an old waxwork. And yet I must punish our kind and witty Paolo, and send Mademoiselle into a matrimonial desert."

Madame smiled with grave tenderness, but had no suggestions to make. She never took the initiative with the King.

The King was silent and thoughtful, head on hand. The little page Eugene entered with a message, and His Majesty summoned him to his side.

"How often have your sister and M. Cassini met, child? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The boy trembled and cast down his eyes.

"More times than I can count, Sire," he whispered. "They love each other very much."

"And does Mademoiselle de Harlai not understand that she is to marry the Chevalier de Coulanges?"

"Oh, yes, Sire, she understands, but does not like it. Sire——"

The boy suddenly burst into sobs and flung himself at the King's feet.

"Sire, they say you will banish M. Cassini. Grant that I may be banished with him—for I love him better than life."

"Get up—get up," said the King, kindly. "I have never said that I would banish him. But I could understand that he would wish to take you with him—you are the very picture of your sister. Dress you in lady's attire, and no one could tell you apart."

Then he dismissed the boy, and sat for a long time deep in thought.

Paolo Cassini, meanwhile, was allowed to sup luxuriously in a chamber in the Palace; but the big soldier sat always by the door. As the twilight fell the King visited him in prison, and sent the guard outside.

"Paolo," said Louis, taking a seat, "you have behaved with great foolishness."

"Ah, your Majesty, I have committed the sin of being found out."

"Exactly. That is what I complain of. And you have forced me to play the part of a hypocrite. Are you aware, Monsieur, that I shall be obliged to punish you?"

"Your Majesty will find some means of fitting the punishment to the fault."

"Paolo, you are a confident rascal. Do you really love that little girl you were kissing so ecstatically this afternoon?"

"Sire," said the young doctor, in a voice that trembled with earnestness, "I would give my life for her."

"Well, well!"

There was a world of tolerance in the Monarch's voice and eye. He smiled, and took a pinch of snuff.

"Your dark eyes seem to have inspired the young brother with ardour also, Monsieur. He begs me to allow him to follow you into banishment. I think retirement will be the best course for you, Paolo, though the Convent of St. Cyr will give many tears to the memory of its physician. But I cannot wholly overlook the demands of M. de Harlai. I can see he thinks that at least I ought to hang you for having kissed his daughter."

"The delight of the past would be worth it, your Majesty."

The King tried to hide his sympathy for this sentiment, and shook his head as he rose to leave.

"M. Cassini, you will be sent under escort to Rome. Less or more I cannot do. And Mademoiselle will marry M. de Coulanges."

He went away, and with him went Paolo's cherished hopes that the King would interfere in his favour. The young Italian bowed his face upon his hands and wept hot tears for his lost love.

And now went a message to St. Cyr that Madame de Maintenon would like to see and to remonstrate with her erring young favourite. So Mademoiselle de Harlai, flushed, impenitent, and mutinous, was ushered into the apartment of the King.

"Mademoiselle——"

Mademoiselle started, and looked up hastily. Not Madame de Maintenon, but Louis himself stood before her.

"Mademoiselle, will you tell me all your little secrets."

The tone was sweet, low, genial. Mademoiselle lost a portion of her bad temper.

"Ah, Sire," she whispered, "I have only one secret and it is a great one. I love M. Cassini."

Then she looked up and caught her breath.

"Sire, you are not going to punish him for loving me!"

Louis was smiling and stroking his chin.

"His sentence has been pronounced. He goes into banishment. But——"

She waited, eager-eyed, trembling, and expectant. The King took her hand.

"Have you a good wit?" he asked. "If so, listen!"

For a quarter of an hour he talked to her. Then, wondering, she went back to St. Cyr.

In three days' time it was known that the betrothal of Mademoiselle and M. de Coulanges would take place in the Palace itself, in accordance with the gracious kindness of the King, who desired to show all honour to the house of Harlai. The Chevalier heard also, with a grim smile of triumph, that Paolo Cassini would on the very morning of the ceremony be conveyed under escort to the Italian frontier, and forbidden to enter France for the remainder of his life. M. de Harlai, therefore, put on his best clothes with great satisfaction, and marched with stiff self-importance to the Palace, to bear his important part on this delectable occasion.

M. de Harlai was ordered, on arrival, into the presence of the King, who greeted him warmly.

"Ha, monsieur! A happy occasion! Have you a little thought to spare to other things?"

"Your Majesty commands the innermost recesses of my heart."

"Then listen! I have given no small regret to the indignity brought by that rascal Paolo Cassini upon the house of Harlai. He is, as you know, to be banished this morning, and I have raised my little page, your son, to the rank of Military Captain, that he may command the escort that will carry Cassini to the Italian frontier."

M. de Harlai smiled with pleasure.

"Your Majesty does too much honour to the child."

"The child will prove himself worthy of it. At present he is bidding adieu to his sister, whom, as you know, he dearly loves. Come! To the chapel!"

Madame de Maintenon, in obedience to the orders of the King, had given up her chamber to Mademoiselle, and the women buzzed, with much chattering, about the bride. When she was quite ready, a message came that her brother was to be admitted, alone, to say good-bye.

The little page entered, winsome and childlike, in his new uniform. The rooms were cleared, and, for a long time, the two were left alone together.

Then the maids of honour came to fetch the bride, whose head was bent low, under the concealing veil. And, with his handkerchief to his eyes, the child-captain clattered down the staircase, flung himself on his horse, and rode away at the head of the soldiers who surrounded the closed carriage that bore Paolo Cassini to banishment.

The wedding-ceremony was very long and very gorgeous, and Mademoiselle de Harlai stared at the altar, and calculated, each five minutes, how much further Paolo and the Captain would have proceeded on their way towards Italy. M. de Coulanges, withered and old, leered at her from his dim glassy eyes; and once she clenched her fist in a curiously boyish fashion.

"Old pig!" she muttered. "I should like to hit him!"

Then she dropped her hand passively to her side again, and peeped under her lashes, with a curious roguish glance, at the King, who was repeating his responses with angelic gravity and zeal.

After the wedding came the banquetting and music, throughout which the fatigued and bashful bride refused either to eat or raise her veil. People said she was weeping beneath the lace meshes; but the King intervened in her favour and bade them leave her alone. All the time she was watching the big clock at the end of the hall.

At last the hour of six rang out. Seven hours had elapsed since the departure of Paolo Cassini; and, according to custom, preparations were made to escort bride and bridegroom to a private room. As her maids approached, Madame de Coulanges, with a swift movement, darted from them and reached the side of the King.

"Sire!" she cried in a clear voice, "the moment has come for me to throw back my veil!"

Flinging it from her face, she fell on her knees, by his side, before the company. All were silent—all were perplexed. Only M. de Coulanges raised his cracked voice in a shrill chattering scream.

"*Mon Dieu!* Who are you?"

"I am Eugene de Harlai—and I crave pardon of the King, my master, for my sister is on her way to Italy with Paolo Cassini, the man she loves!"

The King sat in his bedchamber and laughed—laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. Madame de Maintenon looked vaguely shocked, and shook her head. Eugene de Harlai, with the face of a penitent angel, waited on them as usual. Report went that M. de Coulanges had taken to his bed, and that M. de Harlai had had a very bad fit.

That same evening Paolo Cassini's escort, dismissed by a small imperative Captain, left him, and he dismounted from his close carriage at the door of a wayside inn. He went into a private apartment for supper, but ate nothing, for he was very heavy of heart. To him, in his solitude, came a tired scrap of a magnificent military personage, who saluted wearily.

"Monsieur! The King gave me leave to follow you!"

"Eugene!"

The Captain dragged himself on his little weary feet somewhat nearer to his prisoner.

"Eugene—who is it? Who?"

The little hands and face of the Captain were at his sleeve, and a pair of big eyes shone blue and starry through tears of exhaustion.

"Marguerite!"

There was a silence, broken by intermittent sound. Then came the little Captain's exhausted voice again.

"Hush! Do not kiss me so loud! And it was not me—I didn't want to—it was the King! But we are never to tell—never! And, oh! riding that horse did make me so tired—it is nice to be sitting on your knee!"

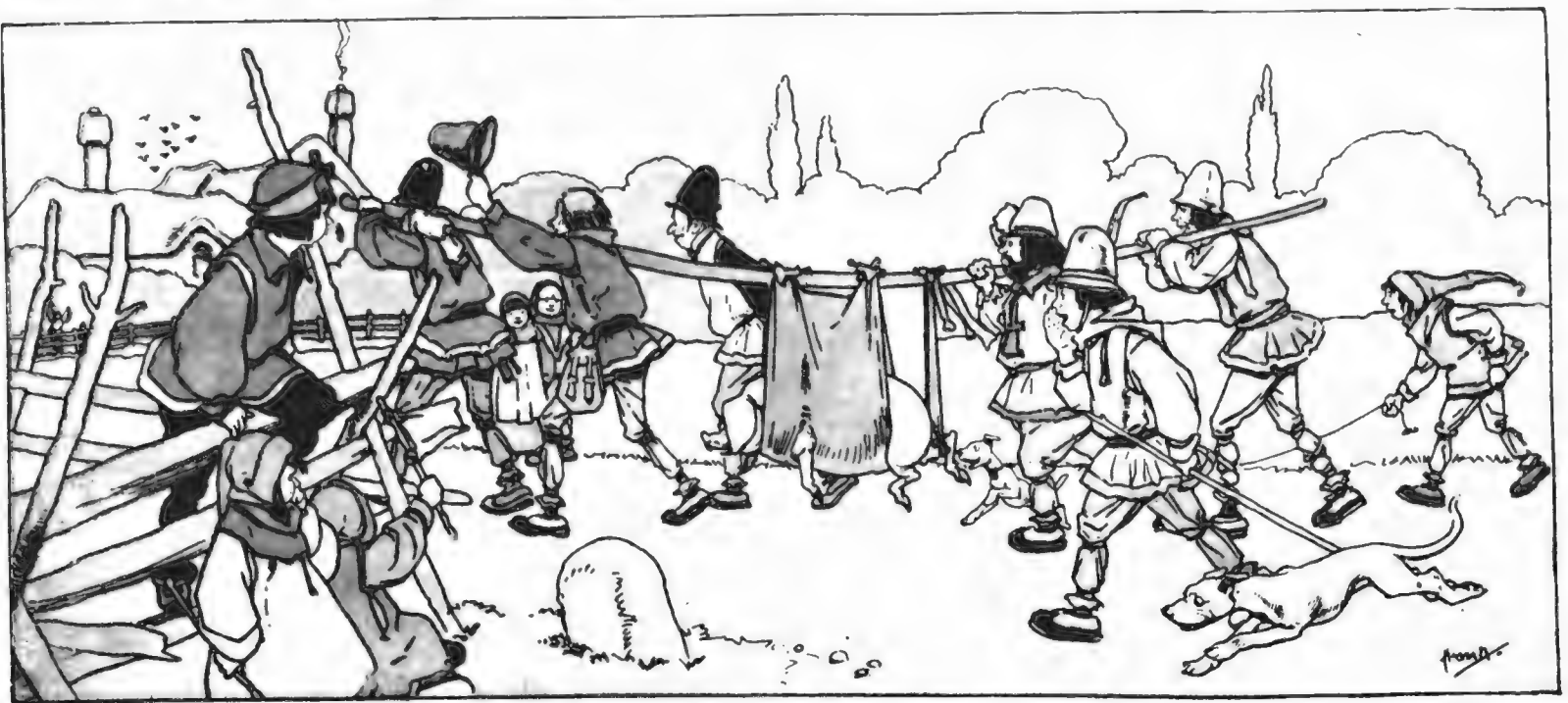
Roma White



Simple Simon met a Piewan Going to the Fair. Says Simple Simon to the Piewan, "Let me Taste your Ware"



"Young Lambs to Sell. Young Lambs to Sell. If I'd as much money as I could tell, I never would cry 'Young Lambs to Sell'"



To Market, to Market, to Buy a Fat Pig. Home again, Home again. Jiggety Jig
OLD TALES RETOLD BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

LOTE OF UDYMERE

By Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON Illustrated by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

LOTE, of Udymer, in Sussex, acquired a reputation rapidly, simply because he was a dreamer. When he stood in the market-place of Rye town (in the Marshes) or rode along the streets on holidays on his little old dappled horse, any stranger that saw him pass always asked his name. His occupation was more or less indicated by his loose cap and his delicate hands. He has left his mark on Rye of the Marshes in more ways than one. But the things of which I write are not entered in the town archives, nor in any of the ledgers which show that his brush received honourable remuneration at the hands of its splendid municipality. As aforesaid, he was a dreamer. It was the strangest thing to see him stand twisting his thin curved thumbs, with a smile on his mobile, sensitive lips, among other Rye folks, who were always so busy and scandalous and full of the material affairs. And that rightly, for if Lote had been left to himself he would never have had a dinner in his life nor a rag with which to cover himself, and if he had been mayor the place would have been beset by thieves and foreign spies from across the Channel, in all of whom he would have placed the most childlike trust. But Lote was not mayor, nor even a jurat; nor was he a burgher. He was just a man of the brush, and one thanks Heaven that there was a Mistress Lote to keep his serge darned and his social reputation green. She was the most delicious wife any man could have had, full of spirit and tenderness at once. She came of a Huguenot family, Glacy, and her grandmother and her grandfather were among those who fled with their looms to the crypts of Winchelsea Abbey when their kin were massacred in France. Richardyne Glacy had warm blood in her, and whenever she knelt by Lote's side at Mass, or went into the low-roofed attic where Lote ground his pigments and elaborated his sacred masterpieces, to tell him that his supper was growing cold, it seemed to him that the Rose of Sharon had dropped one of its glowing buds right at his very feet. She helped him right royally, and sat many a time for the Blessed Virgin—that is, for the pose and the drapery, not for the face—her face was too full of russet health and mirth for that. So Lote worked and moved in a maze of rich colours, great blues, dragon's blood reds, orange which only he seemed to have the art of producing, while his mind lay in a trance. In that trance the Vision Beatific unfolded a procession of persons in robes of canonical splendour, perpetually crowned. He had taught Mistress Lote to lay on with her deft touch the gold of the nimbus on a saint's head. She did it perfectly giving it the effect of an impasto so perfect that all who saw it were astounded. The Abbot of Brede rode down to Udymer on his fat brown mule specially to see an altar-piece to St. Petronilla designed for a shrine at Hastings, and the holy Vicar of St. Mary's, Rye, commanded a new Nativity for the Lady Chapel.

The little silk-meshed pouch that held Lote's worldly riches grew plump. Mistress Lote guarded it with pride and joy, and went to a fair to buy some fine Flemish lawn, and red kersey, and some taffetas, and green cloth. Out of the cloth she made Master Lote a cloak such as painters wear, and clasped it round his neck with many kisses and thanksgivings. Out of the kersey she made herself a skirt, and a bodice of the taffetas, but the white Flemish lawn she wrapped up jealously, and put away with a smile and a happy tear or two in a great oak sea-chest that held her Huguenot bridal gown. The altar-piece for Rye was all but complete when Master Lote was called to Guleford to stand witness in a case of landmark ravage. The next day was Easter Eve, and the Nativity was to be set up in its place. Mistress Lote had her Easter gown all ready.

It was agreed that four hours before curfew the Vicar's man was to bring a pack-mule and ropes and take the masterpiece back to the priest, and it was to be placed temporarily, since Lote could not see to the fastening of it, over the altar.

Mistress Lote stood at her door looking towards Camber, whence she knew her good man would ride. But he did not come, and the evening drew on till she heard the clatter of hoofs on the left from Rye. She debated long before she gave the painting over to the Vicar's man, but seeing that Lote had left it all tenderly wrapped in bleached cloth, there was nothing for her to do but to fetch her bolkin and sew the wrappings lightly, for fear the March dust, which still lingered on the April roads, should

enter through the folds and mar the perfect carmine and cream of the cheeks of the Holy Maid-Mother or the glory about the Child's head, and the shimmer of the splendid still lilies among which the two sat embowered. Each petal of those lilies had Lote traced with infinite reverence. Mistress Lote helped the man to raise the precious panel on the back of the mule, and pulled with pretty viciousness at all the knots which fastened it there with her slim,

supple fingers. "I shall miss you, my dear man," should I have sworn, she pined for him. "I shall miss you," she said, and then, with a sigh, she watched the cavalcade depart from Rye with joy and pride in her heart.

The Romney Marsh Fair is the Fair of Larks. When Mistress Lote opened her lattice on Easter morning all the Larks in Sussex seemed to be singing over her head. "A very merry day, but to her



"And when it grew dark she still painted by taper-light"

the song was "Hail! all hail, Lote, painter! Lote of Ulymere!" Turning, she walked on tiptoe to the alcove where Lote still slept, and dropped a swift warm kiss, such a kiss as only a wife has learnt to give, on Lote's white forehead, just where his shaggy curls parted at the side. And Lote, smiling in his dreams, took it, after the manner of man, as entirely his due.

When Mistress Lote, in church, lifted up her head from her prayers, and saw the light strike the picture, her ivory missal dropped on the damp stone flags. She looked at Lote. Did he see? She looked round the church. The white ruffs of the maltster and his wife and of the burghers' ladies shone like pearl-white glories. And to think that the Christ Child in Lote's picture should have no glory! How could he have forgotten? Lote, kneeling erect, gazed with rapt face at his work. Presently his glance stole round to his sweet wife, whose eyes were closed and her hands meekly folded. And then he looked at all the people about him, and thought, "They are all beautiful. Oh, that I could paint flesh!" Of a sudden it seemed to him that his painted lilies looked stiff and soulless beside God's snowdrops on the altar, and it was then that he discovered with a start the omission of the nimbus.

After Mass he was for sauntering gently away into a by-street; but his wife, bursting with pride and pleasure, made this excuse and that to hang back, so that the mayor's wife might greet her, and that the cordwainer's bride should see her new cloak. And then the priest himself came hurrying from the sacristy with "You there, Master Lote! You've left our Holy Child without his crown in your picture."

"You were in such sorry haste, holy father," grumbled Lote.

"Well, well, come and finish it on Easter Tuesday, at your ease."

But when Easter Tuesday brought with it quick stinging showers of sleet, Master Lote grumbled again, and vowed he would not go. On the Wednesday the horse was lame.

"Go into Rye, husband," said Mistress Lote, "or the good father will be angry."

"I'll not go."

"But there is the portrait of the mayor's wife to finish also," urged the wife. "See, I earned these"—she took some coins out of a drawer—"by making smocks for Master Donne's men a month since. Take them, and pay for a night's lodging at the Flushing Inn, by the Court House—or two nights, it may be. I'll not be frightened alone here, sweetheart, and if you must tarry a second day I will come in the evening and fetch you home. In two days you can finish all the work and the portrait, and it will put forty good crowns in your pocket."

"A painter does not eat gold," said Master Lote, contemptuously. Then Mistress Lote fetched a satchel and packed it with his brushes and his colours, and held up her face beseechingly, like a child, so that Lote was forced to yield, and trudged away grumbling more than ever.

When he reached the church it was sleeting again and very overcast. The streets were empty, and the few who hurried past seemed to be buried in their capes and mufflers, with their heads sunk between their shoulders against the wind. The church door was open. Lote, with his satchel, was glad enough to slip inside and shake the wet sleet from him. It was very dim in the church, and so still compared with the roaring of the wind outside, that he was startled as a man in black with a pointed beard and a collar of fine lace came upon him round a pillar. When Lote took out his brushes the stranger drew closer, and greeted him in broken English, and said he was a Fleming and a painter, and had come over to paint a portrait of Earl Surrey. And Lote showed him the plaster work which Flemish craftsmen had done in the church, and the silver embossed cups that the priest had fetched from Antwerp, and the stranger, who expressed himself as mightily pleased, said that the church was cold, and bounteously entreated Master Lote to share a bowl of spiced ale with him at the inn hard by.

"I thank you, sir," said Lote, "and would talk further with you, but there is a corner of my Nativity here that is lacking, and I must fill it up before the light fails." And he pointed to the figure of the Child.

"But 'tis complete," said the stranger.

"Nay, but the nimbus?"

The stranger, who said his name was Mynheer Francis Slueyt, laughed.

"So you in England here must still plague yourselves over the stiff old Italian codes? Why, my good fellow, you might as lief fasten one of the Eucharist patines to a man's head. See, then, you have painted a child lying asleep on the fresh grass. Is it not a child, and nothing more and also nothing less? What more can your round plaster of gold add to it?" With his nervous, tapering hand on Lote's shoulder, he walked slowly up and down the nave of the church, and his comradeship gladdened the heart of the dreamy fellow, whose dull desire to live and to achieve the Fleming roused into sudden flame. Suddenly a gleam of the sun recalled Lote to himself, and promising to meet the Fleming at the Flushing hostel, he hurried away to the Mayor's house, his head on fire with schemes. His brain had never been clearer. As he gazed with half-closed eyes at the warm tones of the subject that his canvas reflected, his heart carolled with joy and thankfulness. Such copper lustre in the gown of the Mayor's lady, such lights in the panelling and on the silver flagons on the shelf, such goodly tapestry! All unconsciously he worked, wasting never a touch. The small blue eyes with their crowsfeet, the slightly fading hair, the stiff can, and then the squat burgher's nose and the deep lines either side of the nostrils—lines that almost met others curving from the sides of the long upper lip downwards—all delighted him. Mynheer Slueyt's last sentence throbbed in Lote's ear: "Friend, we painters have no god but Truth—Truth!"

The Fleming and he sat long over the inn fire that night, and every word the stranger dropped Lote sucked in greedily. And Mynheer Slueyt talked of Van Eyck and of Quentin Matsys, who turned painter for love of a true maid; and of Beauty, and of the Divine Vision, as he sat in the firelight, his thin face lit up by his keen eyes, his arm gesticulating the while.

Mistress Lote set out to meet her husband long after noon on the third day, and ended her marketing before she went to the Mayor's house, where the innkeeper had told her to find her spouse. At the foot of the Courthouse she met the Mayor's scullion, who told her

she could wait for Master Lote in the kitchen, and she entered and sat there shyly and apart, looking like a snowflake tinged with the sun among the sturdy solid serving-wench. The steward was busy carrying dishes to the parlour, and Mistress Lote suddenly heard loud protests through the open door. The voices grew louder. She stepped into the corridor, and there, trembling in the shadow, she looked into the oaken parlour. The Mayor stood in the centre of the room, flushed and stuttering, and his helpmeet sat enthroned on her high chair facing the doorway. Master Lote's voice came from behind the door; he was evidently standing at the fireplace. The corner of a painting on a stand was just visible beyond the door.

"And what is your answer, Master Lote?"

"I have painted what I saw, worshipful sir."

"Then someone has bewitched your eyes, Master Lote," said the Mayor, while his lady smiled and stiffened.

"See here," went on the burgher, "you have made a vile travesty of Mistress Diggy's mouth. Our town poet has likened it to Diana's bow, and you have made it as if she said 'Vinegar' and 'Prue' continually!"

"I see only straight lines, Master Diggy's," said Lote, looking critically at the lady, who blushed like a wind-pinched crab-apple, and bristled in her tiffany and lace and hoops like a brooding swan.

"It is my belief that Master Lote works with bad tools," she purred; "he was marking the picture with a terrible thick stump of burnt stick yesterday. I have nimble fingers, and I could not have used it without making a smudge as large as a florin."

"There! you hear!" said the Mayor defiantly. "Mistress Diggy says your tools are poor. Mayhap that grit you were using has caused that blotch on the face. My wife looks here as if she has suffered from a nettle sting on her nose and chin!"

"The colour is there," said Lote, stoutly.

"Not where you have stuck it, Master Lote!" bridled his model.

"And the unsightly blotch, as large as a cherry?" urged the Mayor.

"The wart is there," repeated Lote, sulkily, "and there it shall remain."

"Ah!" cried Mistress Diggy, angrily. "Husband, this impertinent fellow dares to say—"

"You lie!" interrupted the Mayor, "and you are both a fool and an oaf, who neither knows his craft nor his manners! Go and paint your own pimply face, sirrah, and may your picture mirror your own brutishness! To-morrow I will return this picture to you. If you choose to come to your senses and change it you shall be paid duly. If not—"

But Lote, gaunt and pale with resentment, had stalked already out of the room. He never once looked behind him, and Mistress Lote, although she walked fast, had to step a few paces behind him all the way. In the morning she asked if the altarpiece were finished, and all the answer she got was a torrent of abuse against the Mayor's wife, which had not ceased when the Mayor's man rode to the door with a large pack.

"I should not love to be painted with a wart on my chin," was all Mistress Lote's answer.

"They shall take it," muttered Lote; "they shall be taught, ignorant pigs, that a painter paints as he sees—as he feels! The Holy Saints, too, were men. As men I will portray them." Then he thrust his head out of the window. "Tell that mule, the Mayor," he cried, "that he can paint his lady's beauties himself! These jurats are schooled in lies, and I am not!" Then he climbed to his loft to work at his reredos, and slammed the door—he, the once gentle, dreamy Lote—so that the rafters shook. Mistress Lote dared not follow him, and before noon he had trudged off to Hastings, the reredos in three portions strapped on his back.

Mistress Lote sat down and wept bitterly. With the taxes heavy, and things shabby, and she— It was of no use to think of the future. The dust was lying thick on everything in the chamber where Lote worked, and with fast falling tears she brushed it away from his rolls of coarse canvas and his glass vessels where the colours were ground and mixed, and from his long hogs' bristle brushes on which the paint was stiff. And she caught up the tattered, stained, linen doublet in which Lote's soul rejoiced, and held it passionately to her for a moment. Then she remembered that the portrait of the Mayor's wife was in the parlour where the Mayor's messenger had placed it. She placed herself opposite to it with her arms akimbo. The details were remorseless, of a truth. She went up close to it and passed a finger across the face. So little would render the face blooming and smooth! Her scissors hung from her belt. She found they would scrape off some of the roughness. But there was a better tool which she had seen Lote use. She would fetch that. She used it too well; the rich impasto that lay on the high cheekbones of the painted lady disappeared, and the bare canvas, with its yellow priming, after the manner of the Italians, became visible, so that Mistress Diggy looked as if she were bruised on either shining red cheek. Mistress Lote carried the portrait to Lote's work-chamber, and hastily sought for his colours; but just then she heard his step swinging back. She dragged Mistress Diggy away, and across into her bedchamber, and pushed her far under the big heavy walnut bed with red hangings.

Lote came striding up the path, and outside he let some heavy thing, like a pack, swing to the ground dully. Mistress Lote's heart palpitated. She did not dare to go to meet him, but she watched him through a crevice in the door as he climbed to the loft, and she knew that the merchant at Hastings was no more pleased than the Vicar of Rye had been, and that it had fared ill with the reredos. Her eyes were heavy with weeping, and, afraid lest Lote should remark it, she kept her head down over her stitchery till the light died and she could see no more. And Lote rose from the wood block on which he had sat outside in dreamy, muttering discontent, and went in to rest without speech to her or good-night. All that April night Mistress Lote lay awake, her eyes like balls of fire, her brain busy. The portrait of the Mayor's lady lay beneath her. The two yellow patches on the cheeks seemed to stare at her out of the darkness. Towards morning she fell into a heavy sleep, and when she awoke she found the dial pointed almost to noon. Lote was nowhere. He had left a porringer ready for her, and was gone. She remembered that he had muttered something about returning to the Flushing Inn. The portrait! She hurriedly looked for it. It was there, praise the Saints! She put on her clothes

hurriedly, caught up a piece of bread for her breakfast, and went quickly to the loft. There were the brushes, untouched, as she left them, and the colours. In the choosing of silks for the loom as a mere babe she had learnt to mix the primary tints. She used all her little store of craft now to restore the damage, and some good angel surely guided the palette knife and the brush. For Mistress Diggy's crowsfeet were gone; the cheeks were brighter, plumper, and smooth as a wild dove's egg, so carefully had the painter's used oil and colour. There remained but the blot on the chin. That was harder to disguise; but she rubbed and scraped, and—though she knew not what the process meant—scumbled, with success. Then, carrying the picture out, she put it under a pent-house, where it should dry quickly. It happened that William Gaddis came by just before sundown, and stopped his cart to gossip.

"If you are going to Rye, Master Gaddis," she said, "will you give me a seat? There's a big package I'm taking his worship."

The favour was readily granted, for Mistress Lote's dainty face, under its coil, was irresistible, and Gaddis a true cavalier.

The Mayor and his family sat at supper. The steam of roast wild-duck and beef pasty made Mistress Lote's heart ache; for she was faint, and there was little at home for board. A serving-man carried the picture in, and she waited. Then she heard her name called, and, curtsying, entered.

"So Master Lote has come to his senses," said the Mayor. "Here's thirty crowns clear down. And tell our good friend that I am glad he has seen his error. Mistress Diggy is satisfied."

"Aye, and tell Master Lote that when he also brings my bargain with him to an end he will have payment in good coin from me also," said the Vicar, who was supping with the Mayor. "But the man is possessed, it seems."

Mistress Lote shut her hand over the money, and all the way back to Ulymere her lips were tightly pressed, for, coming out of the Mayor's house she had caught sight of her husband, moody and idle, in the pot-room of the Flushing Inn. She reached home first, and, full of deep design, she pulled out of a press some spare coverlets, and, fetching hay from a loft, made a couch fit for a king in one corner of the parlour. Then, putting food on the table and the tinder-box where Lote could find it, she went upstairs and locked herself into her chamber. Presently Lote stumbled into the low porch and lifted the latch, grumbling at the darkness.

"Richardyne!" he called. No answer came. Then he climbed up the ladder, and was wrathful to find no ready welcome.

"I cannot be plagued with you!" said Mistress Lote, fiercely, from within, though her heart ached to show him such sternness. "I am wearied, and my bones ache with labour. I am dead with sleep. Leave me in peace. Go and rest in the parlour."

And not another word could Master Lote elicit from her. Weary-eyed and pallid, she was up long before her spouse.

"That is a scurvy trick to play a man," said Master Lote, "to turn him out of his bed without warning."

"You had best come home betimes; good folks earn their pillows. A night on the hay will do you no great hurt, I'll warrant!" And before he could answer she clattered out, making all the din she could.

Lote regretted bitterly that he had married anyone with so heavy a step, and wondered how the defect had not shocked him sooner, and presently he slipped away down to Rye again. That night, when flushed, angry, full of a divine contempt for his past handiwork, and primed by his new painter friend, Lote returned again. He climbed fiercely to his loft, and there his good wife heard him ripping and tearing and swearing. In sheer dread she hid herself in the upper room again, and he, finding her once more silent, passed the door with a growl to tumble into his hay corner. He sat in the orchard all the next day. The spring sun, shining with all its might, could not lure a smile into his face, or give him resolution. But sitting in the spring sun is hungry work, and Lote sauntered into the house again for food. Mistress Lote's wheel was humming steadily. Everything was bright and neat, but the board was bare.

"Bring me some meat and wine, wife," said Lote shortly. Her answering laugh, so musical of yore, was as sharp as the east wind.

"Indeed, I know not where you will find meat. I have had none these seven days, and as for wine, there remains a cupful at the bottom of the large stoup. Fetch it for yourself; my hands are busy, and the sunshine short as yet. There is bread and porridge in the press."

"Woman!"

"Bz—bz—bz—" went the wheel.

"Richardyne! Do you hear me?"

"Greene leaves greene,
A—greene leaves greene,
My heart is howle an hundredfold,
And greene leaves between."

carolled Mistress Lote, while the wheel buzzed, and the threads flew out.

So Lote fetched the bread, swearing it was mouldy, and standing like a Jew at the Passover, gulped down the wine, stuffed the loaf in his pocket, and without a word set his face for the Flushing Inn. As he threaded Rye he was hailed by the Mayor's steward, a pleasant, roguish fellow, who poked him in the ribs, crying, "Ha, ha! Had to take the pimple off her worship's lovely chin. Ha, ha! Well, well, 'tis like the great toe of the Chinese woman. Everyone knows it is there, though she pretends she has none. But 'tis wiser to dissemble, whether one is a steward or a painter."

"Man! Take your hands off!" said furious Lote. "I will not dissemble."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, Master Lote, that is a future matter. But to soothe you, let me tell you that the Mayor has caused a grand frame to be made for the portrait, and on the frame they will carve your name in letters an inch long. Oh! he is mightily pleased."

"But the picture is under my roof."

"Now, Master Lote, is this a holiday? Have I been drinking? By Our Lady of Rye, the picture stands in my master's parlour."

"Let me see it."

"Nay, you cannot. There are guests to-day."

"Then who—? Where—?"

THE FIRST TEST OF A TRULY GREAT MAN IS HIS HUMILITY.—Ruskin.

'Modest Humility is Beauty's Crown.'

HUMANITY OF THIS LIFE.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.—WORDSWORTH.

To Live in the Hearts we Leave Behind is Not to Die.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'—SHAKESPEARE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness, Truth, and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfish Greed. . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and Forgiveness were the basis of his character. His nature was deeply religious, but belonged to no denomination. Architect of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As Statesman, Ruler, and Liberator, civilisation will hold his name in perpetual honour.—COL. J. NICOLAY, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

He committed to memory the following sublime poem, and his love of it has certainly made it IMMORTAL. He often said it was one of the finest productions of the English language, and would give a great deal to find out its author.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall die.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in
whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and
praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climb'd with his goats to the
steep,
The beggar who wander'd in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the
weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.



For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same
sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think;
From the death we are shrinking from they, too,
would shrink;
To the life we are clinging to they, too, would
cling;
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the
wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is
cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers
will come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is
dumb.

They died—ah! they died; and we things that
are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and
pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the
dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Here hath been dawning Another blue day; Think, wilt thou let it Slip useless away?
T. CARLYLE.

*As time rolls his ceaseless course, Christmas after Christmas comes round, and we find our joys and sorrows left behind; so we build up the beings that we are.
What makes a Happy Christmas? Health and the things we love and those who love us.*

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

Every Travelling Trunk and Household ought to contain a Bottle of

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My dear Dorothy,—What do you think? I am engaged. Finen! I will tell you how it happened. Papa invented a cycle-boat, and showed it to Charlie, who praised it so discreetly that papa said he should go the first trip. It was such fun starting from Westminster Bridge.



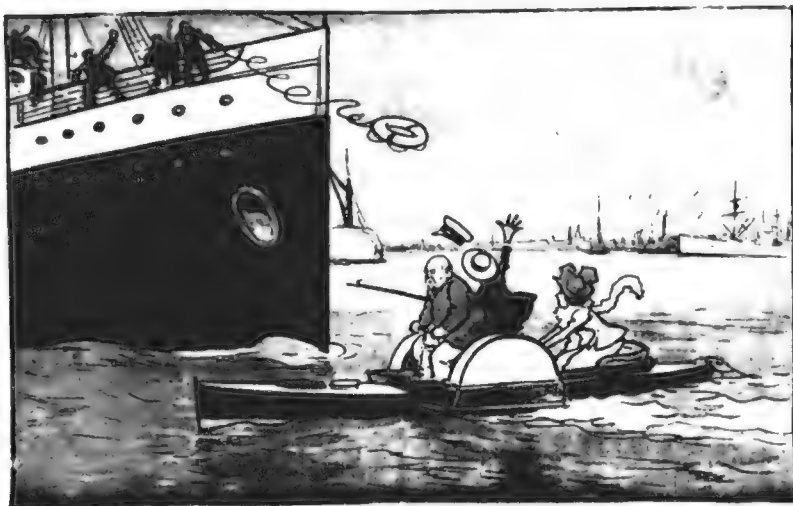
Would you believe it? When we got to the Tower Bridge they actually lifted it up for us to go under, not that we should have touched it, but it was nice of them, wasn't it? I told that horrid Ada Hill, and she said a ship must have been coming up behind, or in front. Mean, wasn't it?



Charlie steered beautifully, though I could not see him much, because dear papa was in the way. At Limehouse some men were very rude to us because we touched their horrid old barge, as if we could have hurt it.



At Greenwich we had such fun. We raced a lot of the dearest, dirtiest little boys in a boat of their own. The exertion made poor papa so hot.



When we got to Woolwich, papa insisted on steering. He took us near an incoming Cape Liner, so that we could have a good look at her, and we were nearly run down. If Charlie hadn't been there I should have been so afraid.



I had hardly got over that excitement when just as we were passing the Mucklet Light, we ran on to a horrid mud-bank. Charlie assured us that he would get us off if he died for it.

A TRIP TO THE NORE IN A CYCLE-BOAT

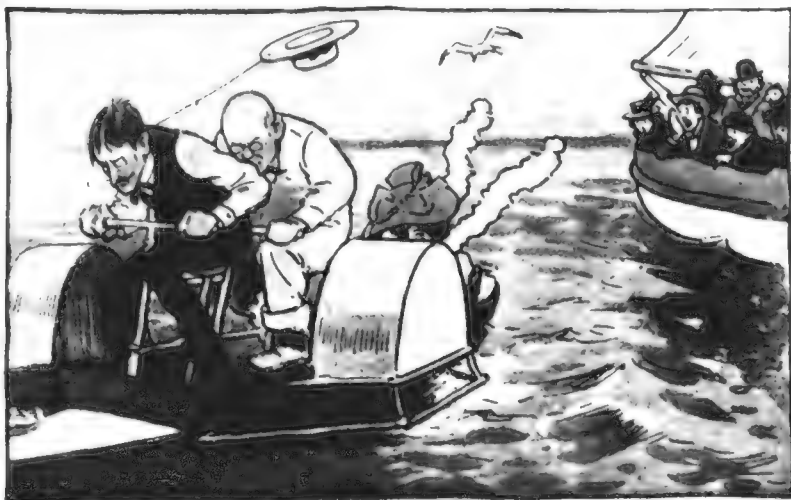
DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE, R.L.



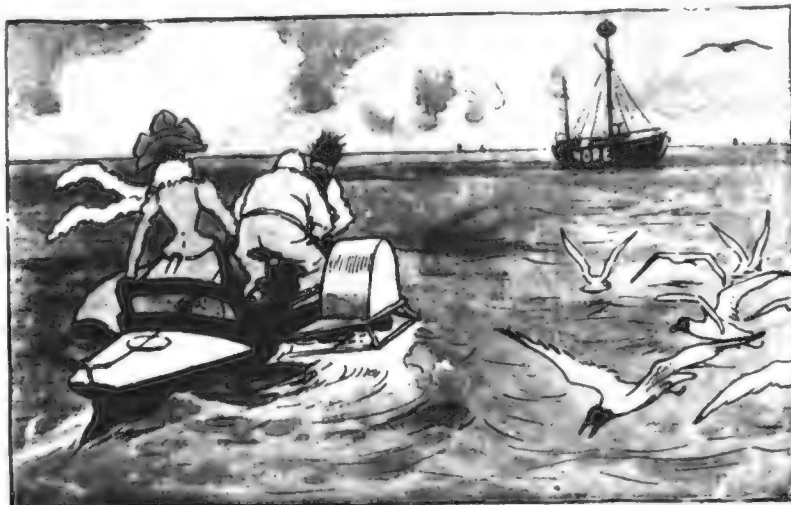
When two odious torpedo-boats that were being tested flew by us so that we were nearly upset. I wasn't a bit frightened.



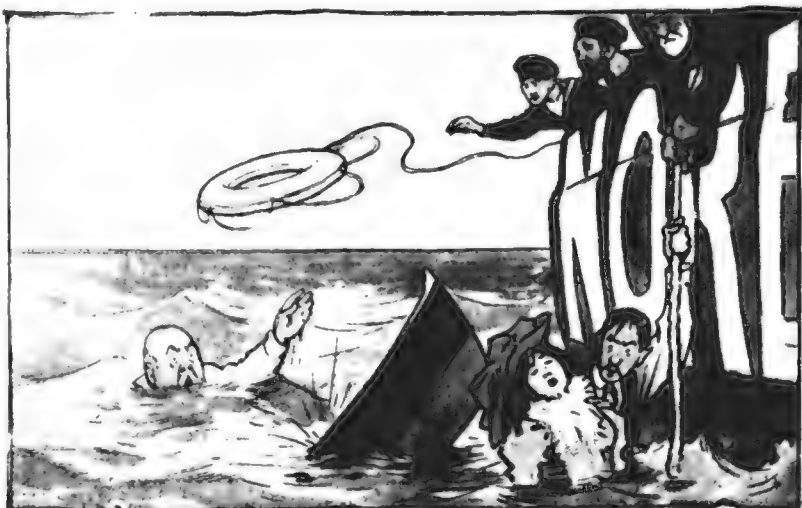
But then such a dreadful thing happened. Our provisions were all spoilt by the water, and we were so hungry that we had to buy nasty refreshments from a Rochester barge.



When the tide turned, papa and Charlie got so angry, and complained that it was very hard going, while a lot of odious excursionists in a sailing boat jeered at us. It was so annoying.



At last we saw the Nore Lightship—such a dear little ship, where men keep the prettiest light burning always to warn sailors of the rocks, or something of the sort. "Now a graceful turn round her," cried Charlie as we approached the lightship.



But, dear, a most terrible thing happened. The curve was too small, and we ran into the ship. The next moment we were in the water. But Charlie was heroism itself. We were rescued, and we had to put on the funniest clothes.



The Margate steamer came up, and papa induced the skipper to give us a return passage. Coming back was when it happened, dear. Charlie asked papa, and papa simply couldn't refuse. We told the skipper, and the dear man toasted us.—Yours ever, VIOLET

A TRIP TO THE NORE IN A CYCLE-BOAT

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE, R.I.

"Your wife brought it from you seven days ago." Mistress Lote's wheel ceased with a shriek so soon as her husband's steps did away, and, letting the threads fall, she rushed to the loft. And now! What ruin she saw! Right across the tangle had Lote drawn his knife, and the figure of St. Peter, dashed and cut, seemed transformed into a Sebastian, for the tool was left quivering in his shoulder.

"Oh! The dear saints!" sobbed Mistress Lote, as she passed her hands tenderly over the rents. "Oh! St. Petronilla. Oh! Mary, Mary, be merciful to a madman!"

It was manifestly no good to sob there till she could not see out of her poor eyes; so, after close inspection, Mistress Lote tripped away to find her work satchel. With blue silk she darned up the shulder wound in the drapery, and, fetching a string of gold beads she wore at festivals, stitched them firmly round the neck of St. Petronilla, whose golden head was all but severed from her body. Then, with flesh-coloured floss, she fastened the arm of a child, St. John, into place, with tender shudders of horror, as if Solomon had cut the live babe in half. Feverishly she worked, trusting to get the mischief so far repaired that she might drag the reredos away and hide it as she had hidden the portrait. She hastened to mix the colours to disguise the stitchings and the darns, and when it grew dark she still painted by a taper light.

The night was very still. A footstep came on her so suddenly that she had no time to hide the traces of her toil. The door burst open, and Lote faced her.

"Is this what you are doing?" he burst out, "making a fool of me and breaking my word before the neighbours—putting my name to vile daubery for the sake of the price?"

"Hold!" she gasped, with fierce eyes. "The money is safe. I have it for you."

"How dare you?"

He strode forward, and turned in amazement and fresh fury on her as he caught sight of her new tinkering. Mistress Lote crouched backwards, and her kirtle caught on a trestle and brought her to the ground. The draught blew out the taper as she fell heavily.

"Get up, Richardyne," said Lote, groping. But there was no answer.

To Mistress Lote the darkness seemed so long that when it was passed she scarcely knew what the light was. Lote, worn and haggard, told her, as he bent low over her, in those sweet May days, how for many weeks she had lain wide-eyed and babbling, trying to catch the sunbeams and bind them into strands for her spinning wheel as they straggled in at the shrouded casement. And then, when a neighbour entered with Lote's son in her arms, Mistress Lote whispered back that now she could enfold such a sweet bundle of sunshine, all her own, she knew that the day had indeed come and her spinning was crowned.

The orchard in its full April glory her darkened eyes had missed, but the leaves made glorious shade for mother and child, while Lote took his brushes once more and laboured as unceasingly as ever, trudging to Hastings and Brede and Rye to please his patrons. One evening Mistress Lote, seeing him some way off on the white road, laid the babe down on her cloak in the orchard, and ran to meet him. He kissed her tenderly, and they went into the orchard

and watched their little one in silence. The light was shedding a haze like pure gold dust about it through the trees.

"See!" cried Lote, pointing to the child. Round its fair head the light seemed to have gathered in a ring. It smiled dreamily, its tiny fingers curled with delight, and there lay the wonder-light about its head.

"See," said Lote under his breath. "The old painters are justified. But the nimbus is the nimbus of innocence and heavenly beauty, and of the mystery of the glorious light of the Sun which God gives the painters eyes to see. Paint can hardly attain it, beloved." He slipped to his knees and kissed her hands, and knelt there so silent that Mistress Lote knew that he prayed. Stooping, she gathered the child to her also, and he, beside them on a knoll, pointed seaward.

"Out there is Belgium, wife," he said eagerly, but his eyes were sad.

But her eyes were glad, and she answered bravely: "Then let us go."

Maud Rawson

Lord Bateman

"THE Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," which appears on another page, with reproductions of George Cruikshank's illustrations, is best known in the form of a small square volume published first by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street, in 1839, and in later years by Bell and Daldy. Its authorship has often been discussed. It has been attributed to its clever illustrator; it has also been attributed to Charles Dickens, and included in at least one collection of his works. This last error had its origin doubtless in the circumstance that Dickens wrote a preface and also a delightful series of notes, which were published with the ballad in its illustrated form. These notes in their turn have been attributed to Thackeray, notably by Sala, but there is no doubt that they were the work of Dickens. With regard to the ballad itself, it would appear that in its present form it is a Cockneyed version of an old poem called Lord Beichan (popularly Lord Bateman), which appears in a collection of verse edited by Beeton, and published by Ward and Lock. It bears at the foot the note "Anonymous, before 1649." There are some fifty stanzas, beginning:—

Lord Beichan was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipped himself aboard a ship,
He longed strange countries for to see.
He sailed east and he sailed west
Until he came to proud Turkey,
Where he was taken by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruelly.

Wheeler, in his "Dictionary of Names in Fiction," has this note:—

"Lord Beichan," the title of an old ballad, of which there are many versions, Scottish and English, and the name given to the hero, who is said to have been Gilbert Becket, father of the renowned St. Thomas of Canterbury. (Called also Lord Bateman).

The ballad was a great favourite with Cruikshank, who was in the habit of singing it, and the racy humour of his illustrations needs no comment.

THE "BOLD VENTURE"

By S. BARING-GOULD.

THE little fisher-town of Portstephen comprised two streets of houses facing each other at the bottom of a narrow valley down which the merest trickle of a stream decanted into the harbour. The street was so narrow that it was at intervals along that sufficient space was accorded for two wheeled vehicles to pass one another, and the roadway was for the most part so narrow that each house-door was set back in the depth of the wall, to permit the foot-passenger to step into the recess to avoid being overrun by the wheels of a cart that ascended or descended the street.

The inhabitants lived upon the sea and its produce. Such as were not fishers were mariners, and but a small percentage remained that were neither, the butcher, the baker, the smith, and the doctor; and these also lived by the sea, for they lived upon the sailors and fishermen.

For the most part, the seafaring men were furnished with large families. The net in which they drew children was almost as well filled as the seine in which they trapped pilchards.

Jonas Rea, however, was an exception; he had been married for ten years, and had but one child, and that a son.

"You've a very poor haul, Jonas," said to him his neighbour, Samuel Carnsey; "I've been married so long as you and I've twelve. My wife has had twins twice."

"It's not a poor haul for me, Samuel," replied Jonas. "I may have but one child, but he's a buster."

Jonas had a mother alive, known as old Betty Rea. When he married, he had proposed that his mother, who was a widow, should live with him. But man proposes and woman disposes. The arrangement did not commend itself to the views of Mrs. Rea, junior—that is to say, of Jane, Jonas's wife.

Betty had always been a managing woman. She had managed her house, her children, and her husband; but she speedily was made aware that her daughter-in-law refused to be managed by her.

Jane was, in her way, also a managing woman, she kept her house clean, her husband's clothes in order, her child neat, and herself the very pink of tidiness. She was a somewhat hard woman, much given to grumbling and finding fault.

Jane and her mother-in-law did not come to an open and flagrant quarrel, but the fret between them waxed intolerable; and the curtain-lectures, of which the text and topic was Old Betty, were so frequent and so protracted that Jonas convinced himself that there was smoother water in the worst sea than in his own house.

He was constrained to break to his mother the unpleasant information that she must go elsewhere; but he softened the blow by informing her that he had secured for her residence a tiny cottage up an alley, that consisted of two rooms only, one a kitchen, above that a bedchamber.

The old woman received the communication without annoyance. She rose to the offer, for she had also herself considered that the situation had become unendurable. Accordingly, with goodwill,

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Let me have it mamma

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Increases the hours of ease.

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Adds to the pleasures of home.

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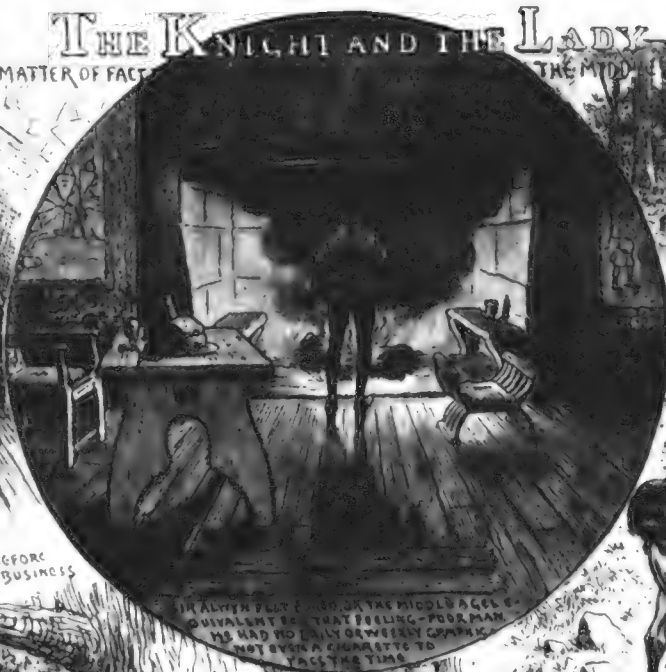
Preserves the clothes.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY

A MATTER OF FACT THE MIDDLE AGES



2 THE KNIGHT, EVERY MORNING, HAS A MEDIEVAL BRUSH UP BEFORE LEAVING FOR BUSINESS



IN ALTHOUGH FELT IN THE MIDDLE AGES, EQUIVALENT TO THAT FEELING - POOR MAN HAS HAD NO SALLY OR WEEKLY GRAPHIC NOT EVEN A CHARLOTTE TO FACE THE TIME



3 MEETING AN UTTER STRANGER "HO - HE CRIED - WILT BREAK A LANCE IN HONOUR OF THY FAYRE LADY"



4 FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARDS SIR ALWYN HAD BROKEN A LANCE AND MADE A WIDOW - FORTUNATELY LADIES APPEAR TO HAVE TAKEN LITTLE ACCIDENTS OF THAT KIND VERY PHILOSOPHICALLY IN THE OLD DAYS



6 THE LADY HAD RATHER UNUSUAL DAINTY WAYS - FOR THE TIME - SUCH AS HAVING HER PLATTER CLEANED BETWEEN EACH COURSE - SIR ALWYN WAS CHARMED, & PROPOSED THE SAME DAY! - HE WAS PROMPTLY REFUSED



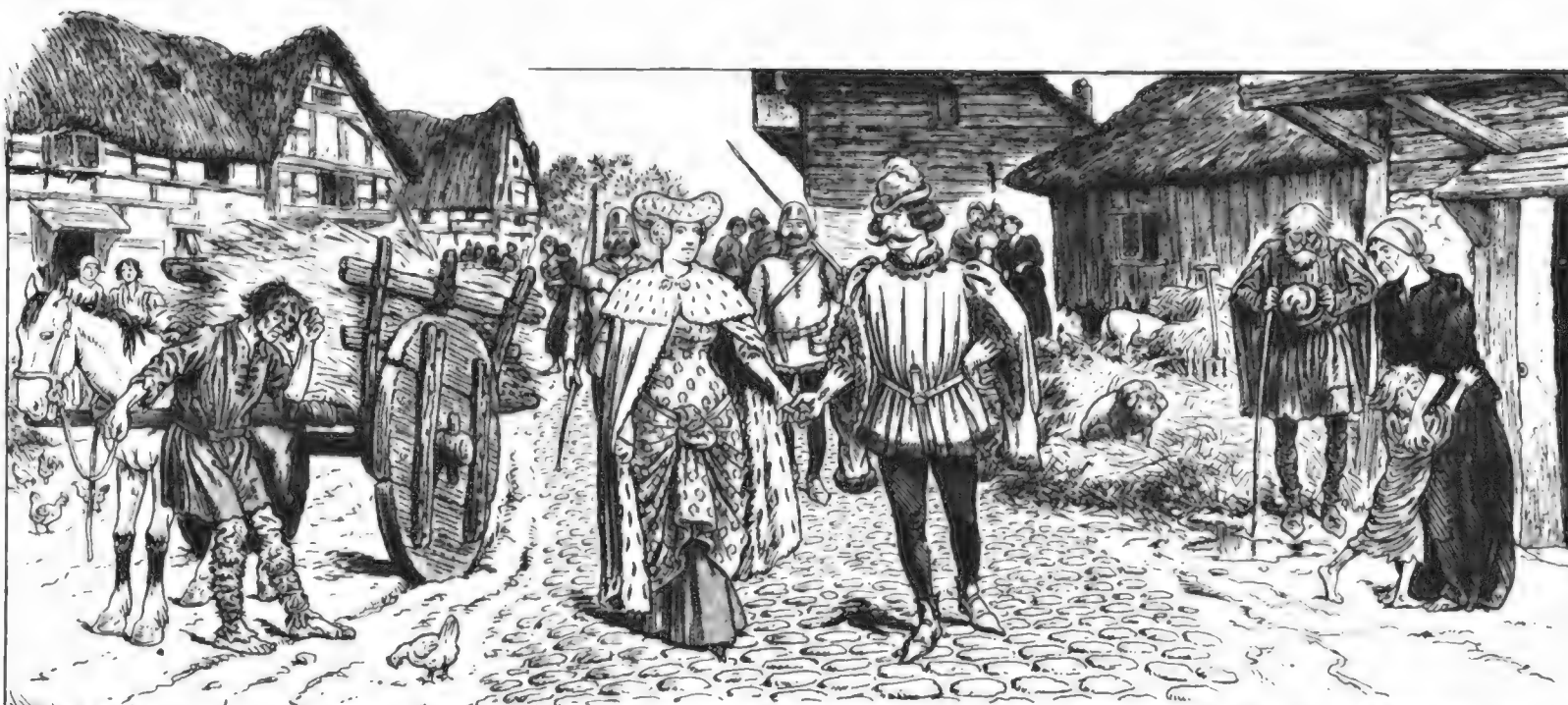
THEY WERE KNOCKED OFF WORK FOR THE DAY AND WENT HOME WITH HIS EARNINGS



7 BUT LOVERS USED DRASTIC METHODS OF PERSUASION IN THE MIDDLE AGES (SEE HISTORY) WHICH SELDOM OR NEVER FAILS

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



IN LESS THAN A WEEK THEY WERE SEEN WALKING HAND IN HAND - DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF SIR ALWYN'S MODEL VILLAGE



THE LADY NAMED THE BRIDAL DRESS A QUIET CON- FLECTION IN CR- DUISITE TASTE. DESIGNED BY THE WORTH OF THE PERIOD

OF COURSE IT WAS THE CUSTOM THEN AS IT IS NOW FOR THE TENANTRY TO GIVE MAR- RIAGE PRE- SENTS TO SAVE THEM TROUBLE SIR ALWYN KIND- LY CALLED ON EVERYONE - THE WED- DING GUESTS FILLED EVERY CORNER OF THE CASTLE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM BUT THE KNIGHT WAS A FINE OLD MEDIEVAL GENTLEMAN AND KNEW HOW TO MAKE HIS GUESTS FORGET THE RATHER ROUGH QUARTERS HE HAD TO GIVE SOME OF THEM



LASTLY THE MARRIAGE FEAST - AH THAT WAS A FEAST! - IT WAS REMEMBERED FOR YEARS - EVERYONE ENJOYED HIMSELF IN A PROPER FOURTEENTH CENTURY QUIET WAY - AS FOR THE LADY SHE HAD ABOUT A COUPLE OF YEARS WEDDED BLISS BEFORE ANOTHER KNIGHT MADE HER A WIDOW AGAIN

she removed to her new quarters, and soon made the house look clean and cosy.

But, so soon as Jane gave indications of becoming a mother, it was agreed that Betty should attend on her daughter-in-law. To this Jane consented. After all, Betty could not be worse than another woman, a stranger.

And when Jane was in bed, and unable to quit it, then Betty once more reigned supreme in the house and managed everything—even her daughter-in-law.

But the time of Jane's lying upstairs was brief, and at the earliest possible moment she reappeared in the kitchen, pale indeed and weak, but resolute, and with firm hand withdrew the reins from the grasp of Betty.

In leaving her son's house, the only thing that Betty regretted was the baby. To that she had taken a mighty affection, and she did not quit till she had poured forth into the deaf ear of Jane a thousand instructions as to how the babe was to be fed, clothed, and reared.

As a devoted son, Jonas never returned from sea without visiting his mother, and when on shore saw her every day. He sat with her by the hour, told her of all that concerned him—except about his wife—and communicated to her all his hopes and wishes. The babe, whose name was Peter, was a topic on which neither wearied of talking or of listening; and often did Jonas bring the child over to be kissed and admired by his grandmother.

Jane raised objections, the weather was cold and the child would take a chill; grandmother was inconsiderate, and upset its stomach with sweet-stuff; it had not a tidy dress in which to be seen; but Jonas overruled all her objections. He was a mild and yielding man, but on this one point he was inflexible—his child should grow up to know, love, and reverence his mother as sincerely as did he himself. And these were delightful hours to the old woman, when she could have the infant on her lap, croon to it, and talk to it all the delightful nonsense that flows from the lips of a woman when caressing a child.

Moreover, when the boy was not there, Betty was knitting socks or pin-cases, or making little garments for it; and all the small savings she could gather from the allowance made by her son, and from the sale of some of her needlework, were devoted to the same grandchild.

As the little fellow found his feet and was allowed to toddle, he often wanted to "go to granny," not much to the approval of Mrs. Jane. And, later, when he went to school, he found his way to her cottage before he returned home so soon as his work hours in class were over. He very early developed a love for the sea and ships.

This did not accord with Mrs. Jane's ideas; she came of a family that had ever been on the land, and she disapproved of the sea. "But," remonstrated her husband, "he is my son, and I and my father and grandfather were all of us sea-dogs, so that, naturally, my part in the boy takes to the water."

And now an idea entered the head of Old Betty. She resolved on making a ship for Peter. She provided herself with a stout piece of deal, of a suitable size and shape,

and proceeded to fashion it into the form of a cutter, and to scoop out the interior. At this Peter assisted. After school hours he was with his grandmother watching the process, giving his opinion as to shape, and how the boat was to be rigged and furnished. The aged woman had but an old knife, no proper carpentering tools, consequently the progress made was slow. Moreover, she worked at the ship only when Peter was by. The interest excited in the child by the process was an attraction to her house, and it served to keep him there. Moreover, when he was at home, he was being incessantly scolded by his mother, and the preference he developed for granny's cottage caused many a pang of jealousy in Jane's heart.

Peter was now nine years old, and remained the only child, when a sad thing happened. One evening, when the little ship was rigged and almost complete, after leaving his grandmother, Peter went down to the port. There happened to be no one about, and in craning over the quay to look into his father's boat, he overbalanced, fell in, and was drowned.

The grandmother supposed that the boy had returned home, the mother that he was with his grandmother, and a couple of hours passed before search for him was instituted, and the body was brought home an hour after that. Mrs. Jane's grief at losing her child was united with resentment against Old Betty for having drawn the child away from home, and against her husband for having encouraged it. She poured forth the vials of her wrath upon Jonas. He it was who had done his utmost to have the boy killed, because he had allowed him to wander at large, and had provided him with an excuse by allowing him to tarry with Old Betty after leaving school, so that no one knew where he was. Had Jonas been a reasonable man, and a docile husband, he would have insisted on Peter returning daily promptly home, in which case this disaster would not have occurred. "But," said Jane bitterly, "you never have considered my feelings, and I believe you did not love Peter, and wanted to be rid of him."

The blow to Betty was terrible; her heart strings were wrapped about the little fellow; and his loss was to her the eclipse of all light, the death of all her happiness.

When Peter was in his coffin, then the old woman went to the house, carrying the little ship. It was now complete with sails and rigging.

"Jane," said she, "I want thickey ship to be put in with Peter. 'Twere made for he, and I can't let another have it, and I can't keep it myself."

"Nonsense," retorted Mrs. Rea, junior. "The boat can be no use to he, now."

"I wouldn't say that. There's naught revealed on them matters. But I'm cruel certain that up aloft there'll be a rumus if Peter wakes up and don't find his ship."

"You may take it away; I'll have none of it," said Jane.

So the old woman departed, but was not disposed to accept discomfiture. She went to the undertaker.

"Mr. Matthews, I want you to put this here boat in wi' my gran'child Peter. It will go in fitty at his feet."

"Very sorry, ma'am, but not unless I break off the bow sprit. You see the coffin is too narrow."

"Then put'n in sideways and longways."

"Very sorry, ma'am, but the mast is in the way. I'd be forced to break that so as to get the lid down."

Disconcerted, the old woman retired; she would not suffer Peter's boat to be maltreated.

On the occasion of the funeral, the grandmother appeared as one of the principal mourners. For certain reasons, Mrs. Jane did not attend at the church and grave.

As the procession left the house, Old Betty took her place beside her son, and carried the boat in her hand.

When the service at the grave was concluded, she said to the sexton: "I'll trouble you, John Hext, to put this here little ship right o' top o' his coffin. I made'n for Peter, and Peter 'll expect to have it."

This was done, and not a step from the grave would the grandmother take till the first shovelfuls had fallen on the coffin and had partially buried the white ship.

When Granny Rea returned to her cottage, the fire was out. She seated herself beside the dead hearth, with hands folded and the tears coursing down her withered cheeks. Her heart was as dead and dreary as that hearth. She had now no object in life, and she murmured a prayer that the Lord might please to take her, that she might see her Peter sailing his boat in Paradise.

Her prayer was interrupted by the entry of Jonas, who shouted: "Mother, we want your help again. There's Jane took bad; wi' the worrit and the sorrow it's come on a bit earlier than she reckoned, and you're to come along as quick as you can. 'Tisn't the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, but topsy turvy, the Lord hath taken away and is givin' again."

Betty rose at once, and went to the house with her son, and again—as nine years previously—for a while she assumed the management of the house; and when a baby arrived, another boy, she managed that as well.

The reign of Betty in the house of Jonas and Jane was not for long. The mother was soon downstairs, and with her reappearance came the departure of the grandmother.

And now began once more the same old life as had been initiated nine years previously. The child carried to its grandmother, who dandled it, crooned, and talked to it. Then, as it grew, it was supplied with socks and garments knitted and cut out and put together by Betty; there ensued the visits of the toddling child, and the remonstrances of the mother. School time arrived, and with it a break in the journey to or from school at Granny's house, to partake of bread and jam, hear stories, and, finally, to assist at the making of a new ship.

If, with increase of years, Betty's powers had begun to fail, there had been no corresponding decrease in energy of will. Her eyes were not so clear as of old, nor her hearing as acute, but her hand was not unsteady. She would this time make and rig a schooner and not a cutter.

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Where there's a Wheel there's a Way

Oh this tale is of a lady for whose hand two lovers tried —
Sing heigh and sing ho, 'twas a pretty war they waged.
They both were very pressing, and they seldom left her side.
But it's oh, a time of trial ere a maid becomes a bride.
• Sing heigh and sing ho for two lovers much enraged.



Now one upon a prancing steed
had never yet been seen —
Sing heigh and sing ho for a
pair of suitors bold —
While his rival about horses
had been always rather keen,
So he took the maiden riding,
which was just a trifle mean —
Sing heigh and sing ho for
a lover in the cold.



Now if maidens go a-riding you must ride or stand forlorn —
Sing heigh and sing ho for a suitor left aside
Diana loves a canter in the dewy early morn,
And you may be left lamenting o'er the day when you were born —
Sing heigh and alas for the lad who cannot ride.



But a lover, though outwitted, need surely not despair —
Sing heigh and sing ho for a cycle à la mode.
There are other ways of riding than by mounting cob or mare,
Just a pair of wheels — some tumbles then a little extra care —
Sing heigh and sing ho as you trundle down the road.

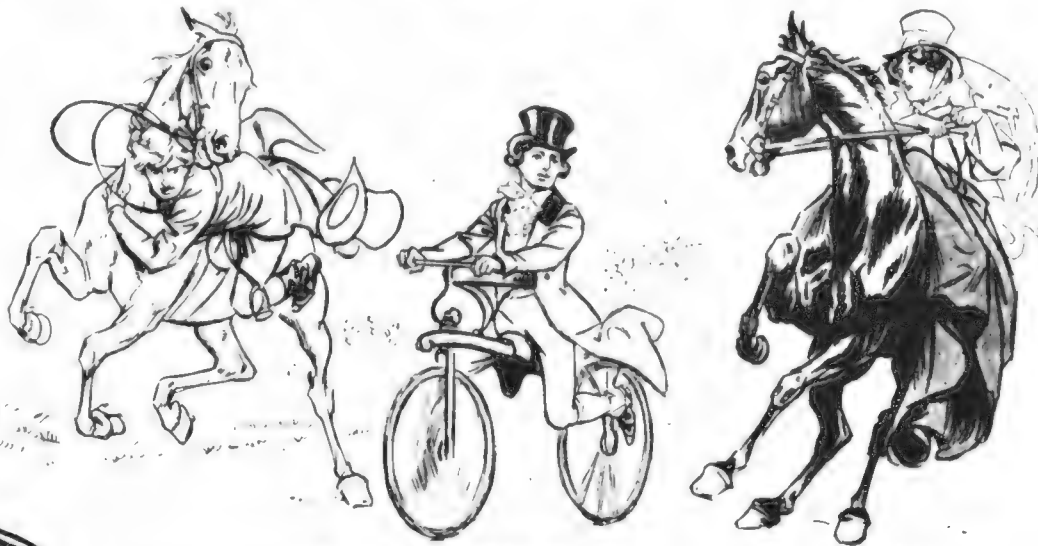


H. B. ROSE



You intercept the bridle path
and wait with heart high beating—
Sing heigh and sing ho Why
not give them a surprise?

But suppose you don't anticipate the
terror of the meeting,
Or guess your advent will result
in both the pair unseating—
Sing heigh and sing ho What
is that meets their eyes!



A rival's horse has bolted like a mouse into
a crack—

Sing heigh and sing ho for a bolt into the blue.

Diana's horse has fled with no Diana on its back.

And a startled maid is lying in the
middle of the track—

Sing heigh and sing ho and now what are you to do?

Why it's oh for the value and the safety of the wheel—

Sing heigh and sing ho, No horse gives such security,
With one arm around her waist she a cyclist
soon will feel.

And when you kiss a pretty cheek a compact
then you seal—

Sing heigh and sing ho for a ride through all future!



J.M. ROCK

Experience had made her more able, and she aspired to accomplish a greater task than that she had previously undertaken. It was really remarkable how the old course was resumed almost in every particular. But the new grandson was called Jonas, like his father, and Old Betty loved him, if possible, with a more intense love than had been given to the first child. He closely resembled his father, and to her it was a renewal of her life long ago, when she nursed and cared for the first Jonas. And, if possible, Jane became more jealous of the aged woman, who was drawing to her so large a portion of her child's affection. The schooner was nearly complete. It was somewhat rude, having been worked with no better tool than a penknife, and its masts being made of knitting pins.

On the day before little Jonas's ninth birthday, Betty carried the ship to the painter.

"Mr. Elway," said she; "there be one thing I do want your help in. I cannot put the name on the vessel. I can't fashion the letters, and I want you to do it for me."

"All right, ma'am. What name?"

"Well, now," said she; "my husband, the father of Jonas, and the grandfather of the little Jonas, he always sailed in a schooner, and the ship was the 'Bold Venture.'"

"The 'Bonaventura,' I think. I remember her."

"I'm sure she was the 'Bold Venture.'"

"I think not, Mrs. Rae."

"It must have been the 'Bold Venture' or 'Bold Adventurer.' What sense is there in such a name as 'Bonaventura'? I never heard of no such venture, unless it were that of Jack Smithson, who jumped out of a garret window, and sure enough he broke a bone of his leg. No, Mr. Elway, I'll have her entitled the 'Bold Venture.'"

"I'll not gainsay you. 'Bold Venture' she shall be."

Then the painter very dexterously and daintily put the name in black paint on the white strip at the stern.

"Will it be dry by to-morrow?" asked the old woman. "That's the little lad's birthday, and I promised to have his schooner ready for him to sail her then."

"I've put dryers in the paint," answered Mr. Elway, "and you may reckon it will be right for to-morrow."

That night Betty was unable to sleep, so eager was she for the day when the little boy would attain his ninth year and become the possessor of the beautiful ship she had fashioned for him with her own hands, and on which, in fact, she had been engaged for more than a twelvemonth.

Nor was she able to eat her simple breakfast and noon-day meal, so thrilled was her old heart with love for the child and expectation of his delight when the "Bold Venture" was made over to him as his own.

She heard his little feet on the cobblestones of the alley, he came on, dancing, fidgeted at the lock, threw the door open and burst in with a shout—

"See! see! Granny, my new ship! Mother has give it me. A real frigate—with three masts, all red and green, and cost her seven shillings at Camelot Fair yesterday."

He bore aloft a very magnificent toy ship. It had pennants at the mast top and a flag at stern.

"Granny! look! look! Ain't she a beauty? Now I shan't want your drashy old schooner when I have my grand new frigate."

"Won't you have your ship—the 'Bold Venture'?"

"No, granny, chuck it away. It's a shabby old bit of rubbish, mother says; and see! there's a brass cannon, a real cannon that will go off with a bang, on my frigate. Ain't it a beauty?"

"Oh, Jonas! look at the 'Bold Venture'?"

"No, granny, I can't stay. I want to be off and swim my beautiful seven-shilling ship."

Then he dashed away as hoisterous as he had dashed in, and forgot to shut the door. It was evening when the elder Jonas returned home, and he was welcomed by his son with exclamations of delight, and was shown the new ship.

But, daddy, her won't sail, over her will flop in the water."

"There is no lead on the keel," remarked the father. "The vessel is built for show only."

Then he walked away to his mother's cottage. He was vexed. He knew that his wife had bought the toy with the deliberate intent of disappointing and wounding her mother-in-law; and he was afraid that he would find the old lady deeply mortified and incensed. As he entered the dingy lane, he noticed that her door was partly open.

The aged woman was on her seat by the table at the window, lying forward clasping the ship, and the two masts were run through her white hair; her head rested, partly on the new ship and partly on the table.

"Mother!" said he. "Mother!"

There was no answer.

The feeble old heart had given way under the blow, and had ceased to beat.

I was accustomed, a few summers past, to spend a couple of months at Portstephen. Jonas Rea took me often in his boat, either mackerel fishing, or on excursions to the islets off the coast, in quest of wild birds. We became familiar, and I would now and then spend an evening with him in his cottage, and talk about the sea, and the chances of a harbour of refuge being made at Portstephen, and, sometimes, we spoke of our own family affairs.

Thus it was that, little by little, the story of the ship "Bold Venture" was told me.

Mrs. Jane was no more in the house.

"It's a curious thing," said Jonas Rea, "but the first ship my mother made was no sooner done than my boy Peter died, and when she made another, with two masts, as soon as ever it was finished, she died herself, and shortly after, my wife, Jane, who took a chill at mother's funeral. It settled on her chest, and she died in a fortnight."

"Is that the boat?" I inquired, pointing to a glass case on a cupboard, in which was a rudely executed schooner.

"That's her," replied Jonas; "and I'd like you to have a look close at her."

I walked to the cupboard and looked.

"Do you see anything particular?" asked the fisherman.

"I can't say that I do."

"Look at her masthead. What is there?"

After a pause I said, "There is a grey hair, that is like a pennant."

"I mean that," said Jonas. "I can't say whether old mother put a hair from her white head there for purpose, or whether it caught and fixed itself when she fell forward clasping the boat, and the masts and spars and shrouds were all tangled in her hair. Anyhow, it is there, and that's one reason why I've had the 'Bold Venture' put in a glass case—that the white hair may not by no chance get brushed away from it. Now look again. Do you see nothing more?"

"Can't say I do."

"Look at the bows."

I did so. Presently I remarked: "I see nothing except perhaps, some bruises, and a little bit of red paint."

"Ah! that's it, and where did the red paint come from?"

I was, of course, quite unable to suggest an explanation.

Presently, after Mr. Rea had waited—as if to draw from me the answer he expected—he said, "Well, no, I reckon you can't tell. It was thus. When mother died, I brought the 'Bold Venture' here and set her where she is now on the cupboard, and Jonas, he had set the new ship, red and green, the 'Saucy Jane' it was called, on the bureau. Will you believe me, next morning when I came downstairs, the frigate was on the floor, and some of her spars broken and all the rigging in a muddle."

"There was no lead on the bottom. It fell down."

"It was not once that happened. It came to the same thing every night; and what is more, the 'Bold Venture' began to show signs of having fouled her."

"How so?"

"Run against her. She had bruises, and had brought away some of the paint of the 'Saucy Jane.' Every morning the frigate, if she weren't on the floor were rammed into a corner, and battered as if she'd been in a bad sea."

"But it is impossible."

"Of course, lots o' things is impossible, but they happen all the same."

"Well, what next?"

"Jane, she was ill, and took wus and wus, and just as she got wus so it took wus as well with the 'Saucy Jane.' And on the night she died, I reckon that there was a regular pitched sea-fight."

"But not at sea."

"Well, no; but the frigate seemed to have been rammed, and she was on the floor and split from stem to stern."

"And pray, has the 'Bold Venture' made no attempt since? The glass case is not broken."

"There's been no occasion. I chucked what remained of the 'Saucy Jane' into the fire."

J. Baring Gould

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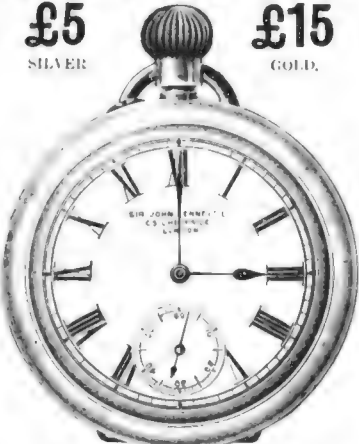
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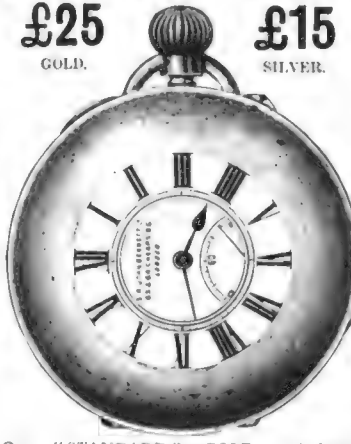
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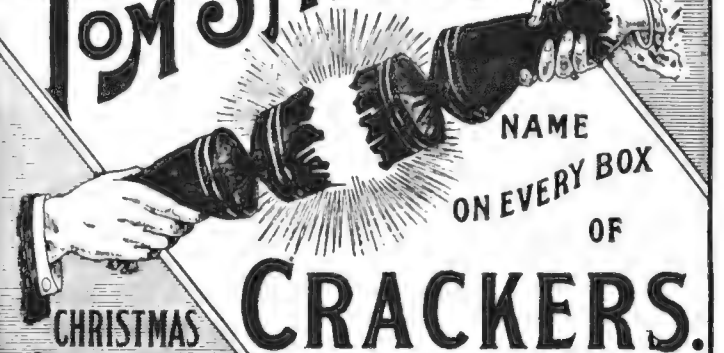
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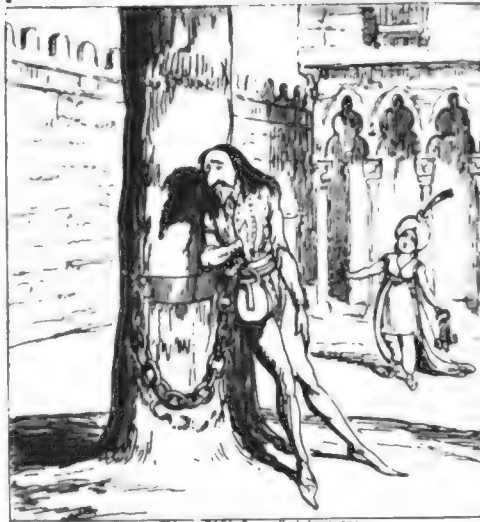
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Designed by George Cruikshank 1839

Lord Bateman as he appeared previous to his embarkation

Lord Bateman was a noble Lord,
A noble Lord of high degree,
He shipped hisself all aboard of a ship,
Some foreign country far to see.
He sailed east, he sailed west,
Until he came to famed Turkey,
Vere he was taken and put to prison,
Until his life was quite weary.



Designed by George Cruikshank 1839

The Turk's only daughter approaches to mitigate his sufferings

All in this prison there grew a tie,
O! there it grew as stout and strong,
Vere he was chained all by the middle
Until his life was almost gone.
This Turk he had one only darter,
The fairest my two eyes e'er see,
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And swore Lord Bateman she would let go free.

O! she took him to her father's cellar,
And gave to him the best of wine,
And e'er both she drank unto him,
Vos, "I wish Lord Bateman as you was mine!"
"O! have you got houses, have you got land,
And does Northumberland belong to thee?
And what would you give to the fair young lady
As out of prison would let you go free?"



Designed by George Cruikshank 1839

The Turk's daughter expresses a wish, as Lord Bateman was hers

"O! I've got houses, and I've got land,
And half Northumberland belongs to me,
And I will give it all to the fair young lady
As out of prison would let me go free."
"O! in seven long years, I'll make a row
For seven long years, and keep it strong,
That if you'll wed no other woman,
O! I will wed no other man."



Designed by George Cruikshank 1839

The Turk's daughter bidding his lordship farewell

O! she took him to her father's harbour,
And gave to him a ship of fame,
Saying, "Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Bateman,
I fear I ne-e-ver shall see you again."
Now seven long years is gone and past,
And fourteen days well known to me;
She packed up all her gay clouthing,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.



Designed by George Cruikshank 1839

The proud young porter answers the door

O! even she arrived at Lord Bateman's castle,
How loudly then she rang the bell,
"Who's there? who's there?" cries the proud young porter,
"O! come, unto me pray quickly tell."
"O! is this here Lord Bateman's Castle,
And is his lordship here within?"
"O! yes! O! yes!" cries the proud young porter;
"He's just now takin' his young bride in."

"O! bid him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the very best wine,
And not forgettin' the fair young lady
As did release him ven close confine."
O! away and away went this proud young porter,
O! away and away and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Ven he went down on his bended knee.



Designed by George Cruikshank 1839

The young bride's mother is heard to speak freely

"Vot news, vot news, my proud young porter,
Vot news, vot news, come tell to me!"
"O! there is the fairest young lady
As ever my two eyes did see."
"She has got rings on ev'ry finger,
And on one finger she has got three;
Vith as much gay would about her middle
As would buy half Northumberland."



Designed by George Cruikshank 1839

The young bride comes on a horse and saddle

"O! she bids you send her a slice of bread
And a bottle of the very best wine,
And not forgettin' the fair young lady
As did release you ven close confine."

Lord Bateman then in passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying, "I will give half my father's land
If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea."



Designed by George Cruikshank 1839

And goes home in a coach and three

Then up and spoke this young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,
Saying, "You'll not forget my proud darter,
If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea."

"O! it's true I made a bride of your darter,
But she's neither the better nor the worse
For me;
She came to me with a horse and saddle,
But she may go home in a coach and three."



Designed by George Cruikshank 1839

All their hearts so full of glee

Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,
With both their hearts so full of glee,
Saying, "I will roam no more to foreign countries
Now that Sophia has crossed the sea."



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➡ See also Page 2 inside this number

No. 1.724



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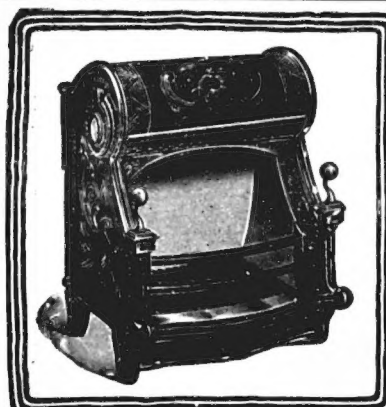
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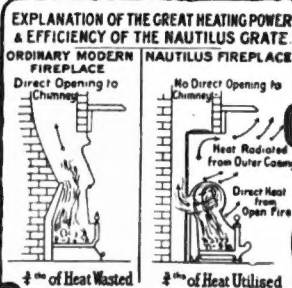
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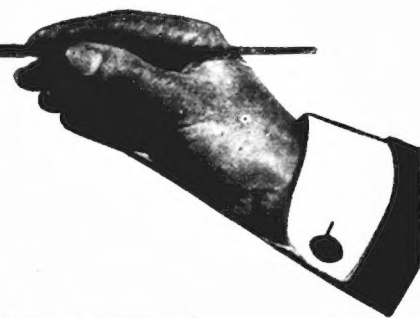
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